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A GLIMPSE OF CONTEMPORARY ART IN EUROPE.

SECOND PAPER.

THE leading department of the Paris Art Exposition of 1867 was *genre* painting, as it is still of all contemporary art. In this the men of the present day have attained their most conspicuous success. The conditions of life in Central and Northern Europe must always make such pictures and landscapes more popular than any others. This style has never flourished in Italy or in countries where people pass much of their time in the open air, and where the office of art is to decorate churches and the large spaces of palace walls. It was invented in the Low Countries, where it was necessary to make the small interiors cheerful, to compensate for the inclemency out of doors. It has always been loved in England for the same reason. There, the first thing sought by the poor as well as the rich is the comfort of home; and nothing makes domestic life so delightful as some little bit of color hanging on the walls, or some glimpse of brighter skies and lovelier scenes shining forth from the easel in the flickering firelight, while the curtains are let down to shut out the bare and wintry landscape.

At the head of all the artists in this department stood the Prussian Knaus. There were eight grand prizes to be awarded at the Exposition. Of these the Frenchmen took four for themselves,—for Cabanel, Gerome, Meissonier, and Rousseau. Of the four which were left the foreigners on the jury had no difficulty in assigning one to Knaus, who had a majority on the first ballot. He is not so microscopic in his detail as either Gerome or Meissonier, but his art seems to lie closer to the great heart of humanity. His leading picture was the Mountebank showing his tricks before a crowd of peasants, of which there is an engraving well known in this country. This was not only superb in drawing and strong in expression and composition, but it had a sort of vapory beauty of color, of which of course the print can give but a slight idea.

It is unnecessary to say much in this paper of Meissonier, that court painter of Queen Titania, who has accomplished the miracle of the Arabian Nights, and made a hand's breadth of canvas cover an army. There are several of

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his pictures in the United States, and photographs from others which are not here, and everybody understands him and admits his extraordinary ability. It so happens that he conciliates all parties, not only the uneducated bumpkin who values a work for the fineness of its detail and the number of pencil-strokes he can count to the square inch,—as if he were judging of a bit of linen cambric,—but the enlightened connoisseur who regards chiefly the strength of form and expression and the power of color and *chiaro scuro*. It is difficult to say why this artist is not equal to Gerard Dow, except perhaps in those magical effects of light which one sees in the Evening School at Amsterdam. He is not so successful in his later works, especially his military ones, like the Battle of Solferino, notwithstanding he was present on the field riding in the staff of the Emperor. But his personal study of the scene has not enabled him to avoid a sort of dryness of tone in treating it. Indeed, none of his open-air pictures are so pleasing in color and general effect as his interiors,—the *Lecture chez Diderot*, for instance, where he seems to have transported himself backward in point of time, and to have actually lived—like the famous Count de St. Germain, who was thought to have discovered the elixir of life—among the savans of the eighteenth century. One grows a little tired, perhaps, of the same pearl-gray coat which is so often repeated in these charming interiors; but the *mise-en-scène* is so exact in detail, and the characters so evidently breathe and think, that the picture, which began by appearing a tableau-vivant, with all the old properties utilized over again, ends by becoming a reality. No artist has excelled Meissonnier in delicacy of handling; but, as it has been well said by a French critic, this very quality prevents him from treating so successfully subjects where strong emotion or virile power is to be portrayed. The same exquisite pencil which laboriously produces the minute play of light on a woman's satin gown cannot so easily

depict a soldier dying on the battlefield; and while he seizes the details with extraordinary perspicacity, he does not always master the totality of a scene. He sometimes exaggerates the objects in the foreground, like the camera of a photographer; and his local color is often just, while there is a want of general harmony.

Since we are in the way of comparing the modern *genre* painters with the older ones, it is fair to say that the two Belgians, Stevens and Willems, are not inferior to Terburg or Metz. Their elegant interiors, in which women of distinguished presence and superb costumes are occupied in the ordinary actions of polite life, are as good as the cavaliers playing upon the guitar or the ladies arrayed in the famous white satin dresses of those Dutch painters. The women of Stevens remind us a little of the "fashion-plates" in the *Petit Courrier des Dames*, but perhaps those of Terburg, in their time, suggested also the work of the *modiste*.

One peculiarity of the *genre* pictures of the present day, and particularly the French, is the far wider range of countries and climates which their subjects embrace. They reflect in this the love of travel which distinguishes this age beyond all others. The Dutch or Flemish painter was content to pass his life in his native town between his dwelling and the tavern, and confined his subjects to what his eyes saw within those narrow limits. But now Gerome paints Turkish butchers and Egyptian Almehs; Fromentin, an Arab bivouac; Bonheur, ponies in the Isle of Sky; Biard, a slave-ship on the coast of Africa; Landelle, the snake-charmers of Tangier; Belly, pilgrims to Mecca; and Bonnat, Neapolitan peasants. At another point also do the modern *genre* painters reflect the changes in the world about them. They have kept pace with the advance of archaeological learning, and sometimes carry their science so far that it obscures and overlays their art. In estimating the merits of a picture, we must, of course,

consider the intelligence of the spectators for whom it was painted, as well as the skill of the artist. There is in Holland a scene of the Flagellation of Christ, in which the executioners wear the multiplied breeches of Dutch peasants, with tobacco-pipes twisted in their hat-bands. Without doubt this picture was more edifying to the honest, ignorant people of that day, than if the Roman soldiers had been represented in the particular uniform of the cohort to which they belonged. The world has grown much more learned since then, and even Rembrandt, if he were now alive, could not make up a satisfactory Oriental scene with nothing but a turban and an old dressing-gown. But this exactness may be carried too far. It is possible to make a picture too archæological, and this is the fault of Alma Tadema, a Dutch artist living in London, who has extraordinary ability and is thought by some to unite in just proportions the detail of the Pre-Raphaelites with the breadth and general effect of the old school. He gives us scenes in the time of the Pharaohs in which the petty nothings of Egyptian life are represented as minutely as those of a modern fine lady's boudoir by Toulmouche. But he neglects the flesh and blood for the hieroglyphics, and at some distance one cannot always say which is the mummy and which is Pharaoh's daughter. Mr. Poynter, an English painter, without being so clever in technical execution as Alma Tadema, exhibited a work at the Royal Academy in 1867 which, while it was sufficiently learned, gave us a stronger feeling of kinship with the human nature of those old days. It showed the Children of Israel in vast numbers, roped and harnessed, and dragging through the sand a colossal sphynx under the blows of their task-masters.

We have spoken of the frivolous and commonplace character of many of the subjects of contemporary *genre* painting. A striking exception to this is found in the works of Millet and Jules Breton. It has been re-

served for modern art to give the serious, pathetic side of peasant life. The Dutch and Flemish painters often represented it as a drunken carouse, and with a perception of little else than mere sensual enjoyment. It was curious to see at the great Exposition how far removed Jules Breton seemed to be from Parisian wickedness, and how completely interpenetrated by the pure and wholesome atmosphere of rural life. His works gleamed out softly and beautifully in their honest tenderness, amongst all those opera-dancers of Dubufe and Cabanel. Nobody but a true genius could have painted those poor Gleaners stooping to their work in that level harvest-field, beyond which the sun was slowly sinking and with its red disk half behind the stubble announcing that the weary day was nearly over. What was lovelier than the Return of the Reapers? There was a sort of pathetic melancholy in their faces, as if it were their sad lot to toil, and they accepted the duty honestly and reverently. There was something of the same spirit in the works of Edouard Frère, which are better known in this country, although much inferior to those of either Breton or Millet, and also in the little pictures of Peroff, a Russian painter, and in the more pretentious ones of Israels of Amsterdam. In a different style were the coarse scenes of common life rendered by the Englishman, Erskine Nicol, with no mincing touches or delicate glazings, but with an unctuous impasto which reminded you of paint-skins and palette-knives. They were full of vigorous character, however, although the subjects were so unwashed and dirty that it seemed, as it was said of the works of another man, that they actually smelt and had the odor of St. Giles and the Minorities.

Since the Exposition of 1867 there has arisen a new school of *genre* which shows remarkable power of color and vigor of drawing, and is a sort of reaction against the metallic enamelled style of our modern Mieris, Gerome. Its best pupils are Spaniards such as

Fortuny, Villegas, Zamacois, and the younger Madrazo, or others, (like poor Regnault who was killed at the siege of Paris), who seem to have been influenced by studies in Spain. These men are now in fashion, and their works bring the highest prices in Rome and Paris.

We ought not to conclude these rapid touches here and there, upon some of the salient features of contemporary *genre* painting, without speaking of a style which has been popular in England ever since the days of Hogarth, — we mean pictures which preach many small sermons in one frame. The English prefer numerous episodes to a single striking fact to which the others are all subordinate. They like the accumulation of incidents in the *Marriage à la Mode*, for instance, where in every square inch there is something which “points the moral and adorns the tale.” Mr. Frith’s works are of this sort. His *Railway Station* was exhibited in Paris in 1867. Liké the *Derby Day*, it was unpleasant in color, particularly in the flesh, but it was interesting in character and expression, and will be valuable to some future historian of the manners and dresses of the time. The print is quite as instructive as the original work, and its great popularity explains why a London publisher was willing to pay more than forty-five thousand dollars for the picture and the copy-right.

It is in landscape that modern art may be said to have effected the greatest changes. To be sure, the Dutch and Flemish masters went directly to Nature for their inspiration, and Constable and Gainsborough made their canvases faithful reflections of the English scenery. But some of us can remember when artists evolved landscapes in their studios from the depths of their own consciousness, as the German philosopher drew the proverbial camel. Within a few years there was in France a school which still affected the classic landscape, and conscien-

tiously placed a ruined temple in the foreground in the style of Gaspar Pous-sin, and introduced shepherds playing upon pipes, as if they ever really made such music. There must always be a dispute as to the precise point where strict imitation of some particular scene in nature should end, and invention, or at any rate selection, should come in. It requires a great deal of ability, of course, to make a perfect copy of nature, — to compress the infinite lights and darks, the infinite tints and harmonies, of the visible prospect within the scale of the painter’s palette. But difficult as this is, must not the great landscape artist do more than this? The faculty of the imagination is a higher and nobler thing in God’s creation than all the forms and colors of earth or sky; and may not the incorporation of that with natural appearances produce something finer than the most masterly copying? There never was a woman of such majestic contour as the *Venus de Milo*, or of such divine expression as the *Sistine Madonna*. Should not the landscape artist also seek to vivify and exalt his imitation of real scenes by such transcendent idea of light and color and form as God may have implanted in his soul? Foreign critics think that the Frenchmen, Rousseau and Decamps and Diaz and Corot and Dupré and others, and the Belgian Lamorinière, and the German Achenbach, and the Russian Ayvasovsky, have done this to a greater or less extent. In England, and here in America, we do not generally venture so far into the regions of the ideal. Our pictures are more like reflections of nature through a lens upon the tablet of a camera. A listener accidentally overheard a remark last summer in London at the Gallery of the Old Painters in Water-Colors that may to a certain extent be true. “Modern landscapes,” said the speaker, “are merely pieces cut out of nature: whether you add to them or shorten them five inches or so will make no difference in the world.” When one of the most distinguished French art-

ists was led up to a clever landscape which we had sent from this side to the Exposition of 1867, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "C'est un bon portrait."

Is it too much to say that the best French landscapes show, not only what Nature usually displays, but something still higher and finer; not Nature as she appears through an opera-glass, but with all the outlines softened, and a "light which never was on sea or land," and which still seems to be true and appropriate, flooding the scene? The charm of these pictures is too evanescent and subtle to be expressed in words. A great many people seem to prefer a sort of inventory of nature, with every leaf put down and recorded, and its value expressed in line and color; but far better than this is the vague, shimmering beauty of those pictures of Rousseau and Dupré, where the genius of the artist, which is creative and far more potent than any optical machine or photographic process, seems to have gone out from him and suffused the scene with his own glorious conceptions, transmuting his picture from a mere topographical illustration into a work of art. This chemistry of genius may be misapplied, as it perhaps is in Corot's case, who delights in pale greens and morning mists, and whose landscapes are as unsubstantial as those we see in dreams; as it certainly is in Turner's later works, who seems to have tried to produce impossibilities, — to give the effects of light by mere smears of pigment, without the opposition of darks. Some of his pictures in the National Gallery are noble illustrations of what genuine power in selection or invention can do when united with extraordinary science; but others are mere caprices and extravaganzas. The two rooms between which these masterpieces and these eccentricities are divided show the most curious psychological contrast that can be found in the world of art.

But the English water-color artists, with all their admiration for Turner,

have not been much influenced by his vagaries. Their exhibitions in London afford the most charming experiences which a stranger can enjoy, although, if a layman may venture to say so, the increased use of body-color is not improving the effect of their works. But how true they are in the representations of their own scenery! How faithfully they transfer to the rough surface of their drawing-paper those vast, castellated masses of clouds with great interspaces of pure blue; those broad, changing shadows chasing each other over the fields, which, even at mid-day, give the most wonderful variety of effects, while the sunshine glints here and there upon some gray church-tower or reddish Elizabethan mansion, or on the silvery sheen of a brook half hidden by the willows, and the thin mists, rising from the moist meadows and dark-green hedge-rows, tone down all the harsh contrasts, and produce a breadth and harmony which is inexpressibly charming to the eye!

We come now to portraiture, one of the most noble and attractive of all departments of art. And here, whatever may be the opinion as to the success of contemporary painters in landscape and *genre*, everybody must admit that none of them are equal, we will not say to the old masters, Titian, Velasquez, Rubens, Rembrandt, or Vandyck, but to the comparatively modern ones, Largillière, Reynolds, or Gainsborough. One of the best portraits in the Exposition of 1867 was that of the Emperor by Hippolyte Flandrin, but there was not much vitality in it; and as for the fine ladies by Cabanel, Winterhalter, Dubufe, Jalabert, and the rest, while the silks and laces and jewels were irreproachable, and the modelling and drawing were often admirable, they did not suggest the "real presence" of the originals. The flesh had not the warm elasticity of life. Without going so far as one of the critics, who said it was done with a mixture of cold cream and strawberry juice, it may be said that in some cases it seemed a sort of skin

which had no pores and did not permit perspiration. But Cabanel and Jala-bert are men of great ability, and have failed where only a very few artists of genius have ever succeeded; that is, in taking nature by surprise, and giving us unstudied grace and elegance which were not put on for the occasion. Their works, however, please the noble ladies for whom they are painted, since these are willing to pay from two thousand to six thousand dollars each for this kind of apotheosis.

There were no portraits in the Exhibition so good as one that was shown outside of it, that of M. Bertin, by Ingres, which had been painted thirty-five years before. The old man's hands in that picture were worthy of Vandyck. This portrait of Bertin had been a work of immense labor. With some artists this seems to produce a gradual extinction of all life and spirit. With Ingres it was a nearer and nearer approach to his grand ideal. An American artist, who was one of his pupils, told the writer that the number of sittings Ingres had from M. Bertin for this portrait was almost unprecedented, and that the late Duke of Orleans, knowing this, said to him when he proposed to paint the Duchess: "Madame is easily fatigued: you must not require too many sittings." "I shall be satisfied with *sixty*," was the reply.

The modern English portrait-painters are even less successful than their brethren on the other side of the Channel. Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Royal Academy, exhibits every year some noble master of fox hounds in scarlet coat and immaculate boots, surrounded with a group of dogs as hard as if made of tin and properly colored. Mr. Watts and Mr. Millais are, however, the most successful English portrait-painters at present. Mr. Watts holds his subject in a strong grasp, and never loosens his clutch until he has transferred it, so far as lines and modelling can go, to the canvas. But he is muddy and unnatural in the flesh tints. It is always in this that

the contemporary portrait-artists fail. Mr. Millais paints children very charmingly, and at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1867 all the mothers went into raptures over two pictures called *Sleeping and Waking*, and showing two little children in their cribs. At the Academy last year he had a portrait which made a great stir. It was called *Hearts are Trumps*, and represented three young ladies, sisters, playing cards at a table, and all dressed in light violet-colored silks, which, according to the gossip, had been designed by the artist himself expressly for this picture. The numerous folds made by the voluminous commingled skirts and all the furbelows and accessories gave a sort of spotty, streaky, chintzy effect, while the skin, as usual, was mottled and unnatural. How far inferior to that exquisite picture of the three Ladies Waldegrave, the beautiful grand-nieces of Horace Walpole, by Sir Joshua, which was in the National Portrait Exhibition of 1867,—Lady Laura winding silk on a card from a skein held by Lady Horatia, while Lady Maria on the right bends over her tambour-frame! The hands in this group are slightly sketched, but, as Mr. Leslie says of them, they enhance the impression both of grace in the subject and power in the master. Walpole paid Reynolds three hundred and fifteen pounds for this picture; while the father of the three Misses Armstrong paid Mr. Millais ten thousand dollars in gold for the *Card-Players*. The prices of portraits in England have increased enormously since Vandyck's day. King Charles the First paid him only one hundred pounds for that superb full-length which is one of the great ornaments of the Louvre. The value of a pound sterling is much less now, of course, than it was in 1638; but making the most liberal allowance for the change, and comparing the Vandyck with the Millais, it is evident that the great Flemish painter was greatly underpaid.

It would be pleasant to pause here and describe the extraordinary value of

that Loan Collection of National Portraits to which allusion has just been made. It was opened in London in 1867, and was the second of three exhibitions of the sort which should be mentioned as another proof of the liberality of the English wealthy classes in the encouragement of art. When it is remembered that, in this second exhibition alone, there were eight hundred and sixty-six pieces, including one hundred and fifty-four by Reynolds, fifty-one by Gainsborough, seventy by Kneller, thirty-one by Hogarth, besides many by Lawrence, Raeburn, Romney, Stuart, Zoffany, Copley, and others, some idea may be formed of its excellence in relation to art. The limits of this article forbid anything more than the allusion to a single point, in which those older artists seem to have been far superior to our contemporary portrait-painters: they gave so much life and expression to their subjects by the action of the hands. Reynolds was famous for this; for example, his celebrated portrait of himself, shading his eyes with one hand while he holds palette, brushes, and mahl-stick with the other; Dr. Johnson and Mr. Barretti, each holding the book close to his near-sighted eyes; Nellie O'Brien leaning her head on her wrist; Garrick resting his clasped hands on the table in front of him with the thumbs joined; the Marchioness of Salisbury pulling on her glove; and many other instances.

It is difficult to dismiss this collection without saying more about it. As an illustration of the history and social life of England during the last century, it was more interesting than can well be expressed. We had already been formally introduced to all these charming people by Walpole's Letters, Boswell's Life of Johnson, Miss Berry's and Mrs. Delany's memoirs, and many other delightful books, and now art came in and made us intimately acquainted with all of them, and imprinted upon our memories traits of form and feature and color so much more vivid and enduring than anything which literature can inscribe. And from all this dis-

play of nature and life, of expression and character, we must come down to the hollow tin fox hounds of Sir Francis Grant, and the little babies of Millais lying in their cribs, and all the details of nursery life painted with Pre-Raphaelite minuteness!

III.

WE have briefly described the unusual encouragement given to art of late years by states and individuals, and the effect of this stimulus upon what has been called, for want of a better name, domestic art,—the art which adorns family and social life. We have now to speak of the condition of that higher art which is connected with public affairs, and is an expression of the best thoughts and feelings of whole nations and communities. This is a matter which cannot be studied within the walls of any international exposition or at the annual displays of any academy. It requires the visiting of many cities and the inspection of widely spread monuments. We may be permitted, however, to state a few opinions on this subject, with such illustrations as are afforded by certain modern examples. The practice of erecting commemorative statues has greatly increased in Europe of late years. They are not generally satisfactory. One of the exceptions is a monument at Milan in honor of Count Cavour. His effigy, of heroic size, stands at the top of the structure, while a figure, representing Italy or History, reclining on the steps of the base, writes his name on the pedestal. But most of these modern works are failures; and the failure, of course, is generally in the attempt to reconcile the demands of art with historic truth. It is a commonplace remark, that a statue should be something more than a likeness. If all we required were the precise resemblance of the hero or philanthropist, Madame Tussaud could give it to us in wax much more completely than Thorwaldsen ever

produced anything in marble. If the point be to show some great act that he performed or trial that he suffered, this could be done by painting much more distinctly than by sculpture. What we desire is a work which shall show our hero in relation to his age and country generally, and not to some spot of ground or moment of time in particular, and still be pleasing as a work of art. It should present the summing up and substance of his life. It should not be an anecdote, but a biography. There is nothing new in these ideas, but they seem to be strangely forgotten by those who have charge of these undertakings. Of course, all this is very difficult to accomplish. It was very well for the Greeks to set up in their temples the images of the contemporary victors in the games, whose forms indicated the perfection of manly beauty, and whose drapery, if it was necessary to add that, fell in harmonious lines. An ugly costume, too, may be rendered so interesting by association, that the mind tempers its angularities to the eye. Such was the queue and cocked hat and long-skirted uniform of the great Frederick and the gray capote of Napoleon. But what can an artist do with the personal deformities and ugly dress which may be closely associated with our ideas of contemporary personages? What can he do with the gaunt frame of Mr. Lincoln, or the peculiar clothing of Mr. Greeley? Mr. Peabody, the philanthropist, had a foot which seems to have been modelled upon the same generous scale as his kind heart; and Story has not forgotten that in the statue behind the London Exchange, where the enormous shoe is quite obtrusive and thrusts itself into the face of the spectator.

To answer this difficulty, we would cut the Gordian knot. It is a mistake to erect a statue to a man who has not been dead for, at least, half a century. Indeed, it might be well to delay it as long as the Roman Church postpones the canonization of a saint. We should wait until we can assign to the de-

parted worthy his true place in history, and forget the ugly features of his person and his dress. There may be a time, perhaps, when our descendants will fail to remember the awkward trousers and bushy chin-tuft of Abraham Lincoln, and believe only in the prophetic pathos of his homely countenance.

Many of the modern specimens of monumental art fail because they have no great ideas behind them with which the people at large can sympathize. There was opened last summer at Antwerp the most important piece of pictorial decoration on a large scale which has been attempted of late years in Europe. It is a series of mural paintings in the vestibule of the museum representing the influence of the Flemish schools on foreign schools and of foreign schools on the Flemish, and this idea is illustrated by a number of figure compositions of heroic proportions by one of their leading artists, Mr. De Keyser. They are well drawn and colored; but we look at them very coldly, because, in the first place, the idea behind them does not arouse our curiosity or stimulate our enthusiasm, and, in the next place, because, so soon as we enter the museum and see the great realities of Rubens, we forget these shadowy symbolical performances altogether.

It is with the same cool curiosity that we regard the Albert memorial now nearly completed at Hyde Park. We feel a polite respect for the character of the late Prince Consort; but in this superb and costly structure, all the resources of color and gilding and precious materials, and all the ability of modern English sculptors in executing the imposing symbolical groups at the corners and the frieze of alto-relievos around the base, fail to arouse within us a spark of enthusiasm. How much more we are stirred, for instance, by Thorwaldsen's Dying Lion on the rocky hillside at Lucerne, erected in memory of the Swiss Guard who fell at the Tuileries in 1792, that they might be faithful to their oaths!

Almost the only monumental picture at the Exposition was Kaulbach's Epoch of the Reformation, a magnificent cartoon of immense power in form and composition. It was curious to observe how far it seemed to be removed from the interest and sympathies of those great crowds of people from all parts of the world who were passing every day through the Bavarian gallery. One of the leading French jurors who was going about with notebook in hand was heard to say, "I don't like that"; and perhaps the vote which afterwards assigned one of the eight grand prizes to Kaulbach was given rather as a compliment to Germany than from any genuine admiration for his productions.

But, in fact, are there any great dominant ideas now in Europe universally stirring the hearts and moulding the lives of the whole people? Even the pride of race and country seems to be declining. The superb Arch of Triumph at Paris, which grows grander every time it is seen, appears to be the last piece of monumental art that illustrates this feeling. In religion, people are either cold rationalists or bigoted ritualists, either doing without churches or building servile imitations of ancient structures in which what is ugly and inconvenient is considered to bestow spiritual edification. It was our good fortune last summer to see some of the noblest creations of mediæval architecture,—the porches of Chartres, the tracery of Rouen, the nave of Amiens, the west window of Rheims, the Lady Chapel of Ely, the majestic pile of Lincoln, and the solemn perspective of Durham. There were a few old women huddled together for worship in the holes and corners of these glorious interiors, which seemed magnificent shells for the withered kernels within. How different from those ancient times, when vast and picturesque crowds filled these aisles, all of them possessed with a profound belief in the awful omnipotence of the Church as the interpreter of God's will to man,—not a belief

about which casuists argued or which needed to be proved by sermons and pamphlets, but a belief like that in the warmth of the sun or any other natural fact. If we are to erect cathedrals now to embody any general faith, it must be to express the Darwinian idea of the survival of the fittest, or in honor of the Great Universum of Dr. Strauss.

In European politics there is not sufficient veneration for the old ways to seek artistic expression for that "divinity which doth hedge a king," nor yet that belief in the Universal Republic which embodies itself in monuments. It is a time of strife and turmoil, of doubt and disbelief. There is no great idea prepared to enshrine itself in the higher forms of art. And if there were, the necessity and occasion for such a manifestation are both wanting. The apostles of a new faith would find everything ready made to their hands. The architecture and sculpture and painting are already there. As the new Roman Emperor in the time of the decline decapitated the statues of his predecessor and fastened his own head on the old shoulders, so the zealous proselytes of the Coming Idea in Europe can use the monuments of the old traditions to embody it. The French Republic had only to erase the N's and the Imperial crowns to find a home in the palace of Versailles; and if the Commune should succeed again, it needs but to efface the bas-reliefs of the ancient victories from the Arch of Triumph and substitute the destruction of the Tuileries and of the Hotel de Ville.

We trust we may be pardoned, at the conclusion of this paper, already sufficiently incomplete and desultory, if we turn away from Europe and from our main line of thought and inquire whether we are not more fortunate here in America, not only in having great and profound beliefs to express, but in having occasions to express them. It is pleasant to be able to answer this question in the affirmative. Our opportunities consist in this, that most of our

great monumental edifices are yet to be built, and some which have been built are so poorly constructed that they will tumble down of themselves, or so contrary to all the principles of good taste, that they will be pulled down by our indignant descendants. It is in America that we may reasonably look for a new type in architecture,—the type that will be generated by the necessity of accommodating immense masses of people under one enclosure for purposes of political discussion, of religious service, of legislative debate, or of the administration of justice,—a type more majestic than that of the Roman Basilica, and capable of the highest embellishment by sculpture and painting.

In those days of the remote future, when the American citizen shall understand, as the Greeks did, that private life should be unostentatious and modest, and all the splendors of art invoked to magnify the dignity of the state; when the beauty of fitness and the true relations of art to social life shall be universally perceived, so that each room shall have its appropriate ornaments and our houses be no longer bazaars and *bric-à-brac* shops; when our rich men, who spend tens of thousands of dollars upon the flowers and gewgaws of a single festival, shall learn that it would be wiser to endow a museum; when the whole people shall recognize the law that the beautiful should be cultivated as well as the good and the true, and that it is the office of the State to apply its treasures to educate its children in the perception of this principle and to display before them the great triumphs of past ages in sculpture and painting,—when that day arrives, it will be found that in no country in the world have there ever been better occasions and opportunities for the employment of monumental art than here in America.

But it is necessary that there should be not only the occasions and opportunities to employ monumental art, but that there should be great ideas and beliefs behind it, to make it something

more than the mere exercise of artistic skill. Let us see whether these also will be wanting in the America of the future. It is true that our history and social life are not picturesque; that the great events of our past are councils and deliberations, the invisible thoughts and resolutions of wise and patriotic men, rather than the outward acts and sufferings of brave men, although these, indeed, have not been wanting; that we are deficient here in the badges and symbols and costumes which add vivacity and point to the appearances of European life. It is true that the materials for *genre* painting and for the small art which decorates parlors and boudoirs are few and scanty. But for great art, for monumental art, for the art of Bramante and Michael Angelo, was there ever any nation like this, where there existed, underlying outward life, such grand ideas and images; such earnest faiths and profound beliefs, which indeed may seem dim and half extinguished under the coarse necessities of ordinary occupations; but when the ashes are stirred flame up in unexpected splendor and are brightened and purified by the dying breath of heroes and martyrs? Where, among all European nations and all ages of the world, have there ever been grander ideas than those with which an American associates his love of country,—the idea of space, which embraces half the world; the idea of strength, which rests upon the broad, immovable foundation of the sovereignty of the people; the idea of progress, whose irresistible march is checked by no material barriers; the idea of justice, which shrinks from no sacrifice to maintain the rights of the weakest and the poorest; the idea of wealth, which gathers into its storehouses the treasures of the whole earth; the idea of charity, which fosters in its expanded arms the outcasts of all nations; and finally, the idea of peace, for which every war and conflict has been only a precursor and a guaranty, and which, as universal as the sunshine on some halcyon day of summer, bathes

the whole continent in its ethereal splendor !

Such are some of the great thoughts which must underlie the monumental art of America. Have we the power to embody them in our architecture and sculpture and painting, to give them a visible shape as the artists of the past ages did the grand ideas of their times ; as Phidias did in the pediment of the Parthenon ; as the Romans did in the mighty circle of the Coliseum ; as the God-fearing monks of the Middle Ages did in the spire of Antwerp, and the great rose window, which

flashes the jewelled light of Paradise through the nave of Rheims ; as Buonarrotti did when he summoned from the unknown world the awful forms of Prophets and Sibyls to look down from the ceiling of the Sistine chapel ? Shall we have the genius and the skill to enshrine also the grand ideas of the coming America in the imperishable shapes of monumental art ?

Let us hope, however dark and doubtful the prospect may be at present, that Heaven may vouchsafe to give us this crowning glory hereafter.

William F. Hoppin.

TWO WEEKS' SPORT ON THE COULONGE RIVER.

PETER is an Indian.

The scene is laid on the banks of the Ottawa River, at Sand Point, the railway terminus, fifty-six miles above Ottawa City.

The occasion of my meeting with Peter was a summons which I had sent to him that morning by telegraph from Portage du Fort, twelve miles farther up the river, on my return from an unsuccessful hunt.

Having heard, during a period of two years, from various sources, contradicting each other in all important points, of the wonders of the Ottawa Valley, the picturesqueness of the scenery, the deer, moose, caribou, bears, wolves, beavers, Indians, lumbermen, and ruffians that frequented its banks, browsed in its forests, dived or paddled in its tributary streams, and pitched their tents or built their shanties among its pines and spruces ; and having utterly failed, in all this time, by extensive correspondence and exhaustive search in all the libraries of my native city, to extract one atom of reliable information about the region, I had ventured into it at last to find it out for myself.

One word, mere hearsay, let drop two years before by a hunter in the

New York woods to the effect that you could see deer *in herds* upon the Ottawa River, had possessed my imagination ever since.

With one friend and two guides, — Abbanike half-breeds, one pure fool, the other more than half knave, — I had spent a month upon the Black River ; and during all that time, by one trick and another, for want of a map, had been kept travelling in a circle from pond to pond, within two days' journey of the mouth, camping in neighboring cow-yards, and subjected to all the extortions of the thieves who live upon the banks and call themselves Christians. My friend's time was up, and we were on our return. I had made several attempts to engage a reliable guide, without success. If he was willing enough to go when he was sober, he would refuse when he was drunk, or *vice versa*.

At Sand Point, having telegraphed as stated above, I bade adieu to my friend in the historic words, "The battle indeed is lost ; *but there is time to win another*."

Five feet high, swart, short of speech, dressed like a dandy in reds and yellows, was Peter. He was not

a bit like Salomon, the "head guide" of the former expedition. Salomon was voluble to distraction, and bragged of hundreds of deer, for two dollars a day; but all that I could get out of Peter was that he got two dollars and a half, and that when he went off hunting he generally found something. He came up to me like a Fate, without a smile or salutation, but the simple question, "Did you send for me?" The cars were waiting, by which, if this business failed, and I got through with it in season, I might overtake my friend and accompany him on the long journey home. Peter had been informed of the situation, and I had asked him if he would like to engage with me for a fortnight, to hunt moose.

For half an hour he stood there with averted face, and never a change of expression came over his countenance. I was scanning him with all my might, to see how I liked him. The cars had gone. At length he opened his mouth. "I can't go to-day; I can't go in these clothes," said Peter, "and I have work to do," finally proposing that I should spend the intervening time at his house.

In a one-story hut on the banks of the Ottawa, three miles up stream, I passed a pleasant day with him and his good-humored but rather long-favored squaw and two little Indian boys, idly contemplating, at the back window, a view that a millionaire could not have commanded, — a river a mile wide, with islands, and trees upon its shores, stretching in either direction as far as the eye could reach. Upon its glassy surface, opposite the house, a flock of mallard ducks were playing, their plumage glistening like silver in the sun. They were cunning enough to keep just so far out that nobody could tell how far they were; and although I stole round the corner of the next house and had a crack at them, every shot fell short. The next house was that of Peter's father-in-law, and coming back I stumbled into it. Squaws were sitting all round the room, mute and motionless as mummies; among the rest a handsome black one, who did

not look more than nineteen years old. Perceiving my mistake, I backed out, followed by Peter, whose laugh was the only comment I overheard.

A neighbor came in during the day, perched himself upon a chair by the door, said never a word, and, after he had stayed as long as he liked, walked out. I could not perceive that he took any notice of anything. He was nearly white, and was, as I learned afterwards, Peter's brother-in-law, husband of the beauty next door.

I asked Peter if he was full blooded, and he replied, "I *think* I am." You could not get a positive, unqualified opinion out of him.

I noticed, however, that he was very polite at meals, and urged me to make a dinner, or a supper, after each repast of bread, pork, and tea had been disposed of. They gave me the bed, in a little room on the ground floor, and I had no reason to complain of it.

The train which leaves Ottawa at 10.10 in the morning reaches Sand Point at 1.40, and connects there with the boat for Portage du Fort, which we reached at 6 o'clock the next day. The necessary purchases of provisions delayed me an hour, when we took the stage.

Wonderful was the change in Peter. His face had grown three shades darker. His black eyes snapped and rolled about with unwonted fire. He howled and sang, and every moment or two he would turn round to me and repeat, what was plain enough, "I have a good many friends, here," and again, with great emphasis, "*I'm all right*," and so long as *I'm all right*, *you're all right*."

Somebody, in recommending Peter, the day before, for knowing his business, had told me that he would serve me faithfully, and never get drunk at inconvenient times, so as to incapacitate himself for duty; but that if I wanted to have trouble with him I could have it. That was just the kind of man I wanted, and I should have regarded it as a great deprivation if I could n't have trouble when I *wanted* it.

The stage took us eight miles to Havelock, where we stopped at Macdonald's, a comfortable hotel, and next morning at six were off for Grand Marris, thirteen miles up the river, in a small steamer. At Grand Marris we were carried across in a wagon, canoe and all, four miles for two dollars, and set down at the Coulonge above the fall and some five miles from the mouth. It was noon, and presently we were paddling up stream, our destination being Windfall Lake, six days' journey up the Coulonge River.

There are five or six houses the first five miles, and then the wilderness, the rapids, the sandy banks with their long memories of bears and wolves and moose, and here and there that which makes the hunter's heart beat and his nostrils quiver with excitement.

At Amyot's, the last house but two, we stopped to talk French and buy potatoes. The father was tall, affable, and a polyglot. One little girl, twelve years old, bare-armed and bare-legged, sat at a spinning-machine of their own contrivance. She had a simple, unintellectual cast of face, pretty enough, while for bodily symmetry and grace she was truly remarkable. I sat and admired her under cover of a conversation with her father, and the quick play and perfect poise of hand and foot were wonderful to behold. Every attitude was grace itself. The great wheel went like lightning, guided by the perfect hand and arm. The spools whirled like mad, obedient to the foot which discovered a shape that Phidias might have copied. An elder sister stood by, correspondingly ugly, aged fourteen. I asked if they had been to school. "*Vous n'avez jamais été à l'école?*" No answer. They do not understand you. You must speak the jargon they are accustomed to in these parts, which has for its foundation the French of two hundred years ago, and has assimilated all the slang that has been invented since. If you have patience to repeat the question two or three times you will get an answer. "*Fee' la men'*

(*Philamène*), not so fast!" suddenly exclaims the mother, with unheard-of severity and sharpness, for the little one has broken the thread. Mother Amyot is a study, — not less than five feet seven inches in height and four feet six inches in circumference, nor much less than three hundred pounds in weight, brawny rather than fat, coarse beyond comparison, furiously voluble and good-natured from her irrepressible vitality, still in the prime of life, and mother of eleven children.

We had left behind us a gang of shanty-men, bound, some up the West Branch (the river forks thirty-five miles above), some up the East Branch by which we must go, to Brigham's shanty on Osborne's Lake, three or four days' journey up stream. There is a third or north fork, called the John Bull Creek, and good hunting thereon in favorable seasons. The law forbids the shooting of game before September 1, and it lacked yet a fortnight of that date. It was early for the shanty-men, but these were going up in advance of the main body to make hay, build shanties, locate timber, and make other preparations for their reception. When we reached the Coulonge they were playing in the water at the landing above the fall, diving, and splashing one another, riding logs, swimming and tumbling, and dancing, all over the banks, and the river, and the boats, almost naked, enjoying themselves with all the energy of youth. Several immense flat-boats, painted red and laden with trunks, were drawn up along the bank. In these they travel. Each is manned by a dozen men with long oars, and they force them up stream and drag them through the woods by sheer strength. It is a sight to see one of them going up a rapid!

We must keep ahead of these demons, who were making the woods ring with their insane merriment and careless but tremendous efforts to force their way up against the current, or we stood no chance of getting game. So on we go from Amyot's.

Within a mile we had passed the

last house, and began to think of what we should have for supper. I was glad to desist from my awkward and unaccustomed efforts at poling and paddling, when Peter said, as we came to a deep place in the river, "You may throw out here." I had a spoon hook which was good for a meal when everything else failed, and flung it overboard at the word. A two-pound pickerel mistook it for a fish, and was soon flapping in the bottom of the canoe. Back through the hole and up again we went, this time luring an old one from his hiding-place. He might have weighed six pounds, shone like a rainbow with hues of the most vivid orange, and had sheet-iron scales, and spines on his back as sharp and stiff as darning-needles. There was more fish than we could possibly eat, and after another turn we went ahead. It took me a good hour to prepare that big fellow for the fire with my penknife, and gave me a back-ache worse than if I had been sawing a cord of wood. He was so slippery I could not hold on to him at all to scale him until I hit upon the expedient of rubbing him in the sand first. Such solid flesh! We made a good supper and breakfast off him, and had to throw away the little one.

We had a very late start the next morning, and the three big flat-boats, headed by a birch-bark canoe with the owner of the limits upon the West Branch, had passed us before we started. We came immediately upon one of the barges struggling in the long rapids. Another was just turning a bend in the river farther up. There was little else but rapids for two miles. The whole crew of the flat-boat were in the river, toiling upon a long rope attached to the bow, or pushing and dragging the boat by its gunwales. The supernumeraries were capering upon the bank or in the current, jumping from rock to rock. Trunks were piled high upon the unwieldy craft, for every man brought his own, containing in most instances all his worldly goods. They are a simple race, these shanty-men, of

the good-natured fighting kind, ignorant, respectful, fond of beans. See them straining on the rope! The red boat, the white caps of the waters sparkling in the sun, the long procession, the mirth, the silent forest, offer striking contrasts of color, of stillness and life, of labor and repose. It gleams forever in my mind's eye, this picture of yesterday, but I fail to describe it. Why has not some painter attempted it?

We soon passed them, Peter and I, and had overtaken and passed the next boat, and the next; and as they stopped to dine upon the shore we left them all behind and pushed along up stream alone.

Peter had been sick the day before. It was "too — hot," he said; for the Indian is delicate; and I had been obliged to help him all I could, for fear he would give out entirely. It is no joke for a novice to pole up rapids, and when Peter had put me ashore to lighten the boat I was glad of the excuse to use my legs. Having kept out of sight of the canoe for three hours, I sat down at length upon a rock and awaited its appearance.

Peter was sick, or afraid he was going to be. He did not know what was the matter with him, but pulling up beside the bank, in a shady place, said he could go no farther. He felt "wake," he said, and sore across his stomach. Upon my conscience, he looked solemn enough, and the whole matter begun to assume a gloomy aspect to me. It was a forlorn hope, the expedition we had started on; and if he failed me I must go home out of pocket, without having seen any game. It was a hard journey up, Peter said, and hard getting back, and he did n't want to be sick in the woods. I counted his pulse, and then my own, by my watch. His was four beats slower a minute. I counted again, and this time failed to detect any difference; looked at his tongue, and told him that I did not think he was going to be sick, but if he was I would get help and have him carried home. A covey of partridges

made themselves heard in the brush upon the river bank just then; and the broth that night did Peter a wonderful deal of good.

We were yet some three miles below the first carry, which is eighteen miles up the river from where we entered above the fall. There are twenty carries upon the Coulonge, the longest half a mile, the average very much shorter. "About an acre" signifies in Canada a dozen rods, more or less, an acre, as a measure of length, being the side of a square field which contains an acre.

Early next morning the shanty-men overtook us again and left us behind for the last time. We were camped below a very long and ugly rapid. It was the thought of this, I suspect, that had made Peter sick the day before. Here, at last, must be fought the great battle of the expedition. We started late, and it was eleven o'clock when we reached it. The canoe was a large one, and had accommodated four men, with their baggage and provisions, upon the previous excursion I have mentioned. Peter was little and easily discouraged, and I entirely inexperienced. He put me off upon the rocks with a long and very stout rope attached to the bow. I was to pull while he guided the canoe. The bed of the river was uneven, rocky, and full of holes waist-deep, while over everything the waters rushed at a great pace. Peter could speak very good English, but he put his accent on in the wrong places. "Don't *pull now!*" he shouted, with all the stress upon the last words; and all I heard above the roar of waters was "*pull now,*" and I did pull, with all my might. A Yankee would have sung out "Stay!" or something intelligible. Perceiving from Peter's frantic and demoniac gesticulation that something was wrong, but utterly unable to make out above the din anything he said, I danced about from rock to rock, and unfortunately letting the rope go slack as I made a long jump over a black pool beneath, I soon had him in the

water. In vain he tugged and wrestled with the current, standing over his boots. The canoe swung round broadside to the stream, in spite of all I could do to stop it. The flood overwhelmed it, and sent it to the bottom.

I went in and helped Peter out of his predicament, getting plenty of abuse the while. In fact, several times during the expedition the impression came upon me that I had hired myself out to Peter, instead of his having hired himself to me. If either of us had his own way, from beginning to end of our association, it was Peter. You, who have apprenticed yourself to a hunter, must be of a docile disposition, submissive, and able to put up with any amount of cursing when you do your best and yet fail to carry out your part of the programme. You are not only contending, in such an undertaking, with the forces of nature and the superior senses of wild beasts, but with professional skill enhanced by inherited aptitude and the practice of a lifetime. He will find you game like a dog, your little Indian guide, but you have got to supply nerve, and eye, and heart that never beats but at your bidding.

We spread our blankets and stores upon the rocks. Everything was soaked. The sugar had suffered the most. It was a clammy mass, and had acquired a disagreeable taste after the bath. You soon learn to do without it, and then you cannot eat it. The same with milk. You will not be able to take either in tea or coffee when you get home, but drink the clear infusion, that goes to the spot, and become at the same time a connoisseur of tea and coffee, and the only person in the house who knows how they should be prepared. No flavor can survive a cloy of milk and sugar.

Two hours' delay in the bright sun set things to rights again. The packs were heavier, and we had many carries to make; but I showed Peter a broad back and a good pair of legs, and he was ashamed to lag or complain over-

much of the heat ; so we came to camp two or three miles below the Fork.

Would that I had power to describe the beauties of the wilderness ! the deep peace, which is never still ! It is the noise close at hand that is absent, the brute, unmeaning clatter of the street ; and through the hush come to you voices from the distance, — the whispers of lofty trees, the sound of far-off waters. Upon the shores of the Coulonge grows a forest that has never known the axe nor withered in the fire, of every kind of hard wood and pine, still young, fresh, and vigorous, after forty-five or fifty years of growth. You pass round a hill following the windings of the stream, and, as you look back, such a burst of green of every shade, freshening to the top, fills your view that the spot seems enchanted. The sparkling river that a child could ford or scale a stone across, the sky, the sun, and the utter absence of hard lines and studied effects form a picture on every side. Here a tall tree has fallen into the water, and, there another has dried up, and looks like a smoke. The white pine bristles, and the red pine stretches out its tireless arms, throwing their dark green into vivid contrast with the lighter foliage of the hard woods. Here and there you see a double spire, like minarets, upon a balsam ; and everywhere the birches, clad in white, stand close together in groups of five or six, a gleaming brotherhood. Above the forest of half a century, which the woodman has spared, towers at rare intervals a lofty pine, and in one place we saw a blackened trunk upon the shore. These are the relics of a greater forest, of pines of older growth, destroyed some fifty years ago by fire. The Indians must tell you about it, for white men have only known the river a few years. Hard woods the moose loves, and will live in them, I am told, the year round.

We have bidden good by to the crow, and good riddance. He likes not the North, nor the wilderness, but the sight of barn-yards, and journeys south in the winter. His elder brother, the

raven, is here all the year round, twice as large and twice as black, with a deep, broken note, a bass voice, rather hoarse, but no angry caw. The kingfisher hies quietly to another perch farther off and forbears to scream. The bluejay comes up to your tent to compare notes and make inquiries, and rest awhile. He is a traveller himself. Mother partridge chuckles to her brood in the bush for fear somebody should be going by and not hear her, and the little ones pipe their shrill double-note from the covert. A black duck, the wildest thing that flies, in ordinary latitudes, waits in the middle of the stream for you to come up, with no sign of fear, till you are within a boat's length ; I have reached my hand within a foot of a partridge on a bough before he flew. They have never seen men and know nothing of guns. On the other hand, you cannot show your head to a *flock* of black ducks before they are off ; for there are always old birds among them which have made the grand tour and been popped at from Key West to Labrador.

Sheldrake breed upon these rivers, and at this season they cannot fly, except the old one, which will not desert her brood. You get sight of a school of them ahead, perhaps a dozen, silver-grays, all in a row. They wait until the last moment, and then they all begin to trot upon the top of the water like so many race-horses, with the noise and wake of a steamboat, till they are out of sight. Fifty rods ahead you start them again ; and so they travel all day, till they are well tired out, going up or down over rapids as the case may be, and scaring all the game within hearing. They are worthless for food at this season and full of lice, but almost as handsome as a canvas-back.

We had delayed so much upon the route that three days had passed, and it was likely to take two more to bring us to Osborne's Lake, which we had calculated at the outset to reach in four days. Moreover, the shanty-men

had passed us, bound for the same place, so that, following in their wake, our chances for getting game were slim indeed. I had allowed but a fortnight for the expedition, and it would not do to spend all the time on the way, so that, when we reached our hunting-ground, we should have to turn round and come back. It was possible to reach the lake by a carry of ten miles, from a point a short distance above the Fork. It is no joke to carry your necessary baggage — guns, ammunition, blankets, tent, and cooking utensils — ten miles through the woods; but it was the only thing to be done, and Peter made no objection. We made a *cachet*, concealing the canoe in the bushes, and breaking down trees and letting them fall upon it to cover it. The stores we hid under the canoe, where they were safe from rain; and if no stray bear came along we should probably find them intact after ten days' absence. It was pretty warm, but we divided the load, and, as I started ahead, Peter had to follow, complaining of the heat, and proposing every now and then to stop and rest; to which propositions I paid no heed until we had gone two miles, when we both concluded it was time to lunch.

I reached Osborne's Lake a long way ahead of him, however. We shouted and hallooed and fired guns, when he came up; and, after an age of waiting, a canoe came over from the opposite shore. Brigham was at his shanty with six or eight of his men, and we must needs go in there. The boys greeted Peter as if he had been their best friend, for he had hunted for them the winter before, and supplied them with meat. Old Brigham — a man of fifty, bred to lumbering in his youth, but of late years the owner of a great farm near Ottawa, which had been taken from him by process of law, compelling him to begin his fortunes again in the woods — was as cordial as I could expect, considering that I had come to destroy the game which he was depending upon for the winter. Two

or three moose, at the season when the meat is frozen and can be kept, will go a great way towards providing a shanty for the winter, while anything killed in summer must be left to spoil in the woods, and feed the bears and ravens.

The supper was delicious, — great white flakes of boiled salt pork, deep cuts of bread from an enormous loaf, and green tea of exquisite flavor, without sugar or milk. After something more than two quarts of green tea, finding our blankets spread upon the floor, I was soon fast asleep, not even waking up to fight the fleas.

Peter had disappeared. He had gone to see Raymond, his old friend, who kept a stopping-place close by and a farm to supply the shanties. It pays to farm it near a shanty, for hay is *a hundred and forty odd dollars a ton*. He came back in the morning, and I did not perceive that he was any worse for his visit. It is my impression that certain springs had run dry. Everything gives out in these woods, after you have got three days' journey from a settlement, except the everlasting flour and pork and tea. Powder and shot is not to be found at all except in private hands, in quantities of half a pound. Village stores are often destitute of shot. These things, and sugar and butter, are not to be depended upon. The necessities of life, in the way of provisions, are reduced to three.

If the pork was good overnight, the beans, which had been boiled the day before, and baked all night long under the ashes, in a huge iron pot, about as big as you could get your arms round, and six inches deep, were superb. The fire is made upon the ground, a bare space being left for that purpose in the middle of the shanty, and a hole in the roof taking the place of a chimney. Around the hearth is a bulwark of timber, about a foot high, on which you can sit if you choose. The hearth and the hole overhead are about eight feet square. It being impossible to lock up, a man has to be kept in the shanty

the year round, to watch the stores which were teamed up in the winter) and must last till the next), roll the flour to prevent it from caking, and keep the pork covered with brine. It is cheerful work to be left in the shanty alone at a time of the year when there is no neighborhood and no travel, and the men take turns at it.

The bread is baked in the same kind of a pot as the beans, and is light, porous, substantial, and evenly done all the way through. It was not very fine nor very white, city fine flour being unknown in the province of Quebec. The gang was blessed with an excellent cook, and a good hunter, Peter; and I was quite ready to believe what Bringham told me, that the winter before it had been "one continual scene of feasting," what with beaver and bear and the carcasses of five moose Peter had brought in, and all the small game that runs in the woods. Moose is everywhere spoken of throughout this country as the finest meat a man ever put into his mouth, fatter than mutton, juicier than beef, tenderer than venison, and better than all three. I think I could be prevailed upon to try some of these dainties after swinging an axe round my head about five hours in the frosty air of a Canada winter.

It was hard to get Peter away; but about twelve o'clock we were off for the silent woods, not to see a human face again except each other's. I had to offer him extra pay to get him started at all. He abhorred camping out, if he could creep into a house; while I liked the forest, the uncertain sky, and the longinquity of fleas, the light canoe in the daytime between me and the water, and the white tent by night betwixt me and the stars, the loon's cry, and the distant howling of the wolf. Off we went at last.

A long, sandy point runs into the lake just at the inlet, whither we were going. A deer had been seen there that morning by two boys who were out fishing. As we approached we caught sight of a wolf which was following the deer's track. He was

ugly, tall, and slim, of a light yellowish brown, *and I missed him.* There was considerable breeze, the lake was tossing, and he running, and at a distance of twenty rods. I had aimed at his body instead of his head, for there was one deep track in the sand, showing where he had jumped when he heard the gun, and the mark of a rifle-ball directly behind it, somewhat higher up upon the shore. Upon the sand was the fresh track of a noble buck, in the act of running, as was shown by the imprint of the hind part of the hoof, which is small and separate. A deer walks upon his toes, or what answers to toes, and jumps from the whole foot, — just the contrary to what a man does.

When you hunt in a canoe, you sit in the bow, and neither speak nor move. The guide is perched upon the stern and paddles. Your gun lies in front, where you can take it up without the least noise, and the only sound which indicates your approach is the gentle plash of the paddle, not to be distinguished from the splash made by the diving of a muskrat. So you sit and hark, five or six hours at a time, looking on both sides for tracks, and making up your own mind what they are and how long they have been there. Once in a while you speak to each other in whispers, and so continue till the guide, from sheer exhaustion (the hunter is never tired), is compelled to return to camp. No keener pleasure can be found in the world than this silent pursuit, unless it be the startling, brain-turning presence of some monster of the forest. Pale Melancholy, however she may haunt you in the town, has flown away. The very endurance required to keep a cramped position and brace your back against the very narrow thwart which will sometimes enter into the bone, to say nothing of the interest of the chase, serves to keep the fancy inactive, by holding you down to facts. It may be that the beauty of the scene and the adventure you are having satisfies the imagination, so that it is not left to

prey upon itself. The keenness of the senses, too, which is required, and the readiness for action at any moment, engross the mind, and render torpid for the time the faculties of reflection. Whatever the reason, I do not believe there is a healthier recreation for a man of intellectual pursuits, for mind and body. He must go, however, where he can find fresh tracks and game once in a while.

People think there is a deal of leisure in camp life; yet I cannot remember a moment with Peter when we were not eating, sleeping, or hunting, or preparing for one of these things, skinning trophies, or doing necessary work in camp, except once when we were used up and had to lie down on our backs for five minutes. Cards I abominated, for every moment was precious.

Late in the afternoon of the same day, as we were going up a deep part of the river, with a sandy point in full view, the guide said, "There's a muskrat on the point,"—a remark to which I paid no attention, being bent on nobler game. Presently he whispered, "*It's a beaver.*" I was on the alert in an instant with gun in hand. The beaver had taken to the water, and was swimming on before us. "Shoot!" said the guide, and bang went the shot-gun, without doing him any harm. It had been getting rusty of late, and the rust had got into the locks, which made it pull so hard that it was difficult to hold it on the mark. I had made some wild shooting that day, at ducks and partridges, and got excited. This mishap did not tend to calm my nerves. Down went the beaver and up came his mate, a little way off. Bang went the other barrel, with the same result. Up came the first beaver and down went the second. This time the rifle, a close shot. Crack! "You can't shoot at all," said Peter, in a savage whisper, as the diver went down a second time unharmed. Now commenced a very exciting contest. The beavers were trying to find their way back to

their hole, and we doing our best to prevent them. They cannot stay under water any more than a man, and kept coming up, first one and then the other, for breath, hiding meanwhile among the sticks along the shore. The Indian's sharp eyes would spy them out under the roots in a dark corner of the stream, and he would paddle me up to the spot, and try in vain to make me see them. "Here he is," he would say, "right under that stick. There he is, can't you see him? He's gone"; fretting and fuming all the while, and swearing not a little. The trouble was, the game was the same color as the roots and the mud; and it was getting dark. Finally I did manage to see the body of one of the beavers among the roots and put a ball through it; and then I gave Peter a piece of my mind. "Why don't you talk English," said I, "and say *To the right, or the left, or Straight ahead*, and not 'Here he is,' and 'There he is'?" How can I tell, when you sit behind me, which way you mean?" "Did n't I say," said Peter, "he's under that stick?" "Is there anything else but sticks," was my retort, "all up and down the bank? How was I to know which stick you meant?" After this blessing, the native, not being able to find any reply, relapsed into his accustomed silence. I was weak from the excitement, which had the same effect upon me as a powerful dose of medicine, and for half an hour after I felt like a wet rag. We camped immediately, with a yearling beaver, weighing some twenty-five pounds, a black duck, and three partridges for supper.

Next day, after some labor upon the carries, about noon we came to the creek that goes up into Windfall Lake, and, leaving the river, we took the narrower course, hoping that there might be water enough to permit its navigation. There were three carries, overgrown with brush, for the place had been visited only once this season, by a party of Brigham's men to look for timber, the week before. The last

carry is the only long one, half a mile through the woods; and here the partridges flew up into the nearest trees and waited half an hour for us to go back and get our guns. The day before Peter had knocked one down and killed him with his paddle. He looked in vain for a stick or a stone; for we dared not fire, lest we should startle larger game which might be near. We were coming back, empty-handed, for our second load (for we had to make two trips upon each carry), and when we returned to the spot where we had treed the birds they were there still. We had worked hard, and Peter began to tire; but, about the middle of that beautiful summer afternoon, we shot out from the creek in which we had struggled all day into a broad, peaceful lake, circular in form, and two to three miles in diameter, with islands and bays and sandy beaches, and smooth surface shining like a mirror in the sun, and all around its shores a virgin forest, in which the light and dark were everywhere intermixed,—a perfect picture, a single canoe, a gunner, an Indian, and *never* a painter. Everything whispered an end to toil, and even the perpetual sighs of the forest were still, and the spell of silence held the place. The water was shallow, and we got aground once or twice as we skirted the shores to seek for game. It was Sandy Lake.

Peter had kept his promise, or, rather, satisfied the expectations he had raised, for he had not committed himself directly. Windfall Lake was but two miles away, up a narrow creek, which he pointed out; and at the end of the sixth day we were upon the hunting-ground. There was time for a hunt, if we chose to camp here for the night, up a creek at the farther end of the lake, which Peter had never explored. We followed it till it began to grow dark, starting black ducks singly and in flocks, but never shooting at them. As we were returning, in the early twilight, there was a splash round a bend of the creek. "There's something," whispered Peter; and we rounded the

turn in a state of delicious expectation as to what the something was, when a black head appeared upon the darkened surface. "Shoot!" says Peter; for a sportsman never stirs until the word of command. Crack went the rifle. "Don't shoot again," said Peter, when I had reloaded. The beaver was kicking in the water, and it was enough to make a man die laughing to see the Indian struggling to lift him into the boat. He was an old one, about as large as they generally grow, forty-five pounds in weight, possibly fifty. I noticed Peter looked at his head to see where the ball went in, and said nothing. Neither did I, but I thought to myself, "No swearing this time." There was a hole behind his right ear, and another beside his left eye, where the ball entered and went out, after passing through his brain.

Next day, which was Tuesday, we followed up the creek for several miles. Upon a steep bank, where there was a fresh track, Peter got out, with the information, in a whisper, "The moose are not far off." We climbed the hill and plunged into the woods, where we looked for fifteen minutes in different directions. There was no trace upon the leaves, and I must own that I had no idea Peter could find the game where he could not follow the track. Presently, however, after we had made a tack, and had turned about to the left, he looked round at me with his hand raised, to enforce silence, and then pointed ahead, to an object among the trees. How my frame trembled, and my arms quivered and shook! I could not hold my gun steady. The game moved, and we had to creep forward to catch sight of it again. Crack! No effect. "Load again," whispered Peter. It was a calf. "Stop," said he, as I was going to fire, "here's the big one. They are looking round at us. Shoot!" The animals were perpetually disappearing behind the trees, first one part of their bodies coming in sight and then another, as they slowly walked away. "Can't you hit anything as large as that?" said Peter

in scorn, as I fired and missed again. "They won't wait for us now." And back we went to the boat.

I was hungry that night when we got back to camp, and Peter was cross, and refused to cook. There was beaver meat in camp, but he was n't going to be kept up till nine or ten o'clock every night. If I wanted meat, I might cook it myself. I had never tried it, but had seen it done, and was not going to be stumped by a guide. So while he was munching his cold bread and butter, and pouring out his tea, I chose a couple of solid pieces of the old beaver, washed them clean, and put them on to boil with a moderate-sized piece of salt pork. At the end of an hour I had an excellent soup, but the meat was a little too strong. The tail, which is broad and thick, is a mass of fat and gelatine, entirely white, and free from any particle of muscle, — rather a delicacy than a substantial article of diet.

The next day was Wednesday, and about the middle of the forenoon Peter proposed a trip to Windfall Lake. The creek, two miles in length, was low, and in many places obstructed by trees that had fallen into it; but early in the afternoon we shot out into the lake, — a fine lake indeed, but rocky, more heavily wooded and rougher in its features than Sandy Lake. Peter said the shores were not good for moose to feed, and I had resigned myself to the situation, — for the day was unusually hot, producing sleepiness and heaviness of the head, — and had given up all hope of game. We had started too late, although I had hinted to Peter the night before — it was of no use to do anything more than hint — that he might wake me up any time in the night to get an early start. He had remarked, at the time, that he generally went out early in the morning when he was off hunting. It was extremely unlikely that any game would come out of the shelter of the forest into so hot a sun. We made our way to a small island, with some idea of watching the shores. Somebody had killed a bear, and the bones were bleaching under the trees,

where I was glad to stretch myself out upon my back, and rest, for a moment, free from the cramping of the canoe, and the constant necessity of balancing myself upon the water. A few moments passed, and Peter had disappeared, but as I rose from the ground he came running from the woods. He told me afterwards that he had a presentiment he was going to see some game, and was afraid I would get sight of it first. "Did you see anything?" asked he. I replied that I had not, and he sat down upon the bank, looking far out across the water. Presently he cried, "I see *one* moose!" and we scrambled into the canoe. The wind had risen, and there was considerable tossing of the surface, making it difficult to guide the canoe. Peter, put to his mettle, paddled like mad, without once stopping to take breath. On we went, across the lake, towards a bay a mile and a half away upon the other side. "Look right over that rock," said Peter, "*that is* the moose." And sure enough there was a huge, ungainly, misshapen bunch of a dingy color visible close to the shore. "How near can we get to him?" I inquired. "About as near as those rocks," said Peter in reply, pointing to a spot within forty yards of us. Presently he said, "I don't think we can get very near him." We were then a quarter of a mile away, and thereupon I fixed my sights for a dead shot at a long distance. I had been striving, ever since the start, to master my emotion, and show Peter I could shoot; but when he said, in an exciting whisper, "*He's got horns on him,*" I very nearly gave it up; for a *bull moose*, of all the deer that roam in the woods, had been my dream for a month; and here was this lumbering, elephantine creature, slowly turning about his unwieldy bulk as he cropped the feed that grew about him in the water, monstrous beyond all my imaginations of his kind, and showing, as he raised and lowered his head, a pair of horns that surpassed anything I had ever seen for size and beauty.

The dead sights were up, with which

I had frequently hit a dollar at ten rods. The splash of the paddle had given place to the noiseless movement, without taking the blade out of the water, with which the hunter approaches game. We were going nearer, *nearer! NEARER!!* It became evident that we were to have a close shot, but I did not dare to alter my sights, for fear the beast would look round and catch the motion of my arm. A sudden thought had struck Peter. He had paddled across the bay, to the leeward of the beast, and was approaching him from the direction of the sun. He would naturally feed with his back to the sun, to avoid the glare of the reflection from the water; and if he looked round, towards the figures which were gliding down upon him like messengers from the spirit world, he would get the sun in his eyes, already sinking towards the water, it being a little past the middle of the afternoon, and what with that and what with the glare of its reflection upon the surface, he might not see us until we were very near. "Don't shoot him about the head. Shoot him about the heart," was Peter's last advice; "and don't shoot till I tell you to shoot." My gun was at my shoulder, but it was with great difficulty that I could get the fine sights upon him. I must peep through a pinhole, and put the head of a pin upon his shaggy hide. He was dark, and the sights did not show. "Shoot!" whispered Peter. I could not see the sights. "Shoot!" said Peter again. I would not pull the trigger till I was dead sure of my game. Meanwhile the moose was turning from right to left, feeding at his ease, occasionally looking up and stooping to feed again. At length, after what seemed to me and no doubt to Peter an age of hesitation, and after the command to shoot had been three times repeated with ever-increasing emphasis, I got a sight upon his dingy coat just as he turned his broadside away from us, and his hind quarter came round in range. "One," spake the little barrel, and there came back, a second after — sweet sound to a hunter's ear — the

soft thud of the ball in the yielding flesh. Slowly he turned, and looked upon us like a lamb. Then slowly turning again he commenced to walk with gentle steps towards the shore. "Shoot again," said Peter, and this time I had more trouble than at first. "Shoot!" said Peter; and I fired in utter desperation. A second thud. "Don't shoot now," said Peter, as I drew up my rifle for a third time, "he's down!" And lo! in a moment the immense beast, turning his head towards us, rolled over upon his side. There he lay kicking as we cautiously approached, and in half a minute he was dead. The game was up.

We drew up the canoe upon the shore, and as I looked back I thought I had never seen so huge a carcass as the one which lay floating, back to us, in the water. The immense horns were covered with velvet; and the whole body — head, horns, and all — was of a dingy gray color. Peter sent me in to pull him into shoal water, saying that it was too deep there for *him*. "Is he dead?" I inquired. He made no reply, but just as I had waded within reach he shrieked "*Look out!*" and, as I looked round at him, went into convulsions of laughter. The unwieldy carcass soon touched bottom, when Peter came to my assistance. I grasping the precious horns, and Peter the hind legs, we managed to draw him in a few steps farther. The bottom was shallow and shelving and somewhat soft. Presently we came to a stop. We could get no farther. We only drove our boots deeper into the mud; and after fifteen minutes of exhausting effort and many repeated trials, we were obliged to give it up. It was very desirable to get him ashore to skin him; and I proposed cutting off the head, as the horns impeded our efforts more than anything else. We cut it off with knife and axe low down on the neck, and it was no light load for two men, with a hand under a horn on either side, to carry ashore. Repeating our attempts upon the beheaded carcass, lightened still further by the loss of a

vast quantity of blood, at the end of half an hour we had it high and dry. The skin, which came hard on the under parts and about the joints, ripped and tore in huge patches from his back, like the clear bark of an old birch. The horns were covered with house flies, as thick as they could stand, feeding on the velvet; and as we dipped them under water they rose in such a swarm as fairly frightened Peter. The velvet, which comes off in September, was so rotten that we tore it off in strips, leaving the horns white like a sea-shell. They turned a lovely pink in the sun, a beautiful blush spreading all over them, but lost their color again in a day or two. Peter took the hide, and meat enough to last us a week, and at the end of two hours and a quarter the whole job was done. The first ball had struck him in the hind-quarter, a foot deep from his backbone, traversed his body lengthwise and crosswise, and we picked it out under the skin of the left fore-quarter, unaltered in shape, except by a slight dent on the butt-end. Peter had seen him lift his leg when I fired. He said that the second ball had first struck the water, and glanced into the body of the moose. We found where it went in, just in front of the middle of the side, within four or five inches of the backbone, where it had buried itself.

We had the lake to traverse with our load, and had hardly entered the creek when daylight failed us. The banks were muddy and heavily wooded, but we made our way back to the lake, and, feeling along the shore, finally found a place that was open enough to build a fire, and dry enough to sleep on, with dry wood near by. No blankets or provisions, but *raw meat*. Peter had one match, and in a moment we had a flame, then a blaze, and then a bonfire fit for the occasion. The meat we cut in half-pound pieces, out of the tenderloin, and, running an alder stick sharpened at both ends, through two or three of them, drove it into the ground so as to overhang the fire, every now and then giving it a turn. When it was done we

sat down in state, pulled out the sticks, stuck them up beside us, and with our hunting-knives helped ourselves to great mouthfuls of juicy meat, a little underdone. I think I must have eaten a pound and a half, and we had nothing else. As for Peter, his appetite was pretty good. A headache, which the heat of the sun, the labor and excitement of the day, had occasioned, passed away under these refreshing influences. As I looked about into the shadows of the forest which overhung us, upon the crackling logs we had heaped up, and the ground which must be our bed with no covering but the sky, and reflected upon the triumph of the day, it occurred to me that this was something like a hunt; and if there was such a thing as camping out and roughing it, we were probably doing it in the most literal manner. The face of my guide glistened like bronze in the reflected light, and his eyes gleamed like two great black diamonds. That night will ever be fresh in memory, and merits, perhaps, the name of an adventure. It came up cold, and we did not sleep much. All night we kept up an enormous fire, our naps lasting while the heat continued, and coming suddenly to an end when it abated and needed replenishing.

In the morning we returned to camp by way of the creek, looking sharp for bears, whose fresh track had been seen in several places the day before. But the wind was from us and carried our scent ahead all the way. There was not much done after our return that day. Your guide will always insist upon frying every kind of meat, and on my producing my broiler from the baggage, where it had lain idle thus far during the trip, Peter said he did not understand "that rigging," and bluntly refused to have anything to do with it. So I sat down and broiled and ate three steaks in succession, while he was frying a mess for his supper. My meat was tender and his inconceivably tough, but he would not be induced to learn the difference by tasting.

Next day we were prisoners in the

rain, which came down in torrents ; and the following day, which was Saturday, we moved our camp. Returning the way we came, we found five or six of Brigham's shanty-men making hay at the Fork where the creek from the two lakes we had left comes into the river, and, leaving them behind, pushed up the Coulonge, encamping on a glorious plateau, where you could sit and watch the whole country on both sides of the river. Wild cherries, very pleasant to the taste, grew in handfuls, upon bushes as high as one's head. Even blueberries were abundant, although it was the first of September, for the season is late upon the Coulogne. I was told that there was snow on the ground yet since spring. A few wild gooseberries and currants, and the absence of man helped to make the spot a great resort for bears. There was fresh moose track likewise all along up the stream.

Next day, it being absolutely necessary to move on, in order to carry out our plans and return by the appointed time, Peter sat himself down on a log immediately after breakfast, and took out his pipe. Hoping he would take the hint, I packed up one of the loads, Indian fashion, — a thing I had never done before, — whereat he turned to and packed the other. Everything being ready, he sat down again for a smoke, and, having smoked his pipe out, put it into his pocket, and sat still. Fuming inwardly, but not knowing what to say, I walked to and fro and sat down to rest by spells. So it continued until I had been through all the stages of indignation, from a moderate heat to the boiling point, and recovered my temper again, knowing it was of no use to lose it upon such a subject. For an hour and twenty-five minutes the Indian never spoke. At the end of that time, I inquired what he was going to do. "I don't know," was the gruff reply. "I don't suppose any game will come to us here," said I. "I suppose not," he returned, in the same tone. We were entirely out of meat, having left our supply with the shanty-men. My next move was to offer Peter something

extra if he would work, at which he picked himself up with the remark, "Very well, say when you're ready." To which I replied, "I've been ready this last hour and a half."

On the following day we visited a lake, remote from the route, by carrying the canoe through the woods half a mile where, perchance, no human foot had trod for a year. Upon its solitary shore we startled an old loon with two young ones, — males, with white rings round their necks and the usual display of plumage. No game, however, rewarded our search. The season had changed ; it was cold and damp ; and all that day the moose kept the woods. No fresh tracks were visible where we had seen several the day before ; and our time being up, we were fain to start upon our return.

At night we had rejoined the shanty-men, having shot no game but an unfortunate skunk ; and in the morning, having put up with impudence enough from Peter respecting my shooting, I sent him to a tree just ten rods off, with a charred stick, to make a mark. He laid on a black spot the size of a dollar, while I rested my gun across a knife, which the cook had stuck in a tree, and fired. Peter walked to the tree. "Did he hit the tree?" resounded from the camp. "Yes," said Peter. "Is it in the spot?" was the next inquiry. "Yes," was the reply, in a tone of perfect indifference, upon which announcement the whole camp rushed over in a body, and found the hole made by the ball well inside the spot, just above the centre. It was now Peter's turn ; and the mighty hunter, who had killed almost every year since he was born more moose and bears than he had fingers and toes, missed the mark, as I had told him he would, striking the tree a couple of inches below the centre of the spot and to the right. A second shot followed, with a similar result ; after which Peter refused to shoot again, with the remark that he was better for shooting at game ; and we packed up, and started again on our way home.

Nothing of importance happened further until past the middle of the afternoon, when we reached Osborne's Lake again in a high wind, and got to Raymond's stopping-place, just above Brigham's winter quarters, Peter in the canoe, and I along the shore. A new acquaintance turned up here, — a young fellow of very light complexion and blue eyes; six feet high, and weighing, as he said, from one hundred and ninety-five to two hundred and five pounds, who teased me with questions about my gun, looking it over meanwhile, and dividing his admiration between that and a young lady who had grown up in the woods, a niece of Raymond's, a slender girl of twenty or so, very well worth looking at. The shanty beyond had been left in charge of one man, — Bolton I believe they called him, — with three cross dogs, to see that the neighbors did not steal the stores. Raymond was a Frenchman, middle aged, dark, with oily curls parted in the middle, and perfectly sober for want of spirit. It was six days' journey to the Ottawa villages and back; and two men who had been sent down some time before, to fill a two-gallon jug, had drank it all up before they got back.

Peter, having a roof over his head, replied to my proposal to push on, in the following words, in his blandest tone: "I won't go to-night, I'll go in the morning." Whereupon I offered any money to Johnny Frost, the young fellow above mentioned, and then to Bolton, for relief from his tyranny, but to no purpose: Bolton could not leave his post, although willing enough; and Johnny would not offend Peter by starting off with me that afternoon, and leaving the Indian to his meditations. I had two days at most to get out, and he would be glad to start in the morning, for ten dollars and *do his utmost* to get me out in season. This being the best arrangement I could make, it was communicated to Peter, and I had to swallow my resentment.

Bolton was lonesome, as might be expected, so I went over and shared his

tea, all three dogs charging upon me as I approached the shanty. We found thread and needles, and passed the time after tea sewing on buttons, which had disappeared from my clothing. A more dilapidated suit never came out of the woods, even the boots being slit to get them on.

Next day, when we had been put across the lake at half past seven in the morning, and my two men had taken on their loads, Johnny struck into the woods at a tremendous pace upon the ten-mile carry which we had made coming up, and which he said was only eight. The horns were strapped upon his back upon the top of the roll of blankets, making him look like their original owner. When he stopped for breath, at the end of two miles, we were both astonished to see Peter making the turn in the road behind us. All the way across Peter kept up and never grumbled, so that in less than four hours we had reached the cachet upon the river, where we found our canoe, stores, and all uninjured, excepting that mice had stolen all the rice, five pounds, carrying it off no doubt to the spot where they laid up their winter's provisions. A bear, if one had come along, would have eaten the flour, butter, pork, and sugar, and everything else that was edible, at one meal, and torn to pieces what he could not eat.

Johnny, being disencumbered of his burden, enlivened us by turning a hand-spring and whirling his body about at the same time, which he called his "circus performance," and coming to some carries, three together, called the "trois portages," he took the canoe — for four men, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds perhaps, and full of sand — on his shoulders right through the whole of them, while we trudged on with the packs. We made some thirty miles down stream after twelve o'clock, and all the portages, Johnny never ceasing his exertions, but paddling like a Trojan and talking all the time. He had the stern, and I sat facing him, whirling down rapids backwards with the foam seething all around us, or

pushing along shore with the horns on my shoulder where it was necessary to lighten the canoe. My young giant was a Scotchman, the youngest and smallest of eight who had been reared at the mouth of the river by emigrants from the old country. The father, now an old man of seventy, had been a champion in his day, and settled in these forests when they were inhabited only by game.

With curiosity greater than a Yankee's, and great powers of observation joined to an active mind, the boy had gathered up into his memory a store of facts that might have furnished a youthful Daniel Webster. The velocity of sound and the theory of musical vibrations were familiar matters to him. He was full of information respecting the river, and the character and habits of the settlers, men and women. The wilderness, so solitary at this season, when the tide of enterprise sets in is a scene of busy life. Gangs are continually going up and down, felling and drawing and driving logs, drinking, frolicking, and fighting. Crowds of lively girls, from the whole country round, flock to the banks and settle wherever they can. Washerwomen line the deserted shores. All sorts of adventures, of the most unheard-of descriptions, with frequently fearful and fatal results, with logs, and men, and officers of the law, are of everyday occurrence. If the sheriff makes his appearance, the culprit has only to run out upon the loose logs floating in the river, where the officer would drown if he attempted to follow. And if the offence laid to his charge happens to stand excused in the opinion of the gang, they will be sure to raise the alarm in season when they see the officer approach. A kind of rude public opinion governs the place. Good-nature abounds, and they have a ready and unfeigned respect for any man among them who is really their superior in education or any other substantial distinction. I think the poor wretches, who can seldom read or write, and know arithmetic and geography only by their names, have a more

sincere regard for education than anything else. They talk like children about going to school, how they mean to do it some day or other, and have always meant to do it, and lay plans for the future when they shall have a little money and a little wife in some civilized community. Rum, whiskey, and gin are their greatest enemies, with whom they keep on the best of terms. After all, it must be remembered they are a race of pioneers, and do a large portion of the work of the world.

In the fall, before this invasion takes place, it is the custom for neighbors to help any one of their number who may require it to finish his season's work, by collecting at his house and having what is called "a spree," helping him with his work by day, and with his whiskey after dark. All the teams in the region will be busy these days, bringing company from far; and all the young girls make it a point to illuminate the scene with their presence. At it they go, and drink and dance all night long or as long as the whiskey lasts, the girls going in for the dance, but not for the liquor. How they get home, or when, is nobody's business; and you would not expect a literal account of all Johnny Frost had seen or heard of such adventures. For myself, I only regretted that the shortness of time would not permit me to witness such a scene of folly. There were two sprees the night we came out, within five miles of each other, and Johnny was exceeding sorrowful because he could go to neither of them.

A little after dark we were again at Amyot's, where we were received with unbounded enthusiasm. As I approached the door, whom should I see running to the yard and back, at a pace that was more fly than run and would have done credit to a fawn, but my little Philamène? It was the ordinary speed with which she obeyed her mother's bidding. Mother Amyot, smiling like a cabbage, led the way into an inner room, whither I had the curiosity to follow my men, and found

the group gathered round a table, engaged in some very interesting ceremony in which I was invited to take part. The invitation was politely declined, and I went off about my business. All through the meal, which was far the best we had partaken of in any house for a month, the table being garnished with omelette and raspberry preserve, butter and cream, besides the omnipresent bread and pork and tea, Mother Amyot stood at my elbow and poured forth apologies in the purest and most unbroken native jargon, after this fashion: "If it was n't so far to a market, and a body could get a scrap of anything to cook, one might have a decent meal of victuals to offer a Christian; but this miserable apology to a hungry man is all that we can procure." Johnny had come to the table with the remark, "I'm not tired a bit. I'm as fresh as a bee."

We slept the sleep of health, on the floor in the corner, four thicknesses of the heaviest blankets yielding luxurious rest; and in the morning before we got up it was sport to hear the mother order her two girls up and down to prepare our entertainment. "*Fee'lamen!*" sounded with prodigious emphasis every instant; and thump, thump, thump, thump, with not a moment's cessation, went Philamène's little bare feet on the hard floor. Occasionally the two girls, when they happened to meet in trotting about the room, would snap at each other like a couple of bantams, with the ejaculation, delivered in about a second, "*I ain't a going to do all the work!*" and be off again for something else. The woman acted the part of boiler, and the children of motive apparatus, to a steam-engine; and the engine worked, with a little puff of steam once in a while from the safety-valve, till the work was done; when Mother Amyot, wreathed in smiles, gracefully invited us to sit down at her humble board in a neat speech made up on the spot, exactly fitting the occasion.

At parting, when I gave Philamène a silver shilling, as she was sitting with

the family at the table, with the remark that she might buy something with it, her mother replied, "She will keep it to remember you by"; and I thought that I really owed her much more for the pleasure which she had conferred, and the activity, symmetry, and grace which she exhibited in this forest.

If we ever came that way again we must be sure to make her a call, was the last farewell of Mother Amyot.

The name of the Coulonge, my guides informed me, is corrupted from "*cou long*," the name of a neck of land and a fort that in former times was built upon it, near the mouth or somewhere else upon the river. Just below the landing I have mentioned, some four or five miles from the mouth, is a tremendous fall. Wild and white, it roars and plunges into the depths, through a black, winding, rocky, rugged, and awful chasm between overhanging walls of rock. No timber or logs could ever pass it without being ground to pieces, and made valueless for the market; and the government have built, at great expense, a slide three quarters of a mile in length, to supersede a shorter one which in old time avoided the principal fall. With Johnny Frost for my guide, I went down the whole length of this slide. The slide is a trough, built of pine, five or six feet wide, and from about five feet in depth at the upper end tapering to three at the lower, where it overhangs a deep pool of still water quite below the rapids, into which the logs make their final plunge. It has a gradual declination, with shelving sides, widest apart at the top, and along the edge on each side a dizzy footing of a foot in width for the miserable wretches who have to walk upon it when it becomes necessary to start a log which has got wedged in with another. Underneath yawns at a frightful depth the black bed of the torrent; and the structure I have mentioned is built up from the bottom upon an immense frame-work of timber, loaded inside, for many feet in height, with stone, to give it stability, and clasped to the rock which it follows on the left bank

in a line as straight as possible, by long iron rods stout enough to hold a light-house. It was dry inside, but in the run there is a foot or more of water in it at the mouth, deepening to three at the top, where the logs are let in one by one; and the whole slide is slippery with water and slime. Johnny did not fail to point out an oak plank here and there and exhibit it with his knife, by cutting off the outer layer of mould at those points where, from a slight bend in the slide, it was liable to knocks on the side from the logs as they came down. It was not possible to make it absolutely straight without very much additional labor and expense of blasting, and it seems to answer every purpose, as, after a dozen years, it shows very little signs of wear.

A team, which was difficult to get on account of the spree, being at length obtained, we were once more upon the broad current of the Ottawa, where I soon bade good by to Johnny Frost.

Safe at Havelock that night, we had an early start in the stage, and the next day were at Sand Point, where we dined and I got my baggage together, waiting for the train. At the last moment Peter came up to me from the bar-room, with his face three shades blacker, and looking more like a devil than anything human, blandly remarking, "I have n't had nothing extra." I had intended to pay him for a day over his time, and had given him everything that was left except the tent; but he explained to me that I had made a mistake in reckoning, and I handed him a couple of dollars, and reminded him of a dollar which he had borrowed in going in at the grocery in Portage; whereupon, and only then, he expressed his satisfaction at the treatment he had received, and remarked — what I had again and again suggested to him — that we might arrange a trip for another year. Good by to the best hunter upon the Ottawa!

George W. Pierce.

FROST-WORK.

THESE winter nights, against my window-pane
Nature with magic pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which she will make when summer comes again, —
Weird arabesques in silver, flat and cold
Like curious Chinese etchings. . . . By and by,
Walking my leafy garden as of old,
These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye
In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

T. B. Aldrich.

HONEST JOHN VANE.

PART III.

VI.

IN short, honest John Vane was so abundantly tempted and harassed by the lobbyists and their Congressional allies, as to remind us of that hardly bested saint whom we have all seen in ecclesiastical picture-land, surrounded by greater and lesser goblins and grotesque manifestations of Satan.

Virtue was the harder for him to follow after, because he perceived that the vicious were not only enviably prosperous, but walked in their evil ways undiscovered. The skinny leanness of his own honest *porte monnaie* was all the more obvious to him when he contrasted it with the portly pocket-books of the slaves of the ring. While he foresaw that it would be difficult for him to bring the year round on his salary, there was Potiphar of New Sodom taking in one hundred thousand dollars for "putting through" a single bill. While his brilliant Olympia was sitting solitary and sorrowful in her two dingy rooms, plain Mrs. Job Poor, the wife of a member who supported the iron interest, kept open house in a freestone block, and rolled in her carriage. It seemed to him at times that, if there was a city on earth where integrity got all the kicks and knavery, all the halfpence, that city was the capital of this model Republic.

Nevertheless, he held fast by his righteousness and remained worthy of his reputation. Give a dog a bad name and he will deserve it; says one of the wisest of proverbs. It is equally true that if you give a dog a good name, he will strive to deserve that. In these days, when temptation sought to bow Vane into the dirt, it was a greatly supporting circumstance to him that he had received the title of Honest. Now and then he was cheered and strengthened by seeing himself eulogized in

newspapers under this Catonian epithet. Occasionally too the organ of a ring would boast (falsely) that honest John Vane had decided to vote for its particular swindle, -- a fact which showed that the name had become a synonyme for respectability and was reckoned able to carry weight. He was a better man for this honorable "handle"; it had the elevating influence of a commission as "an officer and a gentleman"; it inspired him to exemplify the motto, *Noblesse oblige*. In spite of recurring enticements, he struggled on through the session, without letting his hands be soiled by the first dirty dollar.

In the mean time his dear Olympia had been a greater trial and stumbling-block to him than the lobby. Not that she consciously meant to trip up his integrity; on the contrary, she hardly gave a serious thought to it. Her desire was that her husband should take the political leadership which belonged to him, and, what was of course much more important, should give her the fashionable eminence which belonged to her. She had early discovered, to her amazement and disappointment and vexation, that a Congressman was not necessarily a social magnate in Washington. If he was rich or potent, he was revered; if he was poor and uninfluential, he was neglected: his mere office had little to do with the matter. There were members whom the legislative world and the stylish world did not make obeisance to; and of these members her John, whom she had partly selected because of his supposed greatness, was one. She soon found that the wives of Cabinet secretaries and of senators and of the chiefs of the great committees regarded her as their inferior. Many of them did not ask her to their receptions, and only returned her calls by sending cards. Spurred by her eager desire to com-

mune with the ultra genteel, she committed the imprudence of attending one senatorial party without an invitation, and was treated with such undisguised *hauteur* by the hostess that she went bedridden with mortification for three days.

Even her beauty, which had secured her so many university beaux in Slowburgh, seemed to have no charm here. Few noted gentlemen called on her, and not many of these called twice. Whenever by good luck she got to a reception, there was no swarming of fascinated male creatures about her, and she was free to pass the entire evening on the arm of her husband. She had anticipated romantic attentions from foreign secretaries and perhaps ambassadors; but at the end of the session she did not know a single member of any one of the diplomatic corps; the only alien individuals who came with music to her windows were monkeys and their masters. For a time this neglect was a puzzle to her, and personally a most humiliating one. Her beauty and graces were so obviously ineffective that she began to doubt whether she possessed beauty or grace, and to feel in consequence that she was of no worth, and even contemptible. Eventually, however, she obtained light on this subject; she perceived that her husband was right in affirming that everybody in Washington "had an axe to grind"; the natural result being, that gentlemen would not spend their time in paying court to ladies whose male relatives had no favors to confer. At first it was a dismaying discovery, and she very nearly wept with vexation over it, and tried to despise the world for its sordid selfishness. But before long, moved by her habitual reverence for society, she drifted into a disposition to take it as she found it, and would fain have won its homage by a show of that wealth and power which it demanded. The first step to this end, of course, was to get out of her commonplace lodgings and ascend to a grander style of living.

"O, I do hate these dirty, poverty-

stricken barracks!" she moaned, more bitterly than ever. "I see plainly that we shall never be anybody in Washington as long as we pen ourselves up in two little vile rooms. You ought to take a house, John, and give receptions and dinners, for the sake of your own career. You would get a great deal more influence that way than by fussing over papers in committees and making speeches."

Then followed the old, stale discussion over the expense of such a route to glory, the husband ending with his usual meek but firm declaration that he dared not risk it. Thereupon Olympia cried harassingly for an hour or more, and sulked in silence for a day or two. It seemed as if some alien and naughty soul had migrated into her since the engaged days when she rayed forth graciousness and amiability. The broad fact is that, so far as the masculine outsider can discover, most girls have no character until marriage. Then for the first time they enter openly upon the struggle of life, and then the strong traits which have hitherto remained invisible come out boldly, like certain chemical inks when exposed to the fire.

The result of this severest of Olympia's many sulkings was a compromise. John Vane held on in his frugal or semi-frugal lodgings, but he allowed his wife to give frequent dinners, and also evenings with ice-cream. But such a lame, halt, and beggarly lot as appeared at these cheap, cold-water festivities! It seemed as if the host must have gone out deliberately into the highways and hedges of political life and forced them to come in. There were Congressmen who were just like John himself, — mere tyros and nobodies in the great world of statesmanship, members of the little committees or of no committee at all. There were members from carpetbagdom who had not yet secured their seats, and delegates from the territories who looked as though they might represent the Digger Indians. Occasionally there was a sharp wire-puller or a sturdy log-roller from

Slowburgh, and more rarely a respectable citizen of that place, who had come on to stare around Washington. One evening Olympia was nearly driven into hysterics of mortification by discovering that her husband had brought in a Mormon. She treated the venerable representative from Utah as she had herself been treated at Senator Knickerbocker's, and subsequently informed Honest John several dozen times that he had ruined their position in society.

"I thought the old fellow would be a curiosity and amuse you," pleaded the husband. "You are always saying you want amusement."

"Not that kind," tossed Olympia, utterly out of patience with his stupidity, and thinking that by this time he ought to have comprehended her better. "Low people may amuse you, and I know they do. It is really one of the great faults of your character, John. But to me they are simply strange and odious bores. Can't you understand, once for all, that I want such amusements as other ladies want, — good society and genteel surroundings and — and nice things?"

"O yes; you want to dine with the British Ambassador, and ride in a coach with liveries," grumbled John; restive under this pestering, because he was yet sore with preceding ones.

"Well, what woman in Washington does n't?" retorted Olympia, justifying herself in her own eyes with lamentable facility.

"I suppose you don't think there's anything fine in having an honest man who does his duty and nothing but his duty," groaned Vane, referring with pardonable pride to himself, but fretting under the knowledge that his wife did not share that pride.

"O, there are so many honest people," sniffed Olympia, eager to "take him down," "they are as common as chips."

"Not in Washington," returned this unappreciated Aristides, with a bitterness which was only in part patriotic.

Such little tiffs as this, I regret to avow, soon became frequent. Olympia,

having discovered that potentiality in politics was necessary as a basis for social eminence, began to interest herself disagreeably in her husband's Congressional doings, and to rub peppery remarks into him concerning his obligation to be eloquent, able, managing, and, in short, successful. She informed herself as to what committees were the important ones, and demanded of him why he was not on any of them.

"Because I am a young member, I suppose," answered John, a little sulkily; for the fact in itself was an irritating one, let alone being "talked to" about it.

"But here you are on the Committee for Revolutionary Pensions," persisted the ambitious lady. "It is almost an insult. There are only three or four Revolutionary pensioners left. Of course there is nothing to do."

"Well, we do nothing," granted John, ungraciously. "Somebody must do it."

"You ought to try to get on the Committee of Ways and Means, Mrs. Bullion says," continued Olympia. "That is the great committee, she says. Why don't you?"

"Why don't I try to be President?" exclaimed Vane. "I *am* trying, I am doing what work comes in my way as thoroughly and honestly as I can. If I stay here long enough, I suppose I shall get higher," continued the poor catechised man, who really had in him some industry, perseverance, and common-sense, — materials of character which might in time be worked up into a fair lawgiver.

"Why don't you push your bill about that — that privilege?" was the next question of the stateswoman. "That would make a sensation."

"They smothered it in committee," confessed the husband. "What could I do after that?"

"There! now you see!" exclaimed Olympia. "You see the need of being on the leading committees. If you had been a member of that committee, you could have stopped their smothering it."

"No, I could n't," contradicted John,

naturally indignant at being blamed for everything, both what he did and what others did. "If I had been on it, I should have been a minority of one, and the bill would have been smashed all the same. The fact is, that Congressmen in general are determined to hold on to the franking privilege."

"Did n't I tell you?" cried Olympia, remembering that she had once counselled him not to urge unpopular measures, — "did n't I tell you so before we were engaged, and ever so many times since? I told you to give up that old thing and plan something that could pass. O, I wish I was a man!"

Remembering that if she had been one, he should not have fallen in love with her, Vane was tempted to reply, "I second the motion." But he restrained himself, for he had a magnanimous streak in him, and he was really very fond of his wife.

In these days Olympia was both sore and prickly with a consciousness of her husband's incapacity; she was as uncomfortable and as discomfiting as a porcupine might be whose quills should be sharp at both ends. She was always comparing him disparagingly with somebody, — with that well-descended gentleman of the old school, Senator Knickerbocker; or that opulent gentleman of a new school, Senator Ironman; with the Speaker and the chairman of the Finance Committee, and that elegant Potiphar who had taken the hundred-thousand-dollar fee; with the noted orators who had the ear of the House, such as General Boum and General Splurge. She still liked John — in lonely moments; when they were by themselves of an evening, she often clung to him with a sense that it was sweet to be loved and protected; but all day she wished that he were more respected than he was and greater than he could be. At times she had an idea, or perhaps I should say a feeling, that he had palmed himself off on her by false pretences. Had he not married her in the guise of a political giant, and was he not an indisputable political

dwarf? Other men made great speeches which stormed the admiration of Washington, or "engineered something through Congress" which had the effect of putting their wives into freestone mansions. Not so with her husband; he was a nobody, politically, socially and financially; and it was all his fault too, for *she* wanted it different.

But, at last, and as if by a mere freak of fortune, a beam of prosperity lighted her path. Senator Ironman, who was worth two millions at least, encountered her by chance at a reception, paid her some flattering attentions, called upon her a few days later, and cajoled his wife into calling. Glad and proud indeed was Olympia over the acquisition of this patrician intimacy, the pass to all the selectest dress-circles and most exclusive private boxes of that complex théâtre, the social life of Washington. Finally her beauty had availed her somewhat; it had brought her in an hour more that was of value in her eyes than she had derived in many months from her husband's public services and reputable name; and, as beauty triumphant will do, it bloomed out with increased splendor. John Vane thought that he had never seen his wife so handsome as she was on the evening in which he took her to Ironman's great party, the grandest crush of the season. It was even very delightful to the honest, unsuspecting soul to note how the rich and arrogant senator evidently admired her, and how much he walked and waltzed with her. And, if Mr. Vane liked it well, you may be sure that Mrs. Vane liked it better. She was throbbingly happy, whether on the great man's arm in the promenade, or on his shoulder in the dance. The deep flush of her brunette cheeks and the liquid sparkle of her dark eyes revealed a stronger agitation than had possessed her for many a day. People stared at her a good deal; they called her "a stunner," and thought her a little venturesome; various gentlemen, who knew Ironman well, exchanged queer glances; certain ladies, who were equally informed, gazed sidelong

at Mrs. Ironman. None of these disquieting circumstances, however, were visible to our two innocents from Puritanic Slowburg. They passed an entirely delightful evening, and then walked economically but contentedly home, telling each other how nice it had all been.

Thenceforward Mrs. Vane led a cheerier life of it. She was invited everywhere, and Mr. Ironman was always delightfully attentive, and consequently other people paid court. She no longer found the Washington receptions unsocial, heartless, and stupid,—mere elbowings of selfish people who either did not know each other, or only wanted to use each other,—the dreariest social gatherings perhaps that ever gaslight shone upon. The favor of the rich senator and of his adherents and parasites irradiated these doleful caucuses to her eyes with interest and gayety. Moreover, Mr. Ironman did not restrict his courtesies to occasions of festivity. His carriage (not his wife's, but his own special turnout) was frequently seen at Vane's humble door. He took Olympia in it all over the surrounding landscapes, to the reservoir hill back of Georgetown, to the soldiers' cemetery at Arlington, and to other similarly inspiring eminences whence one can see a great way, though not into the future. Furthermore he gallanted her to the Capitol, to the Smithsonian, to the theatre, and to concerts. Likewise he sent her bouquets, and after a time finer presents. In fact, his assiduity gradually verged into such an appearance of courtship that there would have been talk about it, if Washington society had not been charitable even beyond Christianity in its judgments, and also absorbingly intent upon affairs which were more profitable than gossip.

It was, however, a perilous business for Olympia, this daily communion with Ironman. The senator was one of those infrequent and yet discoverable statesmen who value distinction among men mainly because it helps them to captivate women. Although he was,

to speak with considerate vagueness, not under forty, he had that restless passion for "conquests" which we scarcely pardon in the novice of twenty, eager to secure acknowledgments of the puissance of his individuality, or, in other words, to show that he is "irresistible." There was not a session during which his proud, calm, mature Juno of a wife did not have occasion to wonder what sort of common mortal her Jove would run after next. This patient or indifferent lady, by the way, had taken very kindly to Olympia, considering her a young person whom it would be respectable for Ironman to drive about with, and who would keep him from making himself ridiculous by sending bouquets to treasury girls.

But absurd as the senator was in the eyes of his spouse, he could not seem absurd to Mrs. Vane, at least not immediately. His very rage for gallantry made him attractive to a woman who knew by experience the sweetness of flirtation, and who, for months past, had been confined to very short browsings of it. As for his shining state on the alps of society, and the entirely solvent, redeemable, coinable wreaths and vapors of opulence which hung about him, not only were they circumstances such as she had always looked up to with admiration, but they seemed more dazzling than ever, viewed through the atmosphere of Washington. It is true that this wealth was mainly the result of special enactments, not beneficial to the masses; that the rich statesman had enormously increased his riches by operations which he had himself helped to legalize; and that he had sometimes voted for a brother patriot's pet measure in consideration of a similar service rendered to his own. But Olympia did not concede much respect to political disinterestedness; she had had a surfeit of that poorly paying virtue in her own cheap and dingy home. Moreover, Ironman had always been so prosperous that he could afford to despise the direct lucre of the lobby, and thus had deserved,

in the opinion of a closely sheared, patient public, the repute of being a singularly upright lawgiver.

Nor was this the end of his enchantments; he possessed talismans of a more personal nature. He was not so plain a man but that, by dint of careful grooming and fine caparisons, he could pass for handsome. True, he was too lean, too hollow in the chest, too narrow in the shoulders, and too knobby in the arms and legs, to inspire the most realistic sculptor with a desire to perpetuate his model in marble, except for the bare emoluments of the job. But, like many tall and long-limbed men, he was graceful when under way, and had a specially good gait in dancing. As for the shiny circle on the top of his blond head, it, at first sight, appeared a decided disadvantage. To conceal it he bowed rarely and at a very obtuse angle, which caused unobservant and unreflecting people to pronounce him haughty, if not discourteous. But, on the other hand, it led him to carry himself with erectness, and thus gave him a port which was generally admitted to be *distingué*. His long, aquiline, pinkish face had an expression akin to the immortal perplexity of Lord Dundreary, but for that very reason, perhaps, was considered patrician by numerous Washington ladies. On the whole, he was a cavalier whose proffered arm might well thrill an ambitious woman's heart with pride.

Such was the partially respectable statesman and almost entirely ludicrous man who lifted the Vanes into the highest circles of the society of our capital. As we have said, his favor was a perilous boon to Olympia, considering her breeding and aspirations. Even as a girl, even while living thriftily in staid Slowburgh, she had been eager after pomps and prodigalities. In Washington, she had become still more demoralized, if we may apply that ugly epithet to a longing for finery and admiration, — a longing so common among our "guardian angels." The splendors of women whose hus-

bands had got fortunes by engineering schemes through Congress had completely dazzled her imagination and made her mad with envy.

It would seem that special legislation and its attendant snares of bribery were set for the downfall, not only of our Federal heads in Congress, but also of their Eves.

VII.

By good fortune the intimacy between Senator Ironman and Olympia had budded so late in the session that it did not have time to ripen into such bloom as would irresistibly attract the eye of scandal.

John Vane went home quite content with his wife, and she rather more than content with herself. A diversified existence — Delectable Mountains mingled with Vales of Tears — awaited their feet in Slowburg. It was delightful to our member to have his praises sung night and morning by the enamoured troubadours of the party journals, and to receive salaams, which were obviously tokens of respect for his proved uprightness, from men of acknowledged position and character, — men who had not previously deigned to know him, or had blandly kept him at a distance. On the other hand, it was disagreeable to listen to the grumbings of unrewarded wirepullers of low degree, and to feel obliged to pacify them by dint of promises, apologies, and wheedlings, which now for the first time seemed to him demeaning.

As for Olympia, she could at last enjoy a consciousness of peculiar distinction; for, whereas in Washington she had been only one of many Congresswomen, she was the sole and solitary one extant in Slowburg, — a fact which gave her pre-eminence among her acquaintance. Unfortunately, it could not exalt her to the social zenith of Saltonstall Avenue, where political notoriety had long been considered a disqualification rather than an introduction, owing to its frequent connection with such low "jobbers" as Mr.

James Bummer. Furthermore there was a scant supply in the family locker of money. During Vane's absence the refrigerator business had not done well; a costly patent in the same had proved unremunerative; the dividends were pitifully meagre. All the summer was spent in economizing at the maternal boarding-house or at a cheap resort by the seaside. It was impossible to meet the Ironmians at Saratoga, as Olympia confidently agreed to do. You can imagine her general discontent and how frequently her husband suffered therefrom, and what a poorish season they had of it. But the summer and fall wore away at last, and they returned to Washington with a fair sense of satisfaction, though indifferently furnished in pocket.

"We must live mighty close this winter," said Vane to his wife, hoping she would take it well.

"Yes, we must keep house," replied Olympia, with cheerful firmness. "This lodging and boarding is awfully expensive, and you get nothing for your money, — a horrid table and vile furniture. It is just being swindled."

"I know it is being swindled," groaned John, gazing over the edge of the frying-pan into the fire. "But it is cheaper than housekeeping; everybody says so. We can't afford a house, any more than we can afford a pyramid."

"Yes, we can," insisted Olympia. And thereupon she skipped lightly through a calculation of the cost of housekeeping: the rent would be so much, the food not much more, the service about half as much; the result a clear saving of many dollars a month.

It looked reasonable, when held up in that offhand way; it seemed as if economy might evolve such a consummation.

"But how about furniture, carpets, and so on?" reflected Vane.

"Why, take a furnished house, you muddled creature."

"Ah! but that doubles her rent, or comes closer to trebling it."

But still Olympia stuck to her project of saving; and at last (oh, the perseverance of wives!) she conquered. A

house was taken, at first only for a month, for the rent scared Vane, and he would not sign a longer lease.

"It seems to me that you are just trying to clean me out," was his rather coarse response when Mrs. Vane pleaded for tenure by the session. "If we were only married for the season, I could understand it. Can't you remember that when my pocket is drained" (dreaned, he pronounced it) "yours is empty too?"

"And it seems to me that you are just trying to make me miserable," was Olympia's illogical but telling retort. "I don't want to be lectured, sir, as if I were in short dresses."

Nor was she singularly unreasonable. At that very time and perhaps in that very moment many other wives of Congressmen were inciting their husbands to spend more than their salaries. She had got into a lofty position, and she wanted to live conformably to it. That she should thus live seemed so rational to her, that she could not see how her husband could sanely object to it. As for the lack of sufficient income for the purpose, that surely was his lookout, and not hers. I ask triumphantly how many feminine intellects can discover a flaw in this logic?

Still, John showed no relenting; he had got his back up, as the tom-cats put it to each other; he even looked as though he did not care if she *were* miserable. So Olympia resorted to argument once more, as feeble humanity does when it finds grumbling useless. She recited the cases of half a dozen other members who had nothing but their salaries, yet took houses by the session; the inference being that her member could do likewise, and would if he were not a curmudgeon.

"Yes, and every one of them is head over heels in debt, or drawing bribes from every ring in the lobby," alleged Vane. "Do you suppose that being ruined in a crowd makes it any finer? Do you suppose that the drove of porkers who rushed down steep places into the sea found drowning any more comfortable because there were ten thousand of them?"

"Porkers! I should like to know whom you apply that name to," retorted, Olympia, reddening with anger. "I am your wife, sir, and a born lady."

"I was speaking of Congressmen," answered Vane, with a smile, for he had grown tough under pecking. "Well, I see that there is no use in arguing this matter. I have signed the lease for one month, and I shall *not* change it."

So, on this occasion Olympia *had* to give in, although it almost cost her her life, to use a common exaggeration. But if a wife wants to punish her husband for his tyrannies, there are always ways enough to do it, thank gracious. Mrs. Vane signalized her first week of housekeeping by giving a costly dinner, inviting Senator Ironman thereto, and flirting with him so openly that henceforward John carried a fresh prickly in his hymeneal crown of roses. Other extravagances followed, not all of them indeed meant as castigations, for Olympia had a curious felicity at spending money, and did it literally without thinking. Instead of "saving on the table," as she had promised to do and really meant to do, she so managed matters as to make the family nourishment a synonyme in Vane's mind for being eaten out of house and home. Her cook did the marketing; for how could a born lady do it? And this cook was a Washington colored sister, — a fact which speaks volumes to naturalists acquainted with that primitive development of "help," — a fact which suggests waste, mousing relations, a hungry host of visitors in the kitchen, and perhaps pilfering. Vane, asserted that, instead of feeding four people, as he had expected to do, he fed nearer fourteen. Mrs. Vane replied, sometimes tearfully and sometimes pettishly, that no mortal could rule "those creatures," and that no lady ought to be expected to do it.

Two months, however, had passed away before this state of things became obvious; the house being taken for a second month because "it seemed absurd to break up in such a hurry." Then, all of a sudden, our member

found himself unable to pay his honest debts, or at least a portion of them. It was a terrible thing to him; never before had he been driven to send away a tradesman discontent; and it took all his Congressmanhood to keep him from weeping over the novel humiliation. His distress was heightened by a daybreak dialogue which he chanced to overhear between his milkman and his butcher's driver.

"Say! what kind o' folks is these Vanes, anyway?" demanded the milkman, who was a Down-Easter settled in the District.

"Dunno," responded the driver, who was a colored man, and so cared for nobody and nothing.

"Waal, they 've been gittin' milk from me for about nine weeks, an' don't seem to allude to no keind o' peay," continued the milkman, with a piteous, inquiring accent.

"Specs likely," admitted the negro, who would have thought strange of anybody offering to pay for anything.

The unmeant satire of these remarks stung Vane like a blister. All day he was saying to himself and of himself: "Don't seem to allude to no keind o' peay. Specs likely." He could not stand it; he must confide his troubles and ask advice; he must get strength, wisdom, and cheer out of somebody. The person whom he was finally moved to open his bosom to was not a brother legislator, but a person who was much scoffed at in Congress as a poetical enthusiast and a political idealist, because he was engaged in a noble plan for renovating a wofully decayed branch of the government. Mr. Frank Cavendish had met Vane in committee-rooms, and the two had been somewhat attracted to each other by their common unpopularity, both being reckoned stumbling-blocks to legislation as it is. To Cavendish our member now repaired, saying to himself in a pathetically meek spirit, that, if the man knew how to reform an entire system of official business, he might, perhaps, be able to reform a foolish Congressman.

"I don't want a loan," he explained,

after he had stated his case. "That wouldn't get me out of debt; it would only change the debtor. Besides, it would n't stop the sinking process. What I want is to learn how to live on my salary, and still keep a decent position before the world. It would n't be a matter of much account if it was my case alone. But there are loads of us members in the same fix, getting deeper and deeper in debt every year, and seeing only one way out of it,—special legislation, you know."

This last phrase he added with a ready, commonplace wink which was habitual with him, and suggestive of character. It revealed that, while he disapproved of the briberies and corruptions of the lobby, he did not recoil from them with the disgust of a morally refined soul, and saw in them as much that was humorous as hideous.

"And that is sheer ruin," interjected Cavendish, with the haste of one who puts out his hand to save a man from falling.

"Yes, I suppose it is," responded Vane; remembering that if he should take bribes and be exposed in it, he would lose his prized and useful title of "honest."

"It is moral ruin to Congressmen and financial ruin to the country," continued Cavendish, wishing to impress his lesson clearly on this evidently doughy nature.

"You're right," admitted John, his conscience vitalized and his intellect cleared by the remark. "If things go on ten years as they are going now, the lobby will be the real legislative power of the land. Well, to come back to my own case, here I am living beyond my salary, and not very blamable for it either. I am *not* extravagant in my fancies," he affirmed positively, and, as we know, with truth; "and my wife don't want more than other women generally do," he added, giving Olympia what credit he might, and perhaps more than was her due. "But living here is really dear,—you can't make it otherwise. I've tried it, and you can't! I don't see but one

salvation for us. Do you think it would do to make a move to raise our salaries?"

"Why not first make a move to lessen expenses?" suggested Cavendish.

"How?" asked Vane, thinking solely of giving up housekeeping and going into very cheap lodgings, and thinking at the same time of the strenuous fight which Olympia would wage against such a plan.

"Congress is largely to blame for the present enormous cost of living," continued Cavendish. "It devised and it still keeps in force the very laws which diminish by one half the purchasing power of the dollar. Congressmen vote to give themselves five thousand dollars a year, and then vote to make that sum equivalent to only twenty-five hundred. Of course *you* understand this matter," he added, politely imputing to Vane more political economy than was in him. "But allow me to explain myself, if only to relieve my own feelings. Here you legislative gentlemen refuse to hasten the resumption of specie payments. The consequence is, that you draw your salary in dollars which are worth only about ninety cents apiece. Next, and what is much more important, you keep up a system of taxation which benefits certain producers enormously, at an enormous expense to the collective body of consumers, the great majority of your constituents. Again, and this too is very important, you lay these taxes less on the luxuries of the rich than on the necessities of the poor. You have made tea and coffee free, they being really luxuries and not needful to existence, although our extravagant working-classes use them abundantly. Meanwhile you tax heavily all materials of labor and all articles of common comfort. There is hardly a substance or a tool which the American uses in his work but pays a heavy duty. His coal and lumber, his food and the salt which cures it, his clothing and so on, all are taxed. The result is that labor must get high wages or starve. The result to you is, that

your apparently liberal salaries are insufficient to support a moderate style of living."

"O—I see—you are a free-trader," drawled John Vane, his countenance falling.

"No, I am an advocate of a revenue tariff; of a system of taxation which bears mainly on people in easy circumstances; of a system like that of England and Belgium. The entire public income of those two countries is paid by luxuries."

"O, I dare say you are right," sighed our member; "I have n't looked into it much,—I ain't on those committees, you know,—but I dare say you are right. However, it can't be helped." And he shook his law-giving head sadly. "If we should so much as whisper revenue tariff, all the monopolists, all the vested interests, would be after us. You don't know, perhaps, how sharp-eyed and prompt and powerful those fellows are. They are always on hand with their cash, and if you don't want that you do want re-election. They are as greedy, and I don't know but they are as strong, as the relief bill and subsidy chaps. It's a mean thing to own up to, but Congress does n't fight 'em. This country, Mr. Cavendish, this great Republic which brags so of its freedom, is tyrannized over by a few thousand capitalists and jobbers. No, sir, it's no sort of use; we can't have a revenue tariff."

"Then there's nothing for an honest legislator to do but to live on the tough steaks and cold hominy of cheap boarding-houses," observed Cavendish.

"That's the only ticket," mumbled Vane; and the two patriots parted in low spirits.

As Honest John walked homeward, eschewing the minute expense of the street-cars, he swore that he would live like a pauper, and so keep his integrity. But he reckoned without his host,—meaning thereby the partner of his bosom, who was certainly a host in herself, particularly when it came to crying.

"Go back to boarding!" tearfully

exclaimed Olympia, who just then had a reception in view. "Then why did you commence housekeeping? The idea of giving me a house only to take it away again! You don't love me as other men love their wives. You delight in plaguing me." And so on, and over again, with much sobbing.

In a day or two she actually impressed Vane with a feeling that, in wishing to "take her house from her," he was guilty of a purpose akin to robbery, and, of course, entirely unworthy of a just husband. He had to concede that, from one point of view, Olympia did not demand overmuch; even to his business-like and arithmetical imagination, five thousand dollars seemed a large income; even he could not yet believe it insufficient to cover housekeeping. Partly because he was deluded by this ante-tax idea, and partly because he was a compassionate man and loving husband, he deferred the humble and lenten pilgrimage through boarding-house deserts back to solvency, and, of course, went more and more laden with the bondage of debt.

At last, sad to relate, he began to admit to himself, like so many other hardly bested men, that "something or other must be done," meaning something which would bring money, no matter how. One evening as he sat alone in his parlor, now staring in dull discontent at the shaky furniture for which he paid such a high rent, now recalling the fact that Olympia was away at a reception with that opulently dazzling Ironman, he once more thought over his wilderness of troubles and tried to devise a way out of them. He was harassed, degraded, and enfeebled by the daily urgency of debt. His matrimonial happiness had been half wrecked by the mere lack of filthy lucre. If he wanted to recover his wife's respect and affection, he must positively provide her with gracious surroundings, and stop bullying her about expenditures. How could he get money, with honesty, or, alas! without it?

While he was puzzling amid the

brambles of this wretched question, he was surprised by a visit from his former friend and wirepuller, Darius Dorman. Vane and Dorman had not seen much of each other since the former had denounced the Great Subfluvial Tunnel as little better than a trick for defrauding the government and the public of small investors. The lobbyist had judged that it would not be wise to "keep at" Honest John, and had expended his time, breath, and funds on members of a less Catonian type. Meanwhile the bill had prospered as bills do which "have money in them." Although Vane had voted against it, the tunnel had obtained a charter from Congress and likewise a loan of forty millions from the United States treasury, the same being only a dollar a head from every inhabitant of this free country, including women, children, negroes, and Indians not taxed. Two or three times as many more millions had come in from financiers who saw forty-per-cent profit in an early purchase, and from a simple public which believed that it could safely follow the lead of the wise men of the capital. Furthermore, the directors and managers of the Great Subfluvial had contrived what might be called a Sub-Tunnel for their own peculiar emolument, which fulfilled its purpose admirably. This was a most wonderful invention, and deserves our intensest study. It was a corporation inside of the original corporation. Its ostensible object was the construction of the Subfluvial, but its real object was the division of the capital into profits. For instance, it built a mile of tunnel at a cost of, say ten thousand dollars, and then delivered the same to the outside company for say fifty thousand dollars, and then shared the difference of forty thousand dollars among its own stockholders. Of course this was a better bargain for the inside company than for the outside one; but all chance of quarrelling between the two was evaded by a very effective device; they had the same men for directors, or the same men's partners.

O, it was a beautiful business idea, — this Floating Credit, or Syndicate, or whatever its inventors christened it. It reminds one of that ingenious machine called the Hen Persuader, which was so constructed that, when placed under a hen's nest, it would withdraw every egg the moment it was laid, whereupon biddy would infer that her sensations had deceived her with regard to the fact of laying, and would immediately deposit another egg, and so continue to do until she died of exhaustion. In some respects, also, this internal corporation resembled that hungry creature known as a tape-worm, which devours a man's dinner as fast as he swallows it, and leaves him hungrier than ever.

Of course the gentlemen who held shares in the Hen Persuader did a profitable business, and filled their private wallets with golden eggs in abundance. But still they were not quite content; the old fowl above them, that is to say, Uncle Sam's eagle, occasionally cackled angrily; and it was extremely desirable to put a stop to his alarming demand for chickens. Darius Dorman had an anxious look on his crisped and smutted physiognomy as he seated himself opposite his representative.

"Vane, we must have another lift, or let the thing drop," he said abruptly.

"What! have n't you bled the treasury enough?" grumbled Honest John, angrily contrasting his own shrunken *porte monnaie* with the plethoric pocket-books and overrunning safes of the great corporation.

"We want time," answered Dorman, really meaning thereby that he wanted an eternity of it. "Here is this Secretary of the Treasury making a raid on us. He asks for interest on his loan. How in the name of all the witches of Salem does he suppose the Subfluvial can pay three millions of interest per year, in addition to meeting its running expenses? We understood that the interest was to wait until the termination of the loan, thirty years from now."

"Pay it out of the principal," sug-

gested Vane sulkily. "Do as other roads do."

"But we want the principal for dividends. We can't keep on selling stock, unless we show a dividend now and then."

"Ain't there any profits?" asked Vane, with a keen look. "Have n't your managers and inside passengers laid away enough to spare a little for profits?"

Dorman had such a spasm that he fairly writhed in his chair. It seemed as if every swindling dollar that he had got out of the *Hen Persuader* were that moment burning into his already cicatrized cuticle.

"O, they will fall in later," he smiled, recovering his self possession. "They will come when the tunnel is clean through, and has had time to make travel. But until that time arrives we must have favor shown us. Give us a lift, John, and we'll give you one."

Honest John Vane hesitated, querying whether he should take one solitary step to meet temptation, and see at least what it was like.

"Well," he at last said, in the surly tone of a man who feels that he is on the verge of making a diabolically bad bargain,—"well, what do you want now?"

J. W. DeForest.

A POEM SERVED TO ORDER.

Φ B K JUNE 26, 1873.

THE Caliph ordered up his cook,
And, scowling with a fearful look
That meant,—We stand no gammon,—
"To-morrow, just at two," he said,
"Hassan, our cook, will lose his head,
Or serve us up a salmon."

"Great Sire," the trembling *chef* replied,
"Lord of the Earth and all beside,
Sun, Moon, and Stars, and so on —"
(Look in Eothen—there you'll find
A list of titles. Never mind,
I have n't time to go on:)

"Great Sire," and so forth, thus he spoke,
"Your Highness must intend a joke;
It does n't stand to reason
For one to order salmon brought
Unless that fish is sometimes caught,
And also is in season.

"Our luck of late is shocking bad,
In fact, the latest catch we had
(We kept the matter shady),
But, hauling in our nets,—alack!
We found no salmon, but a sack
That held your honored Lady!"

—"Allah is great!" the Caliph said,
"My poor Zuleika, you are dead,

I once took interest in you—"
 —"Perhaps, my Lord, you'd like to know:
 We cut the lines and let her go."
 —"Allah be praised! Continue."

—"It is n't hard one's hook to bait,
 And, squatting down, to watch and wait
 To see the cork go under;
 At last suppose you've got your bite,
 You twitch away with all your might,—
 You've hooked an eel, by thunder!"

The Caliph patted Hassan's head:
 "Slave, thou hast spoken well," he said,
 "And won thy master's favor.
 Yes; since what happened t'other morn
 The salmon of the Golden Horn
 Might have a doubtful flavor.

"That last remark about the eel
 Has also justice that we feel
 Quite to our satisfaction.
 To-morrow we dispense with fish,
 And, for the present, if you wish,
 You'll keep your bulbous fraction."

"Thanks! thanks!" the grateful *chef* replied,
 His nutrient feature showing wide
 The gleam of arches dental;
 "To cut my head off wouldn't pay,
 I find it useful every day
 As well as ornamental."

Brothers, I hope you will not fail
 To see the moral of my tale
 And kindly to receive it.
 You know your anniversary pie
 Must have its crust, though hard and dry,
 And some prefer to leave it.

How oft before these youth were born
 I've fished in Fancy's Golden Horn
 For what the Muse might send me!
 How gayly then I cast the line,
 When all the morning sky was mine,
 And Hope her flies would lend me!

And now I hear our despot's call,
 And come, like Hassan, to the hall,—
 If there's a slave, I am one,—
 My bait no longer flies, but worms;
 I've caught—Lord bless me! how he squirms!
 An eel, and not a salmon!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON'S CHIEF MEASURES.

HOW rapidly the face of the world changes in these modern times ! As recently as 1794, it was a common occurrence for such a letter as the following to be read out in church at seaport towns, like Boston, Salem, Newburyport, where, perhaps, the writer had been known from his boyhood, and where his family still lived :—

"I was captured on the 18th of October by an Algerine corsair and stripped of everything. On arriving at Algiers I was conducted to the Dey's house, and in the morning was sent to the slaves' bagnio, and there received an iron shackle round my leg and a chain of twenty pounds, and three loaves of coarse bread for twenty-four hours, and some water, and was immediately put to hard labor. My situation is so deplorable that to mention but a small part of it would require much longer time than I am allowed." *

And the great cost of ransoming a captured brother and fellow-citizen must have been most discouraging to a congregation acquainted only with simple manners and frugal habits,—codfish for Saturday's dinner, baked beans on Sunday, and a best coat worn for twenty years. Here is the bill sent to Mr. Jefferson, plenipotentiary at Paris, in 1786, for the first American crews ever captured by the Barbary pirates :—

For 3 captains, \$ 6,000 each . . .	\$ 18,000
2 mates, \$ 4,000 each . . .	8,000
2 passengers, \$ 4,000 each . . .	8,000
14 seamen, \$ 1,400 each . . .	29,600
	\$ 53,600
For custom, 11 per cent . . .	5,896
	\$ 59,496

If *he* was appalled at such a demand (Congress only empowered him to offer two hundred dollars a man), what must have been the feeling of a New-

buryport family in average circumstances, on learning that the release of a father, husband, brother, son, depended on their raising six thousand hard dollars ? Many a homestead was deeply mortgaged, and many sold, to procure the money, which sometimes reached Algiers or Tripoli only to find the object of compassion in a captive's grave. Nor did the price materially decline during the next ten years. In 1794 we find supercargoes quoted at \$ 4,000, cabin passengers at \$ 4,000, and cabin-boys at \$ 1,400. Business, it is true, could always be done on more favorable terms if the ransom was paid in guns, powder, sail-cloth, rope, fast-sailing schooners, and naval stores generally ; but against this Jefferson, from first to last, set his face, though all the other powers complied. Two Moors would sometimes be taken in exchange for one Christian, and a single Turk was regarded as equivalent to half a dozen Christian dogs ; but it was necessary first to catch your Turk. This traffic in Christians was very profitable. In 1786 the number of captives in Algiers alone was officially reported to Mr. Jefferson at twenty-two hundred ; and during the early autumn of 1793 ten American vessels were taken by the Barbary corsairs ; for the release of the crews of which a collection was taken in every church in New England on Thanksgiving Day of that year. People gave liberally (one gentleman subscribed \$ 4,000, "enough to redeem a master or supercargo") ; but it was not till the general ransom by Congress, in 1796, that the poor fellows saw their homes again. A million dollars it cost the government to buy that shameful peace, and another million during the four years of Mr. Adams's term to keep the peace ; a large part of which was paid to the pirates in naval stores and ammunition. It is hard to believe that one item in this account was officially

* History of Newburyport, by Mrs. E. Vale Smith, p. 146.

described as "a frigate to carry thirty-six guns, for the Dey of Algiers." But it was even so. The bill that Congress paid for her construction, equipment, and navigation to Algiers amounted to \$99,727, and she went crammed with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of powder, lead, timber, rope, shells, canvas, and other means of piracy. One hundred and twenty-two captives, however, came home in that year, 1796; among whom were ten who had been in slavery for eleven years.

And how can we sufficiently admire the impudence of those corsairs? A man-of-war, one would think, went very far in merely saluting their flag; but that was only a small part of the infamy. The pirates returned the salute, and then demanded *from* the man-of-war one barrel of powder for every gun they had fired! Every power seems to have conceded this, as a matter of course, until the American consul in 1798 refused. The conversation that occurred on this subject between the Bey of Tunis and Consul William Eaton is a curiosity of negotiation. The consul endeavored at first to pass it over as something too trifling for a sovereign prince to regard.

BEY.—However trifling it may appear to you, to me it is important. Fifteen barrels of powder will furnish a cruiser which may capture a prize and net me one hundred thousand dollars.

CONSUL. The concession is so degrading that our nation will not yield to it. Both honor and justice forbid; and we do not doubt that the world will view the demand as they will the concession.

BEY. You consult your honor, I my interest; but if you wish to save your honor in this instance, give me fifty barrels of powder annually, and I will agree to the alteration.

CONSUL. We shall not expend a thought upon a proposition which aims at making us tributary. We will agree to pay for the powder you burned in the salute.

BEY (addressing his minister in

Turkish). These people are Cheribeenas (Persian merchants). They are so hard, there is no dealing with them.

In a spirit not unlike this, the Dey of Algiers said, in 1793, taking the tone of an injured being: "If I make peace with everybody, what shall I do with my corsairs? What shall I do with my soldiers? They would take off my head for want of other prizes, not being able to live upon their miserable allowance." In 1801, when Mr. Jefferson came to the Presidency, the time had arrived, he thought, to place the intercourse of the United States and the Barbary Powers on a different footing.

The former practice of electing to the Presidency a man grown gray in the service of the public had this advantage: An intelligent and patriotic person, while serving in subordinate stations, acquires a great deal of special knowledge, gets a particular insight into weak places in the system of which he is a part, and perfects in his mind schemes of change or reform. He has often said to himself, "If I were President, I would recommend such a plan or adopt such a measure." Of all this knowledge, experience, and reflection the country derives the benefit, if the tried servant of the state happens to be one of those rarely gifted men who possess the strength to execute, in the presence of mankind, what they have meditated in seclusion.

From the beginning of the national part of his public life, Jefferson's attention had been, of necessity, drawn to this fell business of capturing Christians for ransom. To the reams of despatches and reports which he wrote on the subject as plenipotentiary in Paris, he was obliged to add annual quires as Secretary of State in Philadelphia. Frustration followed frustration; until, at length, when he was no longer in office, the government, in its extreme desire to procure the release of men wearing out their lives in bondage, yielded to the pirates' demands, and got the captives home at the prodigious cost of money and dignity just

named. But now he was President. The Federalists had availed themselves of the transient delusion of the people in 1797, with regard to the intentions of the French government, to create a navy; which Jefferson immediately reduced by putting all but six vessels out of commission. His first important act as President was to despatch four of the six—three frigates and a sloop—to the Mediterranean to overawe the pirates, and cruise in protection of American commerce. Thus began the series of events which finally rendered the commerce of the world as safe from piracy in the Mediterranean as it was in the British Channel. How brilliantly Decatur and his gallant comrades executed the intentions of the government, and how, at last, the tardy naval powers of Europe followed an example they ought to have set, every one is supposed to know. Commodore Decatur was the Farragut of that generation. There was something really exquisite in Jefferson's turning the infant navy of the infant nation to a use so legitimate, but also so unexpected and so original. What in 1785 he had urged the combined naval powers to attempt, he was enabled to begin to effect in 1805 by the confidence of Congress and the valor of a few heroes. There is something peculiarly pleasing in the spectacle of a peace man's making a successful fight, when that fight is clearly forced upon him by an essential difference in the grade of civilization between himself and his enemy,—the only justification of a war that will stand modern tests.

The acquisition of Louisiana was, also, the completion of much which Jefferson had meditated years before. He may have heard Dr. Franklin repeat, in 1784, the remark which the acute old man once made to Mr. Jay, "I would rather agree with the Spaniards to buy at a great price the whole of their right on the Mississippi than sell a drop of its waters. A neighbor might as well ask me to sell my street-door." Whether he heard it or not,

his public acts and utterances show that he agreed with Dr. Franklin. As Secretary of State, in 1790, when there appeared some danger of Great Britain seizing New Orleans, he gave it as his official opinion to President Washington, that, rather than see Louisiana and Florida added to the British Empire, the United States should brave the risks of joining actively in the general war then supposed to be impending. But, not less averse to the French possessing it, he warned them also, in the same year, to let it alone. The French Minister in Philadelphia was supposed to have indulged a dream of planting a new colony of his countrymen somewhere within the vast and vague Louisiana that was once all their own. The Secretary of State gave him Punch's advice, DON'T. He caused it to be softly intimated to him after his return to France, through the American Minister there, that such a project could not be advantageous to France, and would not be pleasing to the United States. France, he owned, might sell a few more yards of cloth and silk in that country; but, said he, the Count de Moustier did not take into consideration "what it would cost France to nurse and protect a colony there till *it should be able to join its neighbors*, or to stand by itself, and then what it would cost her to get rid of it." And there was something else the Count did not think of. "The place being ours," added Mr. Jefferson, "their yards of cloth and silk would be as freely sold as if it were theirs." This in 1790, twelve years before there was any expectation of the place being ours.

The war-cloud of 1790 blew over, and the Spaniards remained in possession. Trouble enough they gave the government during the rest of Jefferson's tenure of office. Holding both Florida and Louisiana, they sometimes stirred up the Creeks to war; they always interposed obstacles to the free outlet of the products of Kentucky; and they occasionally threatened to close the mouth of the river altogether to Amer-

ican commerce. In many a vigorous despatch, Jefferson remonstrated with the Spanish government, warning them, that a spark might kindle a flame in the breasts of "our borderers" which could not be controlled. "In such an event," he wrote in 1791, "Spain cannot possibly gain; and what may she not lose?" Next year he demanded a frank and complete concession of the right to navigate the river; appealing, finally, to the law of nature, written on the heart of man in the deepest characters, that the ocean is free to all men, and the rivers to all who inhabit their shores. The treaty was concluded; but there was never a year thereafter in which the Kentuckians were not in feud, more or less violent, with the Spanish authorities at New Orleans. There were times when only the strong, instinctive regard for law and decorum which marks men who own no laws but of their own making, prevented "our borderers" from seizing New Orleans, and setting the Spaniards floating down toward the sea.

Jefferson had not been President two months before Louisiana became again a subject of anxious concern with him. A despatch from Rufus King, American Minister in London, dated March 29, 1801, contained an intimation of startling import. It was whispered about, he said, in diplomatic circles, that Spain had ceded Louisiana and Florida to France! Can it be true? Some weeks later, Mr. King, who felt all the import of such a change, conversed with Lord Hawkesbury on the subject, using as a text Montesquieu's remark, "It is happy for the commercial powers that God has permitted Turks and Spaniards to be in the world, since of all nations they are the most proper to possess a great empire with insignificance." "We are contented," said Mr. King, "that the Floridas should remain in the hands of Spain, but should not be willing to see them transferred, except to ourselves." By Floridas he meant Louisiana and Florida. Lord Hawkesbury

proved on this occasion that he perfectly divined Bonaparte's object. He said, in June, 1801, what Bonaparte avowed in April, 1803, that the acquisition of Louisiana was the beginning of an attempt to undo the work of the Seven Years' War. During all the rest of the year 1801, we see Mr. Madison writing anxiously to the American Ministers in Paris, London, and Madrid: How is it about this rumored cession of Louisiana? Inquire. Send us information.

Those gentlemen inquired diligently. Mr. King, in December, 1801, was all but sure the cession had been made, and sent what he believed to be a true copy of one of the treaties involving the cession. Mr. Livingston had "broken the subject" to two of Bonaparte's ministers. Both denied that the province had been ceded. One of them, in reply to an intimation that the United States would buy it, said, "None but spendthrifts satisfy their debts by selling their lands"; adding, after a pause, "but it is not ours to give." Talleyrand also (December, 1801) declared that the cession had only been talked of. In March, 1802, when Mr. Livingston had been several months in Paris, he was still unable to get official information of a treaty which had then been in existence a year. But he had no serious doubts. "It is a darling object with the First Consul," he wrote to Mr. Madison, March, 24, "who sees in it a means to gratify his friends and to dispose of his armies. There is a man here who calls himself a Frenchman by the name of Francis Tatergem, who pretends to have great interest with the Creek nations. He has been advanced to the rank of a general of division. He persuades them that the Indians are extremely attached to France, and hate the Americans; that they can raise twenty thousand warriors; that the country is a paradise. I believe him to be a mere adventurer, but he is listened to."

This news, confirmed from many quarters and inferred from many facts, was alarming indeed. Nor could it be

longer confined to official circles. Kentucky was in a flame. The President was deeply stirred; for he was as well aware as Rufus King that the new master of the mouth of the Mississippi was not a person whom an eloquent despatch could intimidate. The Spaniards had retained Louisiana on sufferance; the United States could have it at any time from *them*; but the French would be likely to hold their ancient possession with a tighter clutch, and not content themselves with two or three trading-posts in a fertile territory large enough for an empire. Jefferson, from the hour when the intelligence reached him, had only this thought: The French must not have New Orleans; no one but ourselves must own our own street-door. He had been a year in pursuit of his object, before the public suspected that the peace of Amiens was only a truce; and he was prepared to join the next coalition against Bonaparte, rather than not accomplish it. So far was Mr. Livingston from anticipating Jefferson's scheme, that he, as he himself reports, "on all occasions declared that, as long as France conforms to the existing treaty between us and Spain, the government of the United States does not consider herself as having any interest in opposing the exchange." These words were written January 13, 1802. The despatches which he received from Washington in May must have surprised him, for they notified him that the government of the United States was resolved to prevent the exchange.

Besides the formal and official despatches which Mr. Madison wrote on the subject, the President himself addressed to Mr. Livingston one of those letters of fire which he occasionally produced when his whole soul was set upon accomplishing a purpose. On the one hand, the United States *could* not let the French control the mouth of the Mississippi; on the other, the President felt that a conflict with Napoleon would finally necessitate an "entangling alliance" with Great Britain. The one chance, he thought,

of avoiding both these giant evils lay in an appeal to the reason of Napoleon, for whose understanding he had then some respect. This powerful letter, though directed to the American Minister, was evidently aimed at the intellect of the First Consul. He began by saying that, of all the nations in the world, France was the one with which the United States had the fewest points of probable collision, and the most of a communion of interests; and for this reason we had ever esteemed her our *natural* friend; viewing her growth as our own, her misfortunes ours. BUT —

"There is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans, through which the produce of three eighths of our territory must pass to market, and from its fertility it will ere long yield more than half of our whole produce, and contain more than half of our inhabitants. France, placing herself in that door, assumes to us the attitude of defiance. Spain might have retained it quietly for years. Her pacific dispositions, her feeble state, would induce her to increase our facilities there, so that her possession of the place would be hardly felt by us, and it would not, perhaps, be very long before some circumstance might arise which might make the cession of it to us the price of something of more worth to her. Not so can it ever be in the hands of France; the impetuosity of her temper, the energy and restlessness of her character, placed in a point of eternal friction with us, and our character, which, though quiet and loving peace and the pursuit of wealth, is high-minded, despising wealth in competition with insult or injury, enterprising and energetic as any nation on earth, — these circumstances render it impossible that France and the United States can continue long friends, when they meet in so irritating a position. They, as well as we, must be blind if they do not see this; and we must be very improvident if we do not begin to make arrangements on that hypothesis. The day that France takes possession

of New Orleans fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her low-water-mark. It seals the union of two nations, who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation. We must turn all our attentions to a maritime force, for which our resources place us on very high ground; and having formed and connected together a power which may render reinforcement of her settlements here impossible to France, make the first cannon which shall be fired in Europe the signal for tearing up any settlement she may have made, and for holding the two continents of America in sequestration for the common purposes of the United British and American nations."

His conclusion was, that it was for the most obvious interest of both nations for France to cede Louisiana to the United States; but if that could not be, then, at least, the island of New Orleans and Florida, making the Mississippi River the boundary between the possessions of the two countries. "But, still," added the President, "we should consider New Orleans and the Floridas no equivalent for the risk of a quarrel with France produced by her vicinage." At this time the rumor prevailed that Florida also had been ceded to France; which proved to be not the case, much to the cost of the United States a quarter of a century later.

It happened that an ancient French friend of Jefferson's, M. Dupont de Nemours, a republican exile of the Revolution, was going home, in the spring of 1802, after a long residence in the United States, to spend the evening of his life in his native country. To him the President entrusted this letter open, urging him, before sealing it, to possess himself thoroughly of its contents, in order that he might aid in "informing the wisdom of Bonaparte" and enlightening the circle that surrounded him. "In Europe," wrote Jefferson to this republican statesman and author, "nothing but

Europe is seen"; a remark nearly as true in 1873 as it was in 1802. "But," he continued, "this little event, of France's possessing herself of Louisiana, which is thrown in as nothing, as a mere makeweight in the general settlement of accounts,—this speck which now appears as an almost invisible point in the horizon,—is the embryo of a tornado which will burst on the countries on both sides of the Atlantic, and involve in its effects their highest destinies." He asked another service of this friend, who was not less a friend to the United States than to the President. Talleyrand, Minister for Foreign Affairs, was at this moment, if we may believe M. Thiers, the minister who could do most to soothe the blinding passions of Napoleon, and dispose him to a reasonable view of things. But Talleyrand was supposed to be out of humor with the United States, on account of the explosion of 1797, commonly called the XYZ affair; when it was a point of party tactics with the Federalists to maintain that Talleyrand was the person who "struck" the American envoys for twelve hundred thousand francs. The President requested M. Dupont to endeavor to talk Talleyrand out of this ill-humor, by assuring him that the people who spread abroad that story had been consigned to private life, while those now in power were "precisely those who disbelieved it, and saw nothing in it but an attempt to deceive our country." He had even another request, so intent was he upon this vital business. He begged M. Dupont to deliver the letter to Chancellor Livingston with his own hands, and to charge Madame Dupont, if any accident happened to him, to deliver it with her own hands.

The letter and Mr. Madison's despatches reached Mr. Livingston in due time. M. Dupont could not do much toward "informing the wisdom of Bonaparte." He did himself the honor of detesting Bonaparte and all his works; refused to serve under him when office was offered; and, at last, when the tyrant returned from

Elba, the old man, past seventy-five then, despairing of his country, declared he would no longer be exposed to pass, in a day, from one master to another, *comme une courtisane ou un courtisan*, took ship for the United States, and spent the rest of his life on his son's farm in Delaware.

Nor can it be said that Mr. Livingston made much impression upon Bonaparte's wisdom. Bonaparte had no wisdom to inform. He was fully resolved upon his scheme of colonizing Louisiana on a grand scale; the ships were designated, and officers were appointed. The expedition was to consist of two ships of the line, "several frigates," three thousand troops, and three thousand workmen. Bernadotte was first thought of for governor of the colony, but the appointment finally fell to Lieutenant-General Victor, who afterwards bore the ridiculous title of Duc de Bellune, and survived all that histrionic pageant nearly long enough to see its mimicry mimicked in our own day. Mr. Livingston could make no head against the infatuation of the First Consul. He wrote an "essay," of which he had twenty copies printed, and extracted from Talleyrand a promise to "give it an attentive perusal." But he could not so much as prevail upon him to submit the case to his master. It would be "premature," said the minister; "for the French government has determined to take possession first." Mr. Livingston felt the uselessness of all attempts to prevent the departure of the fleet. "There never was," he wrote to Mr. Madison, September 1, 1802, "a government in which less could be done by negotiation than here. There is no people, no legislature, no counsellors. One man is everything. He seldom asks advice, and never hears it unasked. His ministers are mere clerks; and his legislature and counsellors are parade officers. Though the sense of every reflecting man about him is against this wild expedition, no one dares to tell him so."

The whole twenty-eight volumes of

the Correspondence of Napoleon, recently given to the world, might be cited in proof of Mr. Livingston's remarks; but the man never appears to have lived in quite such a tumult of business and passion as during that year and a half of "peace." In turning over the other volumes, the reader hears, from first to last, the steady roll of the drum, the rattle of musketry, the thunder of cannonade, the short, sharp word of command; and he marks everywhere an assumption that fighting is the chief end of man, to which all other pursuits are immeasurably inferior. But in these two volumes of the year X., vulgarly styled 1802, there is such a rush of projects and topics demanding notice of the head of the nation, that we cannot discover a gap large enough to admit a modest and polite old gentleman, hard of hearing, with a request that the First Consul would please to be so good as to relinquish his Louisiana scheme, and cede all those uncounted and unknown square miles to a country which, according to Talleyrand, was of no more account in general politics than Genoa. Suppose it was on the 4th of May that Mr. Livingston desired a hearing. That day, in the lingo of the Revolution, which Bonaparte still employed, was called Floréal 14, An X. It was a busy day, indeed, with the First Consul; for he was disposing the minds of men to view his next step toward an imperial throne, without an unmanageable excess of consternation. How sweetly this great histrionic genius discoursed to the Council of State that morning! "In all lands, force yields to civic qualities. Bayonets fall before the priest who speaks in the name of Heaven, and before the man whose learning inspires respect. I have said to military men who had scruples, that a military government could never prevail in France until the nation had become brutalized by fifty years of ignorance. Soldiers are only the children of the citizens. The army, it is the nation." Turn over a few leaves, and you catch him scolding Berthier for not pushing

the conscription vigorously enough. "Recruiting," he adds, "*is the first and most important concern of the nation.*" Meanwhile, we see him thanking the Senate for a new proof of their confidence, in having made him First Consul for ten years longer. "You judge that I owe a new sacrifice to the people. I shall make it if the will of the people commands that which your suffrage authorizes."

This new lease of absolute power brought with it a world of urgent business, in the intervals of which there was nothing too high for him to meditate and no detail too trifling for him to rule. It was a case of *one mind* trying to govern a country, instead of *all the mind in it*, which alone is competent to the task. If a general fights a duel, it is the First Consul who exiles him to that dread Siberia of the French of that age, "thirty leagues from Paris." A soldier kills himself for love; it is the First Consul who issues an Order of the Day on the subject: "A soldier should know how to bear up under the grief and melancholy of the passions; there is as much true courage in enduring anguish of mind with constancy as in standing firm under the steady fire of a battery." A young lady is attentive to the poor during an epidemic; and it is still the First Consul who sends her twenty thousand francs, and a note telling her what a good girl she is.

In his strong desire to accomplish the purpose of his government, Mr. Livingston had recourse, like many others anxious diplomatists, to Joseph Bonaparte. Joseph told him that his brother was his own counsellor, but at the same time an affectionate brother, to whom he had access at all times, and whose attention he could call to any subject. He assured the American Minister that his brother had read with attention the essay, or memoir, upon Louisiana which Mr. Livingston had prepared. Perhaps he had. One thing is certain; the First Consul held to his purpose. The expedition was delayed, but not abandoned. December 19, 1802, Victor was ordered to

despatch a member of his staff to Washington to notify the French Minister there that the French government was about to take possession of Louisiana; and, February 3, 1803, there was an order given (8 Correspondence, 199) showing that the expedition was still under sailing orders, and soon to depart. Livingston despaired of getting New Orleans by negotiation. His earnest "notes" to Talleyrand remained unnoticed. His opinion was this: If we want New Orleans, we must seize it first and negotiate afterwards. To Madison he wrote in November, 1802: Nothing can now prevent the sailing of the expedition; it will be off in twenty days; two and a half millions of francs are appropriated to it. Fortify Natchez, strengthen all the upper posts.

All these efforts on the part of the administration to solve this problem by peaceful methods were unknown to the people of the United States. Kentucky saw the right of deposit denied by a foolish Spanish governor, and heard rumors of the French expedition which magnified it four times, making it three thousand troops and three thousand workmen, "twenty thousand troops." The press and stump of Kentucky, it is said, began to utter words like these: "The Mississippi is ours by the law of nature, by the authority of numbers, and by the right of necessity. If Congress cannot give it to us, we must take it ourselves. No protection, no allegiance!" The Federalists were not backward to take up this promising cry. "The French troops are already at sea," said Gouverneur Morris; "their arrival should be anticipated; it is time to come to an open rupture." With all his own fine patience, the President bore in silence, for a whole year, the outcry of the Kentuckians and the misinterpretation of the Federalists. But only a few days of the new year, 1803, had passed before he perceived the necessity of some measure which the people could know, discuss, and observe. He wrote to his old friend, Monroe, January 10: —

"I have but a moment to inform you

that the fever into which the Western mind is thrown by the affairs at New Orleans (denying the right of deposit), stimulated by the mercantile and generally the federal interest, threatens to overbear our peace. . . . I shall to-morrow nominate you to the Senate for an extraordinary mission to France. . . . Pray, work night and day to arrange your affairs for a temporary absence, perhaps for a long one."

Two months later, Mr. Monroe was travelling posthaste from Havre to Paris, charged with the President's fullest instructions, authorized to give two millions of dollars, if he could do no better, for the island of New Orleans alone, and empowered by Congress to pay cash down on the conclusion of the bargain. XYZ was not forgotten. Ready money might still have a certain weight in Paris, the President thought, when he recommended the appropriation.

How changed the situation in April, 1803, from the time when the President stunned Mr. Monroe with the announcement of his nomination! For some months, as we see so plainly in his Correspondence, Bonaparte had been working himself up to the point of breaking the peace of Amiens; fuming about Malta, about the assaults of the London press, about the Count d'Artois wearing the decorations of the old monarchy at a dress parade in England, and all those other silly half-pretexts which he afterwards enumerated; while urging his Minister of War to take every man from the villages which a merciless conscription could extort. At length, February 19, 1803, there fell from his pen, while he was writing his imitation-Message to his sham legislature, the taunt, once so familiar to all the world, "In England, two parties contend for power. One has made peace with us and seems decided to maintain it. The other has sworn implacable hate against France. While this struggle lasts, it is but prudence on our part to have five hundred thousand men ready to defend and avenge ourselves. However the

intrigue in London may issue, no other people will be drawn into the contest; and the government says with just pride, ALONE ENGLAND CANNOT TO-DAY HOLD HER OWN AGAINST FRANCE!" The very next day, the order went to the Louisiana expedition at Dunkirk: Don't sail till further orders. George III. was prompt enough with his retort. He read Bonaparte's message about February 23, and on March 8 he sent to the House of Commons the lumbering message in twenty lines that gave Napoleon Bonaparte the pretext he longed for, and began the war that ended at — Sedan. The king merely acquainted his faithful Commons that, as considerable military preparations were going on in France, England, too, must begin to think of "additional measures of precaution." Bonaparte continued the contest by storming at the English ambassador in the Tuileries, at a Sunday reception, in the sight and hearing of the whole diplomatic corps, two hundred in number. In a word: Both parties meant war; and war they had, to their hearts' content.

A month passed of intensest preparation on both sides. Bonaparte's plan was to invade England, — a thing of immense difficulty and vast expense. He wanted money, and dared not press the French people further at the beginning of a war. On Easter Sunday, April 10, in the afternoon, after having taken conspicuous part in the revived ceremonies of the occasion (Mr. Monroe being still many leagues from Paris, but expected hourly), the First Consul opened a conversation with two of his ministers upon Louisiana. One of these ministers, who reports the scene, was that old friend of Jefferson's, Barbé-Marbois, for whom, twenty-six years before, he had compiled his Notes on Virginia, — a gentleman ten years resident at Philadelphia, where he married the daughter of a governor of Pennsylvania. The other minister had served in America under Rochambeau during the Revolutionary War.

"I know," said the First Consul,

speaking with "passion and vehemence," — "I know the full value of Louisiana, and I have been desirous of repairing the fault of the French negotiator who abandoned it in 1763. A few lines of a treaty have restored it to me, and I have scarcely recovered it when I must expect to lose it. But if it escapes from me, it shall one day cost dearer to those who oblige me to strip myself of it than to those to whom I wish to deliver it. The English have successively taken from France Canada, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the richest portions of Asia. They shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their reach; I think of ceding it to the United States. I can scarcely say that I cede it to them, for it is not yet in our possession. If, however, I leave the least time to our enemies, I shall only transmit an empty title to those republicans whose friendship I seek. They only ask of me one town in Louisiana; but I already consider the colony as entirely lost; and it appears to me that in the hands of this growing power, it will be more useful to the policy and even to the commerce of France than if I should attempt to keep it."

He paused to hear the opinion of the two ministers. Barbé-Marbois said, in a long discourse: The province is as good as gone. Let the Americans have it. The other said at great length: No; there is still a chance of our being able to keep it; it will be time to give up so precious a possession when we must. The three continued to converse on the subject till late at night, and the master broke up the conference without announcing his decision. The ministers remained at St. Cloud. At daybreak, Barbé-Marbois received a summons to attend the First Consul in his cabinet. Despatches had arrived from England showing that the king and ministry were entirely resolved upon war, and were pushing preparations with extraordinary vigor. When M. Marbois had read these, Bonaparte resumed

the subject of the evening's conversation: —

"Irresolution and deliberation," he said, "are no longer in reason. I renounce Louisiana. It is not only New Orleans that I will cede; it is the whole colony, without any reservation. I renounce it with the greatest regret. To attempt obstinately to retain it would be folly. I direct you to negotiate this affair with the envoys of the United States. Do not even await the arrival of Mr. Monroe; have an interview this very day with Mr. Livingston. But I require a great deal of money for this war, and I would not like to commence it with new contributions. If I should regulate my terms according to the value of those vast regions to the United States, the indemnity would have no limits. I will be moderate, in consideration of the necessity in which I am of making a sale. But keep this to yourself. I want fifty millions of francs, and for less than that sum I will not treat; I would rather make a desperate attempt to keep those fine countries. To-morrow you shall have your full powers."

The deed was done. The rest was merely the usual cheapening and chaffering that passes between buyer and seller when the commodity has no market price. Mr. Monroe's arrival was exquisitely timed; for, by this time, Mr. Livingston had lost all faith in the possibility of getting New Orleans by purchase, and was unprepared even to consider a proposition for buying the whole province. He evidently thought that the French ministers were all liars together, and he looked upon this sudden change of tone, after so many months of neglect or evasion, as a mere artifice for delay. "If Mr. Monroe agrees with me," said Livingston to Talleyrand, a day or two before Monroe's arrival, "we shall negotiate no further on the subject, but advise our government to take possession. The times are critical, and, though I do not know what instructions Mr. Monroe may bring, I am perfectly satisfied they will require a precise and prompt no-

tice. I am fearful, from the little progress I have made, that my government will consider me a very indolent negotiator." Talleyrand laughed. "I will give you a certificate," said he, "that you are the most importunate one I have yet met with."

But Mr. Livingston soon discovered that all had really changed with regard to Louisiana. On the day after Monroe's arrival, while sitting at dinner with him and other guests, Livingston espied M. Barbé-Marbois strolling about in his garden. During the interview that followed, business made progress. Marbois took the liberty of telling a few diplomatic falsehoods to the American Minister. Instead of the "fifty millions," which, in his History of Louisiana, he says Napoleon demanded, he told Mr. Livingston that the sum required was one hundred millions. He represented the First Consul as saying, "Well, you have charge of the treasury: make the Americans give you one hundred millions, pay their own claims, and take the whole country." Mr. Livingston was aghast at the magnitude of the sum. After a long conversation, Marbois dropped to sixty millions; the United States to pay its own claimants, which would require twenty millions more. "It is in vain to ask such a thing," said Livingston; "it is so greatly beyond our means." He thought, too, that his government would be "perfectly satisfied with New Orleans and Florida, and had no disposition to extend across the river."

Then it was that Mr. Monroe, fresh from Washington, and knowing the full extent of the President's wishes, knowing his aversion to the mere proximity of the French, came upon the scene with decisive and most happy effect. In a few days, all was arranged. M. Barbé-Marbois's offer was accepted. Twenty days after the St. Cloud conference, and eighteen days after Mr. Monroe's arrival, the convention was concluded which gave imperial magnitude and completeness to the

• United States, and supplied Napoleon

with fifteen millions of dollars to squander upon a vain attempt to invade and ravage another country. M. Marbois relates that, as soon as the three negotiators had signed the treaties, they all rose and shook hands. Mr. Livingston gave utterance to the joy and satisfaction of them all.

"We have lived long," said he, "but this is the noblest work of our whole lives. The treaty which we have just signed has not been obtained by art or dictated by force, and is equally advantageous to the two contracting parties. It will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts. From this day, the United States take their place among the powers of the first rank. The United States will re-establish the maritime rights of all the world, which are now usurped by a single nation. The instruments which we have just signed will cause no tears to be shed; they prepare ages of happiness for innumerable generations of human creatures. The Mississippi and Missouri will see them succeed one another and multiply, truly worthy of the regard and care of Providence, in the bosom of equality, under just laws, freed from the errors of superstition and bad government."

Bonaparte was so well pleased with the bargain that he gave M. Marbois one hundred and ninety-two thousand francs of the proceeds. Sixty millions, he said, was a pretty good price for a province of which he had not taken possession, and might not be able to retain twenty-four hours. He also said: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States, and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride." Strange to relate, the British government expressed approval of the cession. All the world, indeed, rejoiced or acquiesced in it, excepting alone the irreconcilable fag-end of the Federalist party, who, from the first rumor of the purchase to the voting of the last dollar necessary to complete it, opposed the acquisition.

One of the Federalist members, Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, objected to it on grounds that were elevated and patriotic. Looking into the future with wise but only mortal forecast, he dreaded so vast an increase to the territory out of which many slave States could be made. His son relates that, during the happiest years of the Era of Good Feeling under Monroe, he would say: "You and I may not live to see the day; but, before that boy is off the stage, he will see this country torn in pieces by the fierce passions that are now sleeping." Both father and son lived to "see the day"; and the father, in 1864, his ninety-second year and his last, must have clearly seen that slavery, which vitiated all our politics, spoiled every measure and injured every man, was an evanescent thing. Slavery passed, but Louisiana remains. "If slavery is not wrong," Mr. Lincoln said, in that homely, vivid way of his, "nothing is wrong." It was *so* wrong that, while it lasted, nothing in America could be quite right, except war upon it.

One consideration embarrassed the President amid the relief and triumph of this peaceful solution of a problem so alarming. He, a strict constructionist, had done an act unauthorized by the Constitution. He owned and justified it thus: "The Constitution has made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into our Union. The executive, in seizing the fugitive occurrence which so much advances the good of their country, have done an act beyond the Constitution. The legislature, in casting behind them metaphysical subtleties, and risking themselves like faithful servants, must ratify and pay for it, and throw themselves on their country for doing for them unauthorized what we know they would have done for themselves had they been in a situation to do it. It is the case of a guardian, investing the money of his ward in purchasing an important adjacent territory; and saying to him when of age, I did this

for your good; I pretend to no right to bind you; you may disavow me, and I must get out of the scrape as I can; I thought it my duty to risk myself for you. But we shall not be disavowed by the nation, and their act of indemnity will confirm and not weaken the Constitution, by more strongly marking out its lines." He proposed that the case should be met by an additional article to the Constitution. It is to be regretted that this was not done; for, let us travel as far away as we will from the strict Jeffersonian rule, to strict construction we must come back at last, if it takes a century of heroic struggle to reach it.

It was like Jefferson, when he had won Louisiana, to think first of offering the governorship to Lafayette. It had to remain a thought only. Upon reconsidering the situation, he deemed it best not to gratify a sentiment by an act which might be construed as a reflection upon the seller. Andrew Jackson, who was then getting tired of serving as Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, was strongly urged for the place; and, *because* he had been urged, and *because* he would have liked the appointment, he refrained from calling upon the President when he was in Washington in April, 1804. So I gathered in Nashville from a yellow and musty letter of the learned Judge, — which was, perhaps, the worst spelled and most ungrammatical letter a judge of a supreme court ever wrote. He said that, if he should call upon the President, it would be regarded as "the act of a courteor"; and, therefore, he "traviled on, enjoying his own feelings." He confessed, too, that the governor of Louisiana ought to be acquainted with the French language. People can forgive bad spelling when it expresses sentiments so honorable; and happy the President when the expectants of office behave in so considerate a manner.

The menacing complications with Spain which plagued the frontier for years, and tempted Burr to his destruction, need not detain us. The

great patience of the President, his superiority to the pagan virtue of prompt resentment of injuries, the possession which the Christian spirit had of his nature, was an influence that held back the warlike spirits, and put to shame the malcontents who denied that he was a Christian, without having the least glimmer of an idea what Christianity means. It is amusing to read the expressions of scorn to which eminent churchmen gave utterance, when they spoke of Jefferson's principle of exhausting every expedient known to the diplomatist's art before entertaining the thought of war. "There is just now," wrote Gouverneur Morris, when he heard of Monroe's appointment, "so much *philosophy* among our rulers that we must not be surprised at the charge of pusillanimity. And our people have so much of the mercantile spirit that, if other nations will keep their hands out of our pockets, it will be no trifling insult that will rouse us. Indeed, it is the *fashion* to say that when injured it is more honorable to wait in patience the uncertain issue of negotiation than promptly to do ourselves right by an act of hostility." These are light words; but the spirit which they breathe has desolated many and many a fair province, and shrouded in hopeless gloom millions upon millions of homes. All that hideous, groundless contest between Bonaparte and George III., which added sensibly to the burden of every honest family throughout the whole extent of Christendom, which did harm to every man, and good to no man, — all sprang from the spirit which the jovial Morris expressed in this gay letter to John Parish.

In the effort to keep the United States out of that contest, Jefferson gave a brief access of strength to the anti-Christian party. The outrages of the English captains were, indeed, most hard to bear; and the question whether or not they *ought* to be borne, was one upon which the wisest men might well differ. All the Old Adam, and some of the New, rises and swells

within us when we read, even at the distance of sixty-eight years, of the *Leander* firing upon a coasting vessel near Sandy Hook, and killing one of her crew. The President felt both the wrong and the indignity of the act. He ordered the *Leander* and her two companions out of the waters of the United States. He called upon the civil and military officers to arrest the offending captain if found within their jurisdiction. He warned all persons against giving aid to the vessels of the squadron. But he did something more difficult than such acts as these. When the treaty reached his hands, early in 1807, which Monroe and Pinckney, after a long and difficult negotiation, had concluded with England, discovering that it contained no renunciation of the impressment claim and no adequate concession of the rights of neutrals, he would not submit it to the Senate, but sent it back to London for revision, — to the sore mortification of Monroe. The more monstrous outrage upon the Chesapeake followed, rousing the whole people to a degree seldom equalled since America was settled. The English ship *Leopard* poured broadsides into the unprepared and unsuspecting Chesapeake, within hearing of the post we now call Fortress Monroe, killed three men, wounded eighteen, and carried away four sailors charged with desertion from the British Navy, — three Americans and one Englishman. The Englishman was hanged, and the three Americans were pardoned, on condition of returning to service.

Parties ceased to exist. "I had only to open my hand," wrote Jefferson once, "and let havoc loose." Only a President with such a deep hold upon the confidence of the people could have kept the peace; nor could any but a Jefferson have done it; because, at such a time, the chief of the state is apt to be himself possessed by the universal feeling. He is a "fellow-citizen," as well as President. But this benignant spirit remained true to itself. "If ever," he wrote in 1812, "I

was gratified with the possession of power, and of the confidence of those who had intrusted me with it, it was on that occasion when I was enabled to use both for the prevention of war, toward which the torrent of passion was directed almost irresistibly, and when not another person in the United States less supported by authority and favor could have resisted it." Nor was his conduct wanting in "spirit." He instantly sent a frigate to England with a demand for reparation. He forbade the naval vessels of Great Britain all access to the harbors of the United States, except those in distress and those bearing despatches. Two thousand militia were posted on the coast to prevent British ships from obtaining supplies. Every vessel in the navy was made ready for active service, and every preparation for war within the compass of the administration was pushed forward with vigor. He privately notified members of Congress to be ready to respond to his summons on the instant of the frigate's return from England. Decatur, commanding at Norfolk, was ordered to attack with all his force if the British fleet, anchored in the outer bay, should attempt to enter the inner. And the far-echoing noise of all these proceedings called home from every sea the merchant vessels of the United States.

He expected war, and meant, if it could not be prevented honorably, to make the most of it. He intended, as we see by his confidential letters to Madison, to swoop upon England's commerce, and to avail himself of the occasion to bring Spain to terms. These peaceable gentlemen, if you absolutely force them to a fight, sometimes lay about them in an unexpected manner. Thus, we find the President, on the cool summit of Monticello, in August, 1807, writing upon the Spanish imbroglio to Mr. Madison: "As soon as we have all the proofs of the Western intrigues, let us make a remonstrance and demand of satisfaction, and, if Congress approves, we may in the same instant make reprisals

on the Floridas, until satisfaction for that and for spoliation, and until a settlement of boundary. I had rather have war against Spain than not, if we go to war against England. Our Southern defensive force can take the Floridas, volunteers for a Mexican army will flock to our standard, and rich pabulum will be offered to our privateers in the plunder of their commerce and coasts. Probably Cuba would add itself to our confederation." It is evident that he intended to make this war pay expenses, and to come out of it with troublesome neighbors removed farther off. All his letters of that summer show the two trains of thought: First, let us have no war, if we can properly avoid it; secondly, if we must have war, the conflict could not come at a better time than when England has a Bonaparte upon her hands, and we have a Spain to settle with.

Partial reparation was made for the outrage upon the Chesapeake, and formal "regrets" were expressed that it should have occurred; but the claim to board American vessels and carry off deserters was reaffirmed by royal proclamation. No American ship was safe from violation, no American sailor was safe from impressment. In meeting this new aspect of the case, Jefferson took another leaf from Franklin's book. In the Stamp-Act times, before the Revolution, Dr. Franklin was always an advocate for the peaceful remedy of non-intercourse; and this had been a favorite idea of Jefferson's when he was Secretary of State. In 1793, when the allied kings tried to starve France into an acceptance of the Bourbons by excluding supplies from all her ports, he deemed it "a justifiable cause of war." But he wrote to Madison that he hoped Congress, instead of declaring war, "would instantly exclude from our ports all the manufactures, produce, vessels, and subjects of the nations committing the aggression, during the continuance of the aggression." The embargo of 1807, which kept all American vessels

and products safe at home, was conceived in the same spirit and had the same object. That object was, to use Jefferson's own words, "TO INTRODUCE BETWEEN NATIONS ANOTHER UMPIRE THAN ARMS." He thought that Great Britain, so dependent then upon American materials and supplies, could not do without them as long or as easily as we could do without the money they brought.

But this policy was putting human nature to a test which only a very few of our race are wise and strong enough to bear. The embargo, of course, was passed by large majorities and hailed with enthusiasm; it was striking back, in a new and easy way. But when commerce came to a stand, when ships and men were idle, when produce was of little value, and nothing could be done in the way of remedy but to *wait*, then the embargo was regarded in a different light. New England suffered most, not because it lost most, but because it was more immediately dependent upon commerce than the other States. Nor did the educated class in New England give moral support to the President in this interesting endeavor to introduce between nations "another umpire than arms."

The inference which he drew from the power of New England in finally breaking down the embargo is worthy of note. He attributed it to the township system, which he valued most highly, and strove long to introduce into Virginia. "How powerfully," he wrote in 1816, "did we feel the energy of this system in the case of the embargo! I felt the foundations of the government shaken under my feet by the New England township. There was not an individual in those States whose body was not thrown, with all its momentum, into action; and, although the whole of the other States were known to be in favor of the measure, yet the *organization* of this little selfish minority enabled it to overrule the Union. What could the unwieldy counties of the Middle, the South, and the West do? Call a county meeting;

and the drunken loungers at and about the court-houses would have collected, the distances being too great for the good people and the industrious generally to attend. As Cato, then, concluded every speech with the words, *Carthago delendum est*, so do I every opinion with the injunction, *DIVIDE THE COUNTIES INTO WARDS.*"

But the embargo lasted to the end of his term. To the end of his days, he believed that if it had been faithfully observed by the whole people, it would have saved the country the War of 1812, and procured, what that war did not procure, an explicit renunciation of the claim to board and search. The two great powers of Europe gave it their approval,—Napoleon Bonaparte and the Edinburgh Review. There was then living in a secluded village of Massachusetts a marvellous boy of thirteen, famous in his county for the melodious verses which he had been writing for four or five years past, some of which had been published in the county paper, and one had been spoken with applause at a school exhibition. This wonderful boy, hearing dreadful things said on every side of the embargo, wrote a poem on the subject, which was published in Boston, in 1808, with this title, "The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times. A Satire. Together with the Spanish Revolution and other Poems. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT." That the father of Bryant and the other ruling spirits of New England should have refused their support to the embargo is almost of itself enough to show that the system was too far in advance of the time to be long effectual. But it answered the purpose of delay; which, in the peculiar circumstances, was an immense advantage. "If," said the President once, "we can delay but for a few years the necessity of vindicating the laws of nature on the ocean, we shall be the more sure of doing it with effect. The day is within my time as well as yours, when we may say by what laws other nations shall treat us on the sea. And we will say it."

How many things were settled, how many happily begun, during these eight years ! At the President's recommendation, the term of residence before naturalization was restored from fourteen years to five. He tried, but failed, to procure a recession of the District of Columbia to Virginia and Maryland, — a district which the government needs as much as it does Terra del Fuego. The policy was settled, so far as brilliant precedent could settle it, of paying off public debt with all the rapidity that the country can reasonably bear. A great public debt exaggerates the importance, the magnitude, and the complexity of government ; and it is a Jeffersonian principle, that government should be as small a thing as it can be without sacrifice of its desirable efficiency. During these eight years, the ocean ports were fortified to a degree that, at least, enabled the government to slam the door in an enemy's face, and keep it shut during the next war ; a successful contest was carried on in a distant sea ; the militia were reorganized and rearmed ; the Western posts were widely extended ; taxes were sensibly diminished ; thirty-three millions of the old debt were extinguished ; and the only pecuniary embarrassment the administration ever experienced was a surplus, always increasing, for which there was no suitable or legal outlet. Every act and every word of the administration was a proclamation of Welcome to all the world ! All the world came thronging to these western shores, bringing with them power, wealth, hope, resolve, and all the stuff, material and immaterial, of which empire is made. When Jefferson came into power in 1801, that man was a wonder to his friends who had seen the nearest of the Western lakes ; when Jefferson retired in 1809, Astor was busy with his expedition to found a town on the Pacific coast.

The general policy of the government with regard to the Indians was then established as it has since remained. Jefferson had more Indian business than all the other Presidents

put together. To "extinguish" their titles by fair purchase, to introduce among them the arts of civilization, to accustom them to depend more upon agriculture and less upon hunting, and to push them gently back over the Mississippi in advance of the coming pioneer, — these were among the objects which he desired most to promote. He was not sanguine of speedy results. That is an amusing passage in his second Inaugural, in which he explains the hindrances in the way of the Indian's improvement, and, at the same time, gives some of his white brethren a box on the ear. Habit, custom, pride, prejudice, and ignorance, he says, all hold the Indians back ; but, in addition to these internal foes to progress, there were among them "crafty and interested individuals who feel themselves something in the present order of things, and fear to become nothing in any other." These were the medicine-men ; who "inculcate a sanctimonious reverence for the customs of their ancestors ; that whatsoever they did, must be done through all time ; that reason is a false guide, and to advance under its counsel, in their physical, moral, or political condition, is perilous innovation ; that their duty is to remain as their Creator made them, ignorance being safety, and knowledge full of danger. In short, my friends, among them is seen the action and counteraction of good sense and bigotry ; they, too, have their anti-philosophers, who find an interest in keeping things in their present state, who dread reformation, and exert all their faculties to maintain the ascendancy of habit over the duty of improving our reason and obeying its mandates." This is an exact description of the arts and arguments employed, four or five years after, by the Prophet, brother of Tecumseh, in rousing the Ohio tribes to war upon the white men.

The last two years of Mr. Jefferson's second term were laborious and troubled ; and the old longing for home, rest, and tranquillity gained full possession of him. The precedent of retir-

ing at the end of eight years had not then acquired the force of law, and he could unquestionably have been elected to a third term. But eight years of the Presidency is enough for any man. General Washington himself in eight years exhausted his power to render good service in that office ; and Jefferson never for a moment had a thought but to retire at the end of his second term. During his Presidency, one sad, irreparable breach had been made in the circle upon which he relied for the solace of his old age. His younger daughter, Maria, Mrs. Eppes, died at Monticello, in 1804. He stood then upon the pinnacle of his career. Triumph of every kind had followed his endeavors, and a great majority of the people gave him heartfelt approval. It was then that this blow fell. "My loss," he wrote to his oldest friend, John Page, "is great indeed. Others may lose of their abundance ; but I, of my want, have lost even the half of all I had."

Among the letters of condolence which reached him on this occasion was one from Mrs. Adams, which led to the most interesting correspondence of these years. The President, without knowing it, had given the deepest offence to this gifted lady ; but when the intelligence reached her secluded home on the Massachusetts coast, of the death of the lovely girl, whom she had taken to her arms in London eighteen years before, and had cherished ever since as a friend, her tenderness proved stronger than her resentment, and she was moved irresistibly to write to the bereaved father. She told him she would have done so before if he had been only the private inhabitant of Monticello ; but reasons of various kinds had withheld her pen, until the powerful feelings of her heart burst through the restraint. She recalled the incidents of her acquaintance with his daughter, and, after distantly alluding to the recent estrangement between the families, expressed "the sincere and ardent wish," that he might find comfort and consolation in this

day of his sorrow and affliction. This, she said, was the desire of "her who *once* took pleasure in subscribing herself his friend."

In his acknowledgment, after due recognition of her goodness to his daughter and to himself, he frankly told her what had given him personal offence in the conduct of Mr. Adams : "I can say with truth, that one act of Mr. Adams's life, and one only, ever gave me a moment's personal displeasure. I did consider his last appointments to office as personally unkind. They were from among my most ardent political enemies, from whom no faithful co-operation could ever be expected ; and laid me under the embarrassment of acting through men whose views were to defeat mine, or to encounter the odium of putting others in their places. It seems but common justice to leave a successor free to act by instruments of his own choice. If my respect for him did not permit me to ascribe the whole blame to the influence of others, it left something for friendship to forgive, and after brooding over it for some little time, and not always resisting the expression of it, I forgave it cordially, and returned to the same state of esteem and respect for him which had so long subsisted."

She replied with great spirit and ability, without a whisper to her husband of what was transpiring. General Washington, she said, had left no vacancies for his successor to fill ; and she was sure that Mr. Adams, in the last appointments, had meant no disrespect to *his* successor ; nor, indeed, had it been certain, until after many of them had been made, that Mr. Jefferson was to be his successor. That point disposed of, she opened her heart as to the causes of offence which Mr. Adams had against *him*. One of these was his remission of the fine of Callender, condemned under the Sedition Law for a libel upon President Adams. Besides : "One of the first acts of your administration was to liberate a wretch who was suffering the just punishment of his crimes for publishing the basest

libel, the lowest and vilest slander, which malice could invent or calumny exhibit against the character and reputation of your predecessor; of him, for whom you professed a friendship and esteem, and whom you certainly knew incapable of such complicated baseness. The remission of Callender's fine was a public approbation of his conduct." Upon this she expanded with eloquence. But Mr. Jefferson had done more than remit the fine. He had given Callender fifty dollars, and complimented him upon his writings. "This, sir," she added, "was the sword that cut asunder the Gordian knot, which could not be untied by all the efforts of party spirit, by rivalry, by jealousy, or any other malignant fiend." There was one other act of his administration, she said, which she considered "personally unkind," and which his own mind would easily suggest to him; but, "as it affected neither character nor reputation, she forbore to state it."

He replied to this fine burst of a wife's loyal indignation with something of her own warmth and point. "I do not know," said he, "who was the particular wretch alluded to; but I discharged every person under punishment or prosecution under the Sedition Law, because I consider, and now consider, that law to be a nullity as absolute and as palpable as if Congress had ordered us to fall down and worship a golden image; and that it was as much my duty to arrest its execution at every stage as it would have been to rescue from the fiery furnace those who should have been cast into it for refusing to worship the image. It was accordingly done in every instance, without asking what the offenders had done, or against whom they had offended, but whether the pains they were suffering were inflicted under the pretended Sedition Law." He showed her, too, that his compliment to Callender had been written before that writer's homely truth had lapsed into coarse libel, and that the gifts of money were bestowed to relieve his

destitution, not reward his scurrility. But there was another act of personal unkindness to which Mrs. Adams had referred. "I declare, on my honor, madam," said he, "I have not the least conception what act was alluded to."

In her reply, which betrayed a mind only slightly mollified, she told him what this act was. The wife had spoken in the previous letters; but it was now the mother's turn: "Soon after my eldest son's return from Europe, he was appointed by the district judge to an office in which no political concerns entered. Personally known to you, and possessing all the qualifications, you yourself being judge, which you had designated for office, as soon as Congress gave the appointments to the President, you removed him. This looked so particularly pointed that some of your best friends in Boston, at that time expressed their regret that you had done so."

This was news to Mr. Jefferson. He had sinned, without knowing it. With a patient consideration not usual in the head of a state, nor even possible to one not gifted with a genius for toil, he entered into a minute statement respecting the appointment of the commissioners of bankruptcy in Boston; showing her that the former commissioners, of whom John Quincy Adams was one, had not been removed by an act of the President, but discontinued by a change in the law. "Had I known," he added, "that your son had acted, it would have been a real pleasure to me to have preferred him to some who were named in Boston, in what was deemed the same line of politics." This last letter, all kindness and benignity, was a distinct proffer of reconciliation to the whole family.

"I hope," said he, in conclusion, "you will see these intrusions on your time to be, what they really are, proofs of my great respect for you. I tolerate with the utmost latitude the right of others to differ from me in opinion, without imputing to them criminality. I know too well the weakness and un-

certainly of human reason to wonder at its different results. Both of our political parties, at least the honest part of them, agree conscientiously in the same object,—the public good; but they differ essentially in what they deem the means of promoting that good. One side believes it best done by one composition of the governing powers; the other, by a different one. One fears most the ignorance of the people; the other, the selfishness of rulers independent of them. Which is right, time and experience will prove. We think that one side of this experiment has been long enough tried, and proved not to promote the good of the many; and that the other has not been fairly and sufficiently tried. Our opponents think the reverse. With whichever opinion the body of the nation concurs, that must prevail. My anxieties on this subject will never carry me beyond the use of fair and honorable means, of truth and reason; nor have they ever lessened my esteem for moral worth, nor alienated my affections from a single friend, who did not first withdraw himself. Whenever this has happened, I confess I have not been insensible to it; yet have ever kept myself open to a return of their justice. I conclude with sincere prayers for your health and happiness, that yourself and Mr. Adams may long enjoy the tranquillity you desire and merit, and see in the prosperity of your family what is the consummation of the last and warmest of human wishes.”

When a poisoned arrow has rankled long in living flesh, the wound cannot heal as soon as the arrow is withdrawn. This noble-minded lady accepted her correspondent's personal explanations, but she could not help giving him a little lecture about the very great importance of appointing the right men to office. The arrow was withdrawn, but Time, the all-healer, had to perform his part before the reconciliation could be complete. Time began upon it at once. Soon after she had “closed this correspondence” with one of those admonitory prayers by which pious

souls sometimes bestow a parting slap, she gave the letters to her husband to read. The old man was still under a cloud of obloquy, and, perhaps, not reconciled to that sudden and unexpected change in his way of life which had occurred four years before. In the year 1800, his grandson tells us, the letters addressed to him might be counted by thousands; but after his retirement to Quincy, he received about two letters a week! He could not but be pleased to learn from Mr. Jefferson's letters that his good-will was still an object of desire with the chief of the nation. When he had read the packet of letters all through, he wrote upon the last one these words: “Quincy, November 19, 1804. The whole of this correspondence was begun and conducted without my knowledge or suspicion. Last evening and this morning, at the desire of Mrs. Adams, I read the whole. I have no remarks to make upon it, at this time and in this place. J. ADAMS.” Time did the rest, with the help of John Quincy Adams. It was all right between them in 1812, and the letters they exchanged during the rest of their lives are among the most interesting the world possesses.

Jefferson's final release from public life, after a nearly continuous service of forty-four years, was now at hand. During the last years of his Presidency he had lost in some degree “the run” of his private affairs,—a fact which any one will understand who has ever been absorbed for a long time in concerns of magnitude and difficulty, not personal. Every one who has ever put his whole heart into writing a book or conducting a periodical understands it. Groceries elude the sweep of vision that takes in all the affairs and interests of a great country or a great “subject”; and no man can easily subside from the triumph of an important measure or the rapture of a “good number,” to that exact consideration which monthly accounts demand. Little by little, the mind floats away from all that detail; until, at last, a kind of real inability to

grasp it takes the place of former vigilant attention ; which is only another way of saying, that a President should be, if convenient, a married man. A few months before his retirement it occurred to him to look into his affairs, and see how he was coming out on the 4th of March, 1809. To his consternation and horror, he found that there would be a most serious deficit. His plantations had only yielded four or five thousand dollars a year, at the best ; but the embargo, by preventing the exportation of tobacco, had cut his private income down two thirds. "Nothing," he wrote to his merchant in Richmond, "had been more fixed than my determination to keep my expenses here within the limits of my salary, and I had great confidence that I had done so. Having, however, trusted to rough estimates by my head, and not being sufficiently apprised of the outstanding accounts, I find, on a review of my affairs here, as they will stand on the 3d of March, that I shall be three or four months' salary behindhand. In ordinary cases this degree of arrearage would not be serious, but on the scale of the establishment here it amounts to seven or eight thousand dollars, which being to come out of my private funds will be felt by them sensibly." He requests his correspondent to arrange a loan for him at a Richmond bank, and urges him to lose no time. "Since I have become sensible of this deficit," he added, "I have been under an agony of mortification, and therefore must solicit as much urgency in the negotiation as the case will admit. My intervening nights will be almost sleepless, as nothing could be more distressing to me than to leave debts here unpaid, if indeed I should be permitted to depart with them unpaid, of which I am by no means certain."

Such is the price, or, rather, a very small part of the price, which citizens of the United States have often had to pay for the privilege of serving their country. The privilege is worth the price ; but it is not safe to put the price so high that only a very great

or a very little man can find his account in paying it. Poverty and abuse,—a Tweed will undertake a city on those terms. So will a Jefferson. But Jeffersons do not grow on every bush, and Tweeds can be had on most wharves of any extent. The loan was effected, however, and Mr. Jefferson was thus enabled to get home to Monticello without danger of being arrested for debt upon the suit of a Federalist with a taste for a sensation.

Captain Bacon, with two great wagons each drawn by six mules and one drawn by four horses, came from Monticello. He left Washington with his wagons loaded on the 3d of March, leaving Mr. Jefferson behind to attend the inauguration of his successor, and to close up his various affairs of business and friendship. From every quarter of the country came testimonials of grateful regard from Republicans ; and Federalists, to the last, bestowed upon him the homage of their hate and apprehension. Josiah Quincy was relieved by his departure. "Jefferson is a host," he wrote in his diary during one of the last embargo debates, "and if the wand of that magician is not broken, he will yet defeat the attempt. But I hope his power is drawing to an end in this world." All things end at last. Captain Bacon's train of wagons moved away ; and a remarkable procession indeed must have arrested the attention of passers-by as it hove in sight, heaped high with boxes and shrubbery, and eleven colored servants stowed away in convenient spots on the various summits, followed by the President's four-horse carriage. In this last vehicle rode Mr. Bacon, and thus caught some of the roadside "ovations" intended for another. The worthy manager was nearly three weeks in getting home through the mud and storm of a cold, dismal spring ; so that Mr. Jefferson overtook him at Culpeper Court-House, though he did not start till the wagons had been a week on the road.

"On our way home," Bacon reports, "it snowed very fast, and when we

reached Culpeper Court-House it was half-leg deep. A large crowd of people had collected there, expecting that the President would be along. When I rode up, they thought I was the President, and shouted and hurrahd tremendously. When I got out of the carriage, they laughed very heartily at their mistake. There was a platform along the whole front of the tavern, and it was full of people. Some of them had been waiting a good while, and drinking a good deal, and they made so much noise that they scared the horses, and Diomedé backed, and trod upon my foot, and lamed me so that I could hardly get into the carriage the next morning. There was one very tall old fellow that was noiser than any of the rest, who said he was bound to see the President, — ‘Old Tom,’ he called him. They asked me when he would be along, and I told them I thought he would certainly be along that night, and I looked for him every moment. The tavern was kept by an old man named Shackelford. I told him to have a large fire built in a private room, as Mr. Jefferson would be very cold when he got there, and he did so. I soon heard shouting, went out, and Mr.

Jefferson was in sight. He was in a one-horse vehicle, — a phaeton, — with a driver, and a servant on horseback. When he came up, there was great cheering again. I motioned to him to follow me; took him straight to his room, and locked the door. The tall old fellow came and knocked very often, but I would not let him in. I told Mr. Jefferson not to mind him, he was drunk. Finally the door was opened, and they rushed in and filled the room. It was as full as I ever saw a bar-room. He stood up, and made a short address to them. Afterwards some of them told him how they had mistaken me for him. He went on next day, and reached Monticello before we did.”

But not till he had encountered another snow-storm, still more violent. “As disagreeable a snow-storm as I was ever in,” wrote Jefferson. During the last three days of the journey he was glad to abandon his phaeton and take to one of his horses. On reaching Monticello, he found that his sixty-six years had not sensibly lessened the vigor of his frame, for this rough journey had done him no harm which a night’s rest could not repair.

James Parton.

THE BEST.

WHY ask for joy’s tumultuous thrill,
That suffers no increase?
Better the motions sure and still
Of ever-deepening peace.

Better to dwell with lowly things,
And with their growth to grow;
To feel within those secret springs,
That gather cool and slow.

Born of such stillness, wells the brook,
In leafy closet dim;
Till the full silence of the nook
O’erflows into a hymn.

The little singer trips along,
In musical content;
But ever gains a fuller song,
And learns its own intent.

Gladly it spends its tuneful grace,
In hidden minstrelsy;
Nor asks, as yet, a wider space,
But just to sing and be.

In simple service thrives its heart;—
It waters flowerets shy,
It feels the spotted fishes dart,
It mirrors bits of sky;

Till slipping down by hillside farms,
Its ministries enlarge;
And in the meadow's circling arms,
It wins a broader marge.

White lilies anchor on its breast,
A boat glides softly through,
And ever deeper grows its rest
The more it has to do.

For in its tasks it knows no haste,
Nor lets the music cease,—
Too free to keep, too calm to waste,
The largesse of its peace;

But bears it on to outstretched lands,
Where thirsty cities wait;
And then, at length, it understands
The fulness of its fate.

Proud ships upon its bosom ride,
It throbs with busy oars;
It grows more nobly satisfied,
Between its widening shores;

It gathers strength and majesty,
Yet flows with rhythmic ease;
And the great gladness of the sea
Completes its garnered peace.

Better? dear Peace, thou art the best!
For where thou hast thy home,
Full grows the service, deep the rest,
And Joy herself shall come!

Louisa Bushnell.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

PART III.

VIII.

GROWTH.

"BLESS my soul! what is it the boy has been doing?" cried Brita, as her eyes fell upon the drawing which Gunnar had left standing before his bed. It was the morning after St. John's Eve, and Brita had come to wake him. Gunnar, before whose dreamy vision the variegated scenes and impressions of the night still were hovering, started up half frightened, rubbed his eyes, and asked what was the matter.

"Why, boy, what have you been doing?" repeated Brita in a tone which made Gunnar believe that it was something terrible he was suspected of having done; "have you been trying to make a picture of little Ragnhild?"

"No indeed, I have not," asserted Gunnar, still with a vague impression that such an attempt would be an unpardonable boldness.

"Then, what does this mean?" said Brita, holding the drawing up before him. A stream of sunlight glided in through the airhole in the wall and struck the picture; but it went farther, and struck Gunnar too. What he had not known before, he knew now. It was not the Hulder: it was Ragnhild. He felt the blood mount to his temples, dropped his eyes like a convicted culprit, and remained silent.

Days came and days went, the summer sped, and autumn drew near. The wide highland with its freshness and freedom had become as a home to Gunnar; he longed no more for the valley; nay, sometimes he even felt a strange dread of being closed in again under the shadow of those stern, inexorable mountains, now that his sight had been widened by the distance, and his thought had gained height and strength in the play with the infinite.

Rhyme-Ola was a great help to Gunnar, for a strong friendship bound them to each other. Rhyme-Ola clung to Gunnar, who was, in fact, the stronger nature of the two. The boy soon became familiar with his friend's peculiar ways, so they no longer disturbed him; and the songster, to whom sympathy and affection were new experiences, felt spring spread in his soul, and with every day that passed the boy became dearer to him. He sung him sad, and he sung him gay; for there was power and depth in Rhyme-Ola's song: moreover, there was this peculiarity about it, that as soon as he struck the first note, the sky, the lake, and the whole landscape around seemed to fall in with it, and to assume the tone and color of the song. It was as much a part of the highland nature as the shrill cry of the loon or the hollow thunder of the avalanche in the distant ravines. Thus Gunnar grew; and Rhyme-Ola's song grew with him and into him, opening his ear to the unheard, his eye to the unseen, and lifting his fancy to bolder flight.

As long as the sun sent life and summer to the earth, Gunnar and his friend remained at the saeter watching the cattle. The cows were intrusted to Gunnar's care, while the singer gave his whole attention to the sheep and the goats. In the morning they would always start in different directions, the one following the eastern shore of the lake, and the other the western. At noon they would meet at the northern end, on the rock which had been the scene of their first encounter. Then, while the sun stood high and the cattle lay in their noon-rest, Rhyme-Ola sat down and sung, and Gunnar would take his board and draw. He could never draw so well as when he heard those weird tunes ringing in his ears; then the mind thronged with great ideas,

and the hand moved as of itself. At first it was mostly Huldurs he drew, but at the end of another month he gave up these attempts as vain. Then his companion also changed his song; and now old heroic ballads gave a new turn to his mind and new subjects for his pencil. His illustrations of his old favorite story of the poor boy who married the princess gained him great praise wherever they were shown. Rhyme-Ola declared them absolutely unrivalled. Thus encouraged, he for some time devoted himself to similar subjects, and peopled his birch-bark with the loving virgins and gigantic heroes of the ballads.

The summer fled, like a delightful dream, from which you wake just in the moment when it is dearest to you, and you vainly grasp after it in its flight.

Before long Gunnar sat again in his old place on the floor at the fireside, in the long dark winter nights, giving life and shape to old Gunhild's never-ending stories and his own recollections from the summer. Rhyme-Ola was again roaming about from one end of the valley to another, as had always been his custom; he never had any scruples in accepting people's hospitality, as he always gave full return for what he received, and he well knew that his songs and tales made him everywhere welcome. The next summer they again watched the Rimul cattle together; and while the one sung the other drew, and they were happy in each other; for Gunnar's sympathy warmed his friend's lonely heart, and Rhyme-Ola's song continued to Gunnar an ever-flowing source of inspiration.

Now and then the widow of Rimul would come up to the saeter to see how the maids and the cattle were doing; and Ragnhild, her daughter, who had a great liking for the highlands and the saeter-life, always followed her on such occasions. It was the common opinion in the valley that Ingeborg Rimul still carried her head rather high, and there were those who proph-

esied that the time would surely come when she would learn to stoop. For the stiffest neck is the surest to be bent, said they; and if it does not bend, it will break.

Ragnhild seemed to have more of her father's disposition, had a smile and a kind word for everybody. She was never allowed to go out among other people, and she seldom saw children of her own age. Her cousin Gudrun Henjum was her only companion; for she was of the family. Gudrun had not seen twelve winters before Ingeborg Rimul asked her brother, Atle Henjum, if she might not just as well make Rimul her home altogether. Atle thought she might; for Gudrun and Ragnhild were very fond of each other. Thus it happened that, wherever the one came, there came the other also; and when they rode to the saeter, they would sit in two baskets, one on each side of the horse.

Brita had of course told the widow about Gunnar's picture, and once, when Ingeborg was at the saeter, she asked him to show it to her. She was much pleased with the likeness, praised the artist, and offered to buy the drawing; but Gunnar refused to sell it. A few weeks afterwards, however, when Ragnhild expressed her admiration for his art, he gave it to her. Then Ragnhild wished to see his other productions; he brought them and explained them to her and Gudrun, and they both took great delight in listening to him; for he told them, in his own simple and glowing language, of all the strange thoughts, hopes, and dreams which had prompted the ideas to these pictures. Also Rhyme-Ola's tales of trollds and fairies did he draw to them in words and lines equally descriptive; and for many weeks to come the girls talked of nothing, when they were alone, but Gunnar and his wonderful stories. Before long they also found themselves looking forward with eagerness to their saeter visits; and Gunnar, who took no less delight in telling than they did in listening, could not help

counting the days from one meeting to another.

"I do wish Lars could tell such fine stories as Gunnar does," exclaimed Gudrun one evening as they were returning from the saeter.

"So do I," said Ragnhild, "but I rather wish Gunnar could come to Rimul as often as Lars. Lars can never talk about anything but horses and fighting."

Now it was told for certain in the parish, that Atle Henjum and Ingeborg Rimul had made an agreement to have their children joined in marriage, when the time came, and they were old enough to think of such things. For Henjum and Rimul were only separated by the river, and if, as the parents had agreed, both estates were united under Lars Henjum, Atle's oldest son, he would be the mightiest man in all that province, and the power and influence of the family would be secured for many coming generations. Who had made Lars acquainted with this arrangement it is difficult to tell; for his father had never been heard to speak of it, except, perhaps, to his sister; but small pots may have long ears, as the saying is, and when all the parish knew of it, it would have been remarkable if it had not reached Lars's ears too. Few people liked Lars, for he took early to bragging, and he often showed that he knew too well whose son he was.

The next winter Gunnar was again hard at work on his pictures, and although Henjumhei was far away from the church-road, it soon was rumored that Thor Henjumhei's son had taken to the occupation of gentlefolks, and wanted to become a painter. And the good people shook their heads; "for such things," said they, "are neither right nor proper for a houseman's son to do, as long as he is neither sick nor misshapen, and his father has to work for him as steadily as a plough-horse. But there is unrest in the blood," added they; "Thor made a poor start himself, and Gunnar, his father, paid dearly enough for his folly." On Sundays, after

service, the parishioners always congregated in the churchyard to greet kinsmen and friends, and discuss parish news; and it was certain enough that Gunnar Henjumhei's name fared ill on such occasions. At last the parish talk reached Gunhild's ear, and she made up her mind to consult her son about the matter; for she soon found out that Gunnar himself was very little concerned about it.

"It is well enough," said Gunhild, "to turn up your nose and say you don't care. But to people like us, who have to live by the work others please to give us, it is simply a question of living or starving."

But Gunnar never listened in that ear.

One night the boy had gone over to Rimul with some of his latest sketches and compositions, and had probably been invited to stay to supper. In the cottage Thor and his mother were sitting alone at their meal.

"I wonder where the boy is to-night," remarked Gunhild.

"Most likely at Rimul, with those pictures of his," said Thor.

A long pause.

"A handsome lad he is," commenced the grandmother.

"Handsome enough; well-built frame; doubt if there is much inside of it."

"Bless you, son! don't you talk so unreasonably. A wonderful child he is and ever was, and a fine man he will make too. I could only wish that he sometimes would bear in mind that he is a houseman's son, and heed a little what people think and say about him."

A bitter smile passed over Thor's face, but he made no answer.

"Then I thought, Thor," continued his mother, "that Gunnar is old enough to be of some use to you now."

"So he is."

"The saying is, that his name fares ill on the tongues of the church-folk, because he sees his father working so hard, without offering to help him, and sticks so close to that picturing. That

will never lead to anything, and moreover hardly becomes a houseman's son."

"Maybe you are right, mother."

"So I am, son; and it would be according to my wish if you asked the boy to-morrow to go out with you timber-felling, as would be right and proper for one of his birth."

The next morning Gunnar was asked to follow his father to the woods. He went, although much against his wish, as he was just at that time designing a grand historical composition which he was very anxious to take hold of. Henceforward he went lumbering in the winter, and herding the Rimul cattle in the summer, until he was old enough to prepare for confirmation; * for every boy and girl in the valley had to be confirmed, and the last six months before confirmation, they had to go to the parsonage to be instructed by the kind old pastor. Lars Henjum also prepared for confirmation that same winter, and so it happened that he and Gunnar often met at the parsonage.

It was a large, airy hall in which the "confirmation youth" met. The window-panes were very small and numerous, and had leaden sashes; the walls were of roughly-hewn lumber; and in a corner stood a huge mangle or rolling-press for smoothing linen. On one side of the hall sat all the boys on benches, one behind another; on the opposite side the young girls; and the pastor at a little table in the middle of the floor. Right before him lay a large, open Bible with massive silver clasps, a yellow silk handkerchief, and a pair of horn spectacles, which he frequently rubbed, and sometimes put on his nose. The pastor had thin gray hair and a large, smooth, benevolent face, always with a pleasant smile on it. He had the faculty of making sermons out of everything; his texts he chose from everywhere, and often far away from

* Every person in Norway is by law required to be baptized and confirmed in the Lutheran Church. Before confirmation the candidate has to undergo a public examination in Bible history and the doctrines of the Church.

Luther's Catechism and Pontoppidan's Explanations. His object was, not to teach theory and doctrine, but, as he said himself, to bring religion down to the axe and the plough; and in this he certainly was eminently successful. In his youth he had visited foreign countries, and evidently once had cherished hopes of a grander lot than a country parsonage. Not that disappointment had imbittered him; on the contrary, these glowing dreams of his youth had imparted a warmer flush to many dreary years to come; and even now, when he was old and gray, this warm, youthful nature would often break through the official crust and shed a certain strong, poetic glow over all his thoughts and actions. It was from this man that Gunnar's artistic nature received its strongest and most decisive impulse. He had not been many times at the parsonage before the pastor's attention was attracted to him; for he made good answers, and his questions betokened a thoughtful and original mind. Then some one of the girls had told one of the pastor's daughters that the "Henjumhei boy," as he was commonly called, was such a wonder for making pictures; and when, on request, he brought with him some of his sketches, the pastor praised them and asked his permission to take them in and show them to his family. The result of this was an invitation to dinner at the parsonage, which Gunnar, of course, was only too happy to accept. The pastor and the young ladies treated him with the greatest kindness, and gave him every possible encouragement to go on in the study of his art. In the evening they showed him a great many curious books, which he had never seen before, and beautiful engravings of foreign cities and countries, where there were flowers and sunshine all the year round. Gunnar was dumb with astonishment at all the wonderful things he heard and saw, and did not even remember that it was time to go home, until the old clock surprised him by striking midnight. When he bade them all good night,

they gave him several books to take home, and paper to draw on.

This first visit to the parsonage was a great event in Gunnar's life; for, from that time, his longing took a fresh start, and it grew and grew, until it outgrew every thought and emotion of his soul. He was seventeen years now, tall and slender, and fair to look at. His features were not strongly marked, but of a delicate and almost maidenly cut; the expression was clear and open. His eyes were of the deepest blue, and had a kind of inward gaze, which, especially when he smiled, impressed you as a happy consciousness of some beautiful vision within. Had he known the privilege, claimed by artists, of wearing the hair long, he might have been accused of affectation; but as artists and their fashions were equally foreign to him, the peculiar cut of his hair, in violation of all parish laws, might be owing to an overruling sense of harmony in lines and proportions; for the light, wavy contour of the hair certainly formed a favorable frame for his fair and youthful features.

Spring was again near, and the day came for his confirmation. It was a clear, blessed spring Sunday,—a day on which you might feel that it is sabbath, even if you did not know it. And to the young people, who were standing that morning at the little country church waiting for their pastor, it was sabbath in a peculiar sense. First came the deacon, and read the paper giving the order* in which they were to stand in the aisle during the catechising. Gunnar's name was called first, Lars Henjum's second. Gunnar had long been an object of envy among the other boys, on account of the attention paid to him by "gentlefolks"; but that the pastor should have ventured such a breach on the traditions of the parish as to put a houseman's son highest in the aisle on a confirmation

Sunday, was more than any one had expected. And, of course, no one was more zealous in denouncing Gunnar than Lars Henjum; for, as he said, he was the man who had been cheated. Thus it was with unholy feelings that Lars approached the altar.

By and by the congregation assembled; all the men took their seats on the right side, the women on the left. The youth were ranged in two long rows, from the altar down to the door, the boys standing beside the men's pews, and the girls opposite. All were dressed in the national costume of the valley: the boys in short, wool-colored jackets, scarlet, silver-buttoned vests, and light, tight-fitting breeches fastened at the knees with shining silver buckles; while the girls, with their rich blond hair, their bright scarlet bodices, their snow-white linen sleeves and bosoms clasped with large silver brooches, their short, black skirts with edges interwoven with green and red stripes, formed with their transitions and combinations of color the most charming picture that ever delighted a *genre*-painter's eye. In their hands they held their hymn-books and carefully-folded white handkerchiefs.

Every child looks forward with many hopes and plans to the day of confirmation, for it is the distinct stepping-stone from childhood to youth; beyond lie the dreams of womanhood and the rights of manhood. In this chiefly rests the solemnity of the rite.

When the hymns were sung and the catechising at an end, the venerable pastor addressed his simple, earnest words to the young, exhorting them to remain everfaithful to their baptismal vow, which they were this day to repeat in the presence of the congregation. His words came from the heart, and to the heart they went. The girls wept, and many a boy struggled hard to keep back the unwelcome tears. After the sermon they all knelt at the altar, and while the pastor laid his hands upon their heads, they made their vow to forsake the flesh, the world, and the Devil. Then, when all were gone,

* It is regarded as a great honor to stand highest in the aisle on confirmation Sunday. It is customary to have the candidates arranged according to scholarship, but more than proper regard is generally paid to the social position of the parents.

the pastor called Gunnar into his study, where he talked long and earnestly with him about his future. There was, said he, an academy of art in the capital; and if it was the wish of both Gunnar and his father that he should cultivate his talent in this direction, he would be glad to do anything in his power to promote his interests. From his university days he knew many wealthy and influential people in the capital who would probably be willing to render him assistance. Gunnar thanked the pastor for his good advice, said he would consider his proposition, and before many weeks bring him back an answer. But weeks came and went, and the more he thought, the more he wavered; for there was something that kept him back.

The next year, Ragnhild and Gudrun were confirmed.

IX.

THE SKEE-RACE.*

THE winter is pathless in the distant valleys of Norway, and it would be hard to live there if it were not for the skees. Therefore ministers, judges, and other officers of the government, do all in their power to encourage the use of skees, and often hold races, at which the best runner is rewarded with a fine bear-rifle or some other valuable prize. The judge of our valley was himself a good sportsman, and liked to see the young lads quick on their feet and firm on their legs. This winter (it was the second after Gunnar's confirmation) he had appointed a skee-race

to take place on the steep hill near his house, and had invited all the young men in the parish to contend. The rifle he was to give himself, and it was of a new and very superior kind. In the evening there was to be a dance in the large court-hall, and the lad who took the prize was to have the right of choice among all the maidens, gardman's or houseman's daughter, and to open the dance.

The judge had a fine and large estate, the next east of Henjum; his fields gently sloped from the buildings down toward the fjord, but behind the mansion they took a sudden rise toward the mountains. The slope was steep and rough, and frequently broken by wood-piles and fences; and the track in which the skee-runners were to test their skill was intentionally laid over the roughest part of the slope and over every possible obstacle; for a fence or a wood-pile made what is called "a good jump."

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. The bright moonshine made the snow-covered ground sparkle as if sprinkled with numberless stars, and the restless aurora spread its glimmering blades of light like an immense heaven-reaching fan. Now it circled the heavens from the east to the western glaciers, now it folded itself up into one single, luminous, quivering blade, and now again it suddenly swept along the horizon, so that you seemed to feel the cold, fresh waft of the air in your face. The peasants say that the aurora has to fan the moon and the stars to make them blaze higher, as at this season they must serve in place of the sun. Here the extremes of nature meet; never was light brighter than here, neither has that place been found where darkness is blacker. But this evening it was all light; the frost was hard as flint and clear as crystal. From twenty to thirty young lads, with their staves and skees on their shoulders, were gathered at the foot of the hill, and about double the number of young girls were standing in little groups as spectators.

* Skees, or skier, are a peculiar kind of snow-shoes, generally from six to ten feet long, but only a few inches broad. They are made of tough pine-wood, and are smoothly polished on the under side to make them glide the more easily over the surface of the snow. In the middle there are bands to put the feet in, and the front end is strongly bent upward. This enables the skee, when in motion, to slide over hillocks, logs, and other obstacles, instead of thrusting against them. The skee only goes in straight lines; still, the runner can, even when moving with the utmost speed, change his course at pleasure, by means of a long staff, which he carries for this purpose. Skees are especially convenient for sliding down hill, but are also for walking in deep snow far superior to the common American snow-shoes.

The umpires of the race were the judge and his neighbor, Atle Henjum. The runners were numbered, first the gardmen's sons, beginning with Lars Henjum, then the housemen's sons. The prize should belong to him who could go over the track the greatest number of times without falling; grace in running and independence of the staff were also to be taken into consideration. "All ready, boys!" cried the judge; and the racers buttoned their jackets up to the neck, pulled their fur-brimmed caps down over their ears, and climbed up through the deep snow to the crest of the hill. Having reached it, they looked quite small from the place where the spectators were standing; for the hillside was nearly four hundred feet high, and so steep that its white surface, when seen from a distance, appeared very nearly like a perpendicular wall. The forest stood tall and grave in the moonshine, with its dark outline on both sides marking the skee-track; there were, at proper intervals, four high "jumps," in which it would take more than ordinarily strong legs to keep their footing. When all preparations were finished, the judge pulled out his watch and note-book, tied his red silk handkerchief to the end of his cane, and waved it thrice. Then something dark was seen gliding down over the glittering field of snow; the nearer it came, the swifter it ran; now it touched the ground, now again it seemed to shoot through the air, like an arrow sent forth from a well-stretched bow-string. In the twinkling of an eye it was past and nearly out of sight down in the valley. "That was Gunnar," whispered Ragnhild in Gudrun's ear (for, of course, they were both there). "No one can run the track like him." "No, it was Lars," replied Gudrun; "he is number one on the list."

"Hurrah! Well done!" cried the judge, turning to Atle Henjum. "Heaven be praised, we have men in the valley yet! Truly, I half feared that the lad might not be found who could keep his footing in my neck-breaking track."

"The old Viking blood is not quite extinct yet," remarked Atle, with dignity; for it was Lars who had opened the contest. Now one after another tried; but some fell in the first, some in the second jump,* and single skees and broken staves shooting down the track told the spectators of the failures. Some, discouraged by the ill-luck of the most renowned runners in the parish, gave up without trying. At last there was but one left, and that was Gunnar Henjumhei. All stood waiting for him with breathless interest, for upon him depended the issue of the race. Something like a drifting cloud was seen far up between the snow-hooded pine-trees. As it came nearer the shape of a man could be distinguished in the drift.

"O Ragnhild, you squeeze me so dreadfully," cried Gudrun in a subdued voice; but Ragnhild heard nothing. "Ragnhild, please, Ragnhild, I can hardly breathe." A chill gust of wind swept by, and blew the cold snow into their faces. Ragnhild drew a long breath. A mighty hurrah rang from mountain to mountain. The judge shook his head: he did not know who had deserved the prize. Gunnar came marching up the hillside, all covered with snow, and looking like a wandering snow-image; his skees he had flung over his shoulders. All the young people flocked round him with cheers and greetings. He was very hot and flushed, and his eyes looked eagerly around, as if seeking something; they met Ragnhild's triumphant smile, which sufficiently assured him that she was happy with him in his victory. But there were other eyes also that were watching Ragnhild; and, suddenly, struck with Lars's dark, ill-boding glance, she blushed and quickly turned away.

* A fence, wood-pile, or any other elevation of the ground is made into a jump by filling up the space on its upper side with snow, so the skee may slide over it. On the lower side a good deal of the snow is generally taken away. Thus the skee runner, coming in full speed down the hill, shoots into the air; and it takes a good deal of skill and practice under such circumstances to come down on the feet without allowing the skees to lose their balance.

"Would you object to another race, boys?" asked the judge, addressing the two combatants.

"No!" cried they both in the same breath. "Gunnar will have to run first," added Lars; "my skee-band is broken, so I shall have to go and cut a new one." Gunnar declared himself willing to run first, and again climbed the hill.

"It is fearfully hot here," whispered Ragnhild to her cousin; "come, let us walk up along the track."

"Hot, Ragnhild?" And Gudrun looked extremely puzzled.

"Yes, come." Near the last great jump Ragnhild stopped, and leaned against a mighty fir, whose long, drooping branches, with their sparkling, frost-silvered needles, formed a kind of cage around them. Gudrun sat down in the snow, and looked up along the track. "There he is!" whispered she, eagerly. The girls were just stepping forward from behind the tree, when Ragnhild discovered the shape of a man on the other side, and in the same moment saw a large pine-branch gliding across the track a few rods above the jumps. There was no time to think. "O Lars!" shrieked she, and with an almost supernatural power she hurled the branch over against the man. Again a snow-cloud blustered, and swept by. The man gazed aghast before him, and, as if struck by lightning, fell backwards to the ground,—for it was Lars. There he lay for a long while; but when the girls were out of sight, he lifted his head warily, cast a furtive glance over to the great fir, and, rising to his feet, sneaked down towards the crowd. Another hurrah struck his ear; he hesitated for a moment, then turned slowly round and walked back into the woods.

That night there was searching and asking for Lars far and wide; but Lars was not to be found; and when the judge grew tired of waiting, the prize was awarded to Gunnar.

When the umpires and the young lads and maidens had betaken themselves to the dancing-hall, and the ale-

horns were already passing round, there were still two remaining in the forest. The one was sitting in the snow, with her fair young face buried in her hands; the moonshine fell full upon her golden stream of hair; it was Ragnhild, and Gudrun's tearful eyes looked lovingly and pityingly on her.

"O Ragnhild, Ragnhild!" sobbed Gudrun, no longer able to master her emotion, "why did you never tell me? And I, who never thought it possible! If you could only have trusted in me, Ragnhild; for I do love you so much." And Gudrun knelt in the snow, threw her arms round her neck, and wept with her. Thus they sat, weeping their sorrow away, while the moon looked down on them in wonder.

"O dear, how foolish I am!" sighed Gudrun, as she rose, and shook the snow from her skirts. "Come, Ragnhild, let us go: it is too cold for you to be sitting here." The other wiped the tears from her eyes, and they both set out for the court-hall, where the dance was soon to begin. "Do you think anybody will notice that I have cried?" asked Ragnhild, rubbing her cheeks and eyes with her apron, anxious to efface the marks of the treacherous tears.

"O, no, dear!" said Gudrun, taking a handful of snow and applying it to her eyes, which, however, did not produce the desired effect. Slowly they walked down the steep hill towards the court-hall, whence they could already hear the alluring strain of the violins. They had both too much to think of, therefore the walk was a silent one. Only now and then Gudrun would draw her arm still more tightly round Ragnhild's waist, and Ragnhild would answer with a warm, speaking look.

"Ragnhild, halloo!" The girls stopped and looked doubtfully at each other, as if each one expected the other to answer; for they well knew that the voice was Gunnar's.

"Gudrun, halloo!" came the shout again, and stronger than before; it struck the border of the forest, re-

bounded again, and came sailing down toward them. "Shall I answer?" whispered Gudrun.

"Yes—O no, don't." But the counter-order either came late or was not heard; Gudrun had already answered.

"Halloo!" cried she, and a wanton echo played with her voice, tossed it against the mountain-side, and caught it again. Another call; and in the light of the moon they saw Gunnar's tall figure coming up the hill on his skees. With a long staff he pushed himself forward. Soon he was at their side. "Well met, girls!" cried he, gayly, as he jumped off his skees and extended one hand to each of them. "I was half afraid that Lars had already dragged you home, since I could not find you anywhere."

Here, suddenly struck with the grave expression of their countenances, and perhaps also discovering the marks of recent tears, he paused, and looked wonderingly at them. Ragnhild had a feeling that she ought to speak, but somehow or other both voice and words failed her. Then she raised her eyes and met his wondering gaze. "Ragnhild," said he, warmly, walking right up to her, "what has happened?"

"I am very glad you slid so well to-day, Gunnar," said she, evading the question.

"Are you, truly?"

"Yes," softly. How happy that word made him! Another pause; for that assurance was sweet to rest on. "The track was steep," remarked she after a while.

"So it was."

"I wonder you did not fall."

"Fall! O Ragnhild, I could slide down the steepest mountain-side, if only you would stand by and look at me." Something drove the blood to her cheek; he saw it and his courage grew; there came new fervor and manly reliance into his own voice. "I don't know why, Ragnhild, but whenever your eyes rest on me, I feel myself so strong,—so strong."

They were near the court-yard; the noise of the fiddles and the merriment

within rose above his voice. Three men on skees came out from the yard and approached them. "Hurrah, boys! here we have the prize-racer," cried one of them. "Ah, fair Ragnhild of Rimul! You are racing for a high prize there, Gunnar Henjumhei." "Doubt if you will win in that race, Gunnar Houseman's son," shouted another. "The track is steep from Henjumhei to Rimul," said the third; "the river flows swift between."

The three men had passed. It was long before any one spoke. "How cold it is!" said Gudrun, and shivered; and they all shivered. A stealthy frost had crept between them. It froze Gunnar's courage, it froze Ragnhild's life-hope. A houseman's son! On this day of his victory, so young and so strong, and still only a houseman's son! They were at the door of the court-hall. He looked for Ragnhild, but she was gone. She also had left him. Well, he was nothing but a houseman's son, and she the richest heiress in the valley. She herself knew that too, of course. The river flows deep between Henjumhei and Rimul. The music from within came over him, wild and exciting; and suddenly seized by the wildness of the tones, he threw his head back, sprang forward, and bounded into the hall. The crowd made way for him as he came; up he leaped again, grazed with his heel a beam in the ceiling,* and came firmly down on his feet in the centre of the dancing throng. The people rushed aside and formed a close ring around him. The men gave vent to their feeling in loud shouts of approbation, and the girls looked on in breathless admiration.

"A leap worthy of a Norseman!" said one of the old men, when the noise had subsided.

"O yes," cried Gunnar, with a defiant laugh, "worthy of a Norseman,

* Among the peasantry in Norway, it is considered a test of great strength and manliness to kick the beam in a ceiling and come down without falling. Boys commence very early practising, and often acquire great skill in this particular branch of gymnastics. He is regarded as a weakling who cannot kick his own height.

worthy of even a — houseman's son! Ha, ha, ha! strike up a tune, and that a right lusty one." The music struck up, he swung about on his heel, caught the girl who stood nearest him round the waist, and whirled away with her, while her hair flew round her. Suddenly he stopped and gazed right into her face, and who should it be but Ragnhild. She begged and tried to release herself from his arm, but he lifted her from the floor, made another leap, and danced away, so that the floor shook under them.

"Gunnar, Gunnar," whispered she, "please, Gunnar, let me go." He heard nothing. "Gunnar," begged she again, now already half surrendering, "only think, what would mother say if she were here?" But now she also began to feel the spell of the dance. The walls, the roof, and the people began to circle round her in a strange, bewildering dance; in one moment the music seemed to be winging its way to her from an unfathomable depth in an inconceivable, measureless distance, and in the next it was roaring and booming in her ears with the rush and din of an infinite cataract of tone. Unconsciously her feet moved to its measure, her heart beat to it, and she forgot her scruples, her fear, and everything but him in the bliss of the dance. For those Hulder-like tones of the Hardanger violin never fail to strike a responsive chord in the heart of a Norse woman. Gunnar knew how to tread the springing dance, and no one would deny him the rank of the first dancer in the valley. Those who had been on the floor when he began had retired to give place to him. Some climbed upon the tables and benches along the walls, in order to see better. And that was a dance worth seeing. So at least the old men thought, for louder grew their shouts, at every daring leap; and so the girls thought too, for there was hardly one of them who did not wish herself in the happy Ragnhild's place.

After the music had ceased, it was some time before Ragnhild fully recovered her senses; she still clung fast

to Gunnar's arm, the floor seemed to be heaving and sinking under her, and the space was filled with a vague, distant hum. "Come, let us go out," said he, "the fresh night air will do you good." The night was clear as the day, the moon and the stars glittered over the wide fields of snow, and the aurora borealis flashed in endless variations. A cold rush of air struck against them, and with every breath he inhaled new strength and courage. Still the whirling bliss of the dance throbbed in his veins, and he felt as if lifted above himself. And Ragnhild it was who walked there at his side, — Ragnhild herself, fairer than thought or dream could paint her. It was Ragnhild's hand he held so close in his. And was it not she who had been the hope, the life, and the soul of these many aimless years? When he spoke, how he spoke he knew not, but speak he did.

"Ragnhild," said, he, warmly, "you know, — that — Ragnhild, you know I always liked you very much." She let her eyes fall, blushed, but made no answer. "Ragnhild, you know that I always — always — loved you. Do you not, Ragnhild?"

"Yes, Gunnar, I do know it."

"Then, Ragnhild, tell me only that you love me too. There is nothing, no, I am sure there can be nothing in all the world, which I could not do, if I only knew that you loved me. Then, all those pictures which I feel within me would come out into light; for they all came from you. Ragnhild, say that you love me."

"Gunnar, you have been dear to me — ever — ever — since I can remember," whispered she, hardly audibly, and struggling with her tears. There lay a world of light before him.

Not far from the court-hall, down toward the fjord, stood two huge fir-trees. They both had tall, naked trunks, and thick, bushy heads, and they looked so much alike that people called them the twin firs. It was the saying, also, that lovers often met there. Between the trees was nailed a rough

piece of plank to sit on. Here they stopped and sat down. He laid his arm round her waist, and drew her close up to him; she leaned her head on his breast. Then he turned his eyes upward to the dark crowns of the trees, and seemed lost in a stream of thought. The moonlight only shimmered through, for the foliage was very thick. Neither spoke; they felt no need of words. Silence is the truest language of bliss. And she, also, looked up into the heavy, moon-fretted mass overhead, wondering what his thoughts might be.

"What a queer shape that tree has!" exclaimed she; "it looks like a huge Troll with three heads."

Then a light flashed upon him, and in a moment his whole past life lay before him, from the days of the saddle "Fox," and his grandmother's stories, to this night. "O Ragnhild," said he, looking longingly into her dewy eyes, "at last I have found my beautiful princess!" And that thought made him suddenly so glad that before he knew it he kissed her. For a moment she looked startled, almost frightened; but as her eyes again rested in his her face brightened into a happy, trustful smile. Now their thoughts and their words wandered to the past and to the future.

It was a happy, happy hour.

Gudrun had hardly been a minute off the floor, from the time she came inside the door. Thus it was some time before she was aware of Ragnhild's absence. But when there came a pause in the dance, and the time had arrived for the *stev*, she searched all over the house for her cousin, but without success. Soon she discovered that Gunnar also was gone; for everybody was asking for him. He was wanted to open the *stev*, as he had a fine voice, and a good head for rhyming. Then, seized with fearful apprehensions, she rushed out of the hall, and down the road, toward the fjord. She would probably have taken no notice of the twin firs, if Ragnhild had not seen her and called her.

"Why, Ragnhild," cried Gudrun, breathless with fear and running, "how you have frightened me! I could not imagine what had become of you. Everybody is asking for you. They want Gunnar to open the *stev*."

They all hurried back to the hall. Gudrun might well wish to ask questions, but she dared not; for she felt the truth, but was afraid of it. They could not help seeing, when they entered the hall, that many curious glances were directed toward them. But this rather roused in both a spirit of defiance. Therefore, when Gunnar was requested to begin the *stev*, he chose Ragnhild for his partner, and she accepted. True, he was a houseman's son, but he was not afraid. There was a giggling and a whispering all round, as hand in hand they stepped out on the floor. Young and old, lads and maidens, thronged eagerly about them. Had she not been so happy, perhaps she would not have been so fair. But, as she stood there, in the warm flush of the torch-light, with her rich, blond hair waving down over her shoulders, and with that veiled brightness in her eyes, her beauty sprang upon you like a sudden wonder, and her presence was inspiration. And Gunnar saw her; she loved him: what cared he for all the world beside? Proudly he raised his head and sang:

Gunnar. There standeth a birch in the lightsome
lea,

Ragnhild. In the lightsome lea;

Gunnar. So fair she stands in the sunlight free,

Ragnhild. In the sunlight free;

Both. So fair she stands in the sunlight free.

Ragnhild. High up on the mountain there standeth
a pine,

Gunnar. There standeth a pine;

Ragnhild. So stanchly grown and so tall and
fine,—

Gunnar. So tall and fine;

Both. So stanchly grown and so tall and fine.

Gunnar. A maiden I know as fair as the day,

Ragnhild. As fair as the day;

Gunnar. She shines like the birch in the sun-
light's play,

Ragnhild. In the sunlight's play;

Both. She shines like the birch in the sun-
light's play.

Ragnhild. I know a lad in the spring's glad light,

Gunnar. In the spring's glad light;

Ragnhild. Far-seen as the pine on the mountain-
height,

Gunnar. On the mountain-height ;
Both. Far-seen as the pine on the mountain-height.

Gunnar. So bright and blue are the starry skies,
Ragnhild. The starry skies ;
Gunnar. But brighter and bluer that maiden's eyes,
Ragnhild. That maiden's eyes ;
Both. But brighter and bluer that maiden's eyes.

Ragnhild. And his have a depth like the fjord, I know,
Gunnar. The fjord, I know ;
Ragnhild. Wherein the heavens their beauty show,
Gunnar. Their beauty show ;
Both. Wherein the heavens their beauty show.

Gunnar. The birds each morn seek the forest-glade,
Ragnhild. The forest-glade ;
Gunnar. So flock my thoughts to that lily maid,
Ragnhild. That lily maid ;
Both. So flock my thoughts to that lily maid.

Ragnhild. The moss it clingeth so fast to the stone,
Gunnar. So fast to the stone ;
Ragnhild. So clingeth my soul to him alone,
Gunnar. To him alone ;
Both. So clingeth my soul to him alone.

Gunnar. Each brook sings its song, but forever the same,
Ragnhild. Forever the same ;
Gunnar. Forever my heart beats that maiden's name,
Ragnhild. That maiden's name ;
Both. Forever my heart beats that maiden's name.

Ragnhild. The plover hath an only tone,
Gunnar. An only tone ;
Ragnhild. My life hath its love, and its love alone,
Gunnar. Its love alone ;
Both. My life hath its love, and its love alone.

Gunnar. The rivers all to the fjord they go,
Ragnhild. To the fjord they go ;
Gunnar. So may our lives then together flow,
Ragnhild. Together flow ;
Both. O, may our lives then together flow !

Here Gunnar stopped, made a leap toward Ragnhild, caught her round the waist, and again danced off with her, while a storm of voices joined in the last refrain, and loud shouts of admiration followed them. For this was a stev that was good for something ; long time it was since so fine a stev had been heard on this side the mountains. Soon the dance became general, and lasted till after midnight. Then the sleigh-bells and the stamping of hoofs from without reminded the merry guests that night was waning. There stood the well-known swan-

shaped sleigh from Henjum, and the man on the box was Atle himself. Ragnhild and Gudrun were hurried into it, the whip cracked, and the sleigh shot down over the star-illuminated fields of snow.

The splendor of the night was almost dazzling as Gunnar came out from the crowded hall and again stood under the open sky. A host of struggling thoughts and sensations thronged upon him. He was happy, oh, so happy ! at least, he tried to persuade himself that he was, but, strange to say, he did not fully succeed. Was it not toward this day his yearnings had pointed, and about which his hopes had been clustering from year to year, ever since he had been old enough to know what yearning was ? Was it not this day which had been beckoning him from afar, and had shed light upon his way like a star, and had he not followed its guidance as faithfully and as trustingly as those wise men of old ? "Folly and nonsense," muttered he, "the night breeds nightly thoughts !" With an effort he again brought Ragnhild's image before his mind, jumped upon his skees, and darted down over the glittering snow. It bore him toward the fjord. A sharp, chill wind swept up the hillside, and rushed against him. "Houseman's son," cried the wind. Onward he hastened. "Houseman's son," howled the wind after him. Soon he reached the fjord, hurried on up toward the river-mouth, and, coming to the Henjum boat-house, stopped, and walked out to the end of the pier, which stretched from the headland some twenty to thirty feet out into the water. The fjord lay sombre and restless before him. There was evidently a storm raging in the ocean, for the tide was unusually high, and the sky was darkening from the west eastward. The mountain peaks stood there, stern and lofty as ever, with their heads wrapped in hoods of cloud. Gunnar sat down at the outer edge of the pier, with his feet hanging listlessly over the water, which, in slow and monotonous plashing, beat against the

timbers. Far out in the distance he could hear the breakers roar among the rocky reefs; first, the long, booming roll, then the slowly waning moan, and the great hush, in which the billows pause to listen to themselves. It is the heavy, deep-drawn breath of the ocean. It was cold, but Gunnar hardly felt it.

He again stepped into his skees and followed the narrow road, as it wound its way from the fjord up along the river. Down near the mouth, between Henjum

and Rimul, the river was frozen, and could be crossed on the ice. Up at Henjumhei it was too swift to freeze. It was near daylight when he reached the cottage. How small and poor it looked! Never had he seen it so before;—very different from Rimul. And how dark and narrow it was, all around it! At Rimul they had always sunshine. Truly, the track is steep from Henjumhei to Rimul; the river runs deep between.

H. H. Boyesen.

THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER.

IT was Sir Christopher Gardiner,
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,
From Merry England over the sea,
Who stepped upon this continent
As if his august presence lent
A glory to the colony.

You should have seen him in the street
Of the little Boston of Winthrop's time,
His rapier dangling at his feet,
Doublet and hose and boots complete,
Prince Rupert hat with ostrich plume,
Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume,
Luxuriant curls and air sublime,
And superior manners now obsolete!

He had a way of saying things
That made one think of courts and kings,
And lords and ladies of high degree;
So that not having been at court
Seemed something very little short
Of treason or lese-majesty,
Such an accomplished knight was he.

His dwelling was just beyond the town,
At what he called his country-seat;
For, careless of Fortune's smile or frown,
And weary grown of the world and its ways,
He wished to pass the rest of his days
In a private life and a calm retreat.

But a double life was the life he led;
And, while professing to be in search

Of a godly course, and willing, he said,
Nay, anxious to join the Puritan Church,
He made of all this but small account,
And passed his idle hours instead
With roystering Morton of Merry Mount,
That pettifogger from Furnival's Inn,
Lord of misrule and riot and sin,
Who looked on the wine when it was red.

This country-seat was little more
Than a cabin of logs ; but in front of the door
A modest flower-bed thickly sown
With sweet alyssum and columbine
Made those who saw it at once divine
The touch of some other hand than his own.

And first it was whispered, and then it was known,
That he in secret was harboring there
A little lady with golden hair,
Whom he called his cousin, but whom he had wed
In the Italian manner, as men said ;
And great was the scandal everywhere.

But worse than this was the vague surmise —
Though none could vouch for it or aver —
That the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre
Was only a Papist in disguise ;
And the more to embitter their bitter lives,
And the more to trouble the public mind,
Came letters from England, from two other wives,
Whom he had carelessly left behind ;
Both of them letters of such a kind .
As made the governor hold his breath ;
The one imploring him straight to send
The husband home, that he might amend ;
The other asking his instant death,
As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it right,
When all this wickedness was revealed,
To send his warrant signed and sealed,
And take the body of the knight.

Armed with this mighty instrument,
The marshal, mounting his gallant steed,
Rode forth from town at the top of his speed,
And followed by all his bailiffs bold,
As if on high achievement bent,
To storm some castle or stronghold,
Challenge the warders on the wall,
And seize in his ancestral hall
A robber-baron grim and old.

But when through all the dust and heat
He came to Sir Christopher's country-seat,
No knight he found, nor warder there,
But the little lady with golden hair,
Who was gathering in the bright sunshine
The sweet alyssum and columbine;
While gallant Sir Christopher, all so gay,
Being forewarned, through the postern gate
Of his castle wall had tripped away,
And was keeping a little holiday
In the forests, that bounded his estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true
The marshal searched the castle through,
Not crediting what the lady said;
Searched from cellar to garret in vain,
And, finding no knight, came out again
And arrested the golden damsel instead,
And bore her in triumph into the town,
While from her eyes the tears rolled down
On the sweet alyssum and columbine,
That she held in her fingers white and fine.

The governor's heart was moved to see
So fair a creature caught within
The snares of Satan, and of sin,
And read her a little homily
On the folly and wickedness of the lives
Of women, half cousins and half wives;
But, seeing that naught his words availed,
He sent her away in a ship that sailed
For Merry England over the sea,
To the other two wives in the old countree,
To search her further, since he had failed
To come at the heart of the mystery.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wandered away
Through pathless woods for a month and a day,
Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at night
With the noble savage, who took delight
In his feathered hat and his velvet vest,
His gun and his rapier and the rest.
But as soon as the noble savage heard
That a bounty was offered for this gay bird,
He wanted to slay him out of hand,
And bring in his beautiful scalp for a show,
Like the glossy head of a kite or crow,
Until he was made to understand
They wanted the bird alive, not dead;
Then he followed him whithersoever he fled,
Through forest and field, and hunted him down,
And brought him prisoner into the town.

Alas ! it was a rueful sight,
To see this melancholy knight
In such a dismal and hapless case ;
His hat deformed by stain and dent,
His plumage broken, his doublet rent,
His beard and flowing locks forlorn,
Matted, dishevelled, and unshorn,
His boots with dust and mire besprent ;
But dignified in his disgrace,
And wearing an unblushing face.
And thus before the magistrate
He stood to hear the doom of fate.
In vain he strove with wonted ease
To modify and extenuate
His evil deeds in church and state,
For gone was now his power to please ;
And his pompous words had no more weight
Than feathers flying in the breeze.

With suavity equal to his own
The governor lent a patient ear
To the speech evasive and high-flown,
In which he endeavored to make clear
That colonial laws were too severe
When applied to a gallant cavalier,
A gentleman born, and so well known,
And accustomed to move in a higher sphere.

All this the Puritan governor heard,
And deigned in answer never a word ;
But in summary manner shipped away,
In a vessel that sailed from Salem Bay,
This splendid and famous cavalier,
With his Rupert hat and his popery
To Merry England over the sea,
As being unmeet to inhabit here.

Thus endeth the Rhyme of Sir Christopher,
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,
The first who furnished this barren land
With apples of Sodom and ropes of sand.

H. W. Longfellow.

MY EXPERIENCE OF COMMUNITY LIFE.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BEFORE I left England, in 1825, the facts already stated connected with the enormously increased power to produce, coexisting with the decreased and ever-decreasing means to live, among the laboring millions in that country, had convinced me, not only that something was grievously wrong and out of adaptation to the new industrial aspect of things, but that the essential remedy for the suffering which I witnessed around me was, as my father declared it to be, the substitution of co-operative industry for competitive labor; and I jumped to the conclusion that, under a system of co-operation, men would speedily be able, by three or four hours of easy labor each day, to supply themselves with all the necessities and comforts of life which reasonable creatures could desire. Nay, with Utopian aspirations I looked forward to the time when riches, because of their superfluity, would cease to be the end and aim of man's thoughts, plotting, lifelong toilings; when the mere possession of wealth would no longer confer distinction, any more than does the possession of water, than which there is no property of greater worth.

To-day, with half a century of added experience, I think, indeed, that invaluable truths underlie these opinions: but I think also that I much erred in judging one branch of a great social subject without sufficient reference to other collateral branches; and that I still more gravely erred in leaving out of view a main, practical ingredient in all successful changes, namely, the element of TIME.

The human race, by some law of its being, often possesses powers in advance — sometimes ages in advance — of capacity to employ them. Alfred Wallace, in a late work on Natural

Selection, reminds us that the oldest human skulls yet discovered are not materially smaller than those of our own times: a Swiss skull of the stone age corresponds to that of a Swiss youth of the present day; the Neanderthal skull has seventy-five cubic inches of brain-space; and the Engis skull (perhaps the oldest known) is regarded by Huxley as "a fair average skull, that might have belonged to a philosopher." Wallace's inference is that man, especially in his savage state, "possesses a brain quite disproportionate to his actual requirements, — an organ that seems prepared in advance only to be fully utilized as he progresses in civilization." *

So also I think it is in regard to man's industrial powers. He has acquired these in advance of the capacity to take advantage of them, except to a limited extent. The various departments of human progress must go forward, in a measure, side by side. Material, even intellectual, progress brings scanty result, unless moral and spiritual progress bear it company.

I still think it is true that social arrangements can be devised under which all reasonable necessities and comforts could be secured to a nation, say by three hours' daily work of its able-bodied population. But, in the present state of moral culture, would that result, in this or any civilized country, be a benefit? Would leisure, throughout

* Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection, by Alfred Russell Wallace, author of the Malay Archipelago, etc., London and New York, 1870, p. 343.

Mr. Wallace adds: "A brain slightly larger than that of the gorilla (which is thirty to thirty-four cubic inches) would, according to the evidence before us, have fully sufficed for the mental development of the savage."

Size of brain is the chief, though not the sole, element which determines mental power. An adult male European with less than sixty-five cubic inches of brain is invariably idiotic.

three fourths of each day, be a blessing to uneducated or half-educated men? If such leisure were suddenly acquired by the masses, would life and property be safe? Think of the temptations of intemperance! Some of the reports even from the eight-hour experiment are discouraging.

Then, as to the popular worship of wealth, — characteristic of a period of transition or half-civilization, — that cannot be suddenly corrected. The gallants of Queen Elizabeth's day sought distinction by the help of rich velvets slashed with satin, costly laces, trussed points, coats heavy with embroidery. It would have been vain, in those days, to take them to task about their finery. It has now disappeared, even to its last lingering remnant, the lace ruffle at the wrist; but common-sense had to work for centuries, ere men were satisfied to trust, for distinction, to something better than gaudy apparel.

I still think that co-operation *is* a chief agency destined to quiet the clamorous conflicts between capital and labor; but then it must be co-operation gradually introduced, prudently managed, as now in England. I think, too, that such co-operation, aside from its healthy pecuniary results, tends to elevate character. Evidence of this, ever multiplying, comes daily to light. I have just received a paper on that subject by Thomas Hughes, published in Macmillan's Magazine, in which the writer says: "It is impossible to bring before you, in the space I have at my disposal, anything like proofs of a tithe of the good which the co-operative movement has done; how it is steadily strengthening and purifying the daily lives of a great section of our people." From his own observation and that of a Mr. Ludlow, who, he says, "has had as much experience in this matter as any living man," Mr. Hughes states:

That the co-operative system, founded scrupulously on ready-money dealings, delivers the poor from the credit system.

That, if a co-operative workshop has

elements of vitality sufficient to weather the first few years' struggles, it is found to expel drunkenness and disorder, as inconsistent with success; to do away with the tricks and dishonesties of work, now frequent between employers and employed; to bring about fixity of employment; to create new ties, new forms of fellowship, even a sort of family feeling, between man and man; and thus, after a time, to develop a new type of workingmen, characterized "not only by honesty, frankness, kindness, and true courtesy, but by a dignity, a self-respect, and a consciousness of freedom which only this phase of labor gives."

The writer met with such a type first in the *Associations Ouvrières* of Paris, and confidently regards it as "a normal result of co-operative production."

Finally, as co-operative producers and consumers have a common interest, this system shuts out adulteration in articles of food, and dishonest deterioration of goods in general, whether caused by faulty workmanship or by employing worthless materials.

A point of vast importance, this last! The debasement of quality which, under the pressure of competition, has gradually extended of late years to almost every article used by man, is notorious. Yet as few persons except the initiated realize the immense loss to society from this source, an illustrative experience of my own may here be welcome.

When my father left me manager of the New Lanark cotton-mills, in the winter of 1824-25, a certain Mr. Bartholomew, who had long been a customer of ours to the extent of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars a year, came to me one day, asking if I could make him a lot of yarn suitable for ordinary shirting, at such a price, naming it. "We have but one price" I said, "and you know well that we sell such yarn twenty per cent above the rate you propose."

"I know that," he replied; "but you *could* make it, so as to be sold at my price."

"Yes, by using waste and mixing in weak, short-stapled cotton."

"And it would look almost as well?"

"Perhaps."

"Then I'll risk it."

"My father's instructions," I replied, "are not to lower the quality of our goods. I'm sorry; but I can't fill your order."

He went off in a huff, but returned two days later. "See here," he said, "don't be Quixotic. I can have the yarn I asked you about spun elsewhere. What's the use of driving a good customer from you? I shall get the stuff I want, and use it, all the same."

"It would injure the character of our mill."

"Not if you leave off your trademark. What do I care about the picture? * Mark it as you will."

I hesitated; and finally — not much to my credit — agreed to make the yarn for him. I had it marked with a large B. "It will stand either for Bartholomew or for *bad*," I said to him when he came to look at it. "I'm ashamed to turn such an article out of our mill."

But three weeks later he came again. "Just the thing!" he said; and he gave me a second order, thrice as large as the first.

The B yarn became a popular article in the market; the shirting that was made from it looking smooth, and being sold at some ten per cent less than that made from our usual quality. Yet, to my certain knowledge, — for I tried it, — it did not last half as long as the other.

That transaction sits somewhat heavily on my conscience still. Yet it helped to teach me a great lesson. It is my firm belief that, at the present time, purchasers of cotton, woollen, linen, and silk goods, of furniture, hardware, leather goods, and all other

manufactured staples, *lose*, on the average, because of inferior quality, *more than half of all the money they pay out*. And I doubt whether, except by co-operation, this crying evil can be remedied.

When I reached Harmony, early in 1826, these general ideas ruled in my mind, untempered by the "sober second thoughts" which an after-life brought with it. I looked at everything with eyes of enthusiasm; and, for a time, the life there was wonderfully pleasant and hopeful to me. This, I think, is the common experience of intelligent and well-disposed persons who have joined the Brook Farm or other reputable community. There is a great charm in the good-fellowship and in the absence of conventionalism which characterize such associations.

Then there was something especially taking — to me at least — in the absolute freedom from trammels, alike in expression of opinion, in dress, and in social converse, which I found there. The evening gatherings, too, delighted me; the weekly meeting for discussion of our principles, in which I took part at once; the weekly concert, with an excellent leader, Josiah Warren, and a performance of music, instrumental and vocal, much beyond what I had expected in the backwoods; last, not least, the weekly ball, where I found crowds of young people, bright and genial if not specially cultivated, and as passionately fond of dancing as, in those days, I myself was.

The accommodations seemed to me, indeed, of the rudest, and the fare of the simplest; but I cared no more for that than young folks usually care who forsake pleasant homes to spend a summer month or two under canvas, — their tents on the beach, perhaps, with boats and fishing-tackle at command; or pitched in some sylvan retreat, where youth and maiden roam the forest all day, returning at nightfall to merry talk, improvised music, or an impromptu dance on the greensward.

I shrank from no work that was as-

* On each ten-pound package we were wont to paste an engraving of the mills and village; and our yarn, in consequence, went, far and near, by the name of "picture-yarn."

signed to me; and sometimes, to the surprise of my associates, volunteered when a hard or disagreeable job came up, as the pulling down of sundry dreadfully dusty and dilapidated cabins throughout the village; but, after a time, finding that others could manage as much common labor in one day as I in two or three, and being invited to take general charge of the school and to aid in editing the weekly paper, I settled down to what, I confess, were more congenial pursuits than wielding the axe or holding the plough-handles.

I had previously tried one day of sowing wheat by hand, and held out till evening; but my right arm was comparatively useless for forty-eight hours after. Another day, when certain young girls, who were baking bread for one of the large boarding-houses, lacked an additional hand, I offered to help them; but when the result of my labors came to the table, it was suggested that one of the loaves should be voted to me as a gift for my diligence; the rather, as, by a little manipulation, such as apothecaries use in making pills, it might save me the trouble of casting bullets the next time I went out rifle-shooting.

To atone for these and similar mishaps, I sometimes succeeded where others had failed. When I first took charge of the school, finding that the teachers occasionally employed corporal punishment, I strictly forbade it. After a time the master of the eldest boys' class said to me one day, "I find it impossible to control these unruly rascals. They know I am not allowed to flog them; and when I seek to enforce rules of order, they defy me."

I sought to show him how he might manage them without the rod, but he persisted: "If you'd try it yourself for a few days, Mr. Owen, you'd find out that I'm right."

"Good," said I. "I'll take them in hand for a week or two."

They *were* a rough, boisterous, lawless set; bright enough, quick of observation; capable of learning when

they applied themselves; but accustomed to a free swing, and impatient of discipline to which they had never been subjected. I said to them, at the start, "Boys, I want you to learn; you'll be very sorry when you come to be men, if you don't. But you can't learn anything worth knowing, without rules to go by. I must have you orderly and obedient. I won't require from you anything unreasonable; and I don't intend to be severe with you. But whatever I tell you, *has* to be done, and *shall* be done, sooner or later." Here I observed on one or two bold faces a smile that looked like incredulity; but all I added was, "You'll save time, if you do it at once."

My lessons, often oral, interested them, and things went on quietly for a few days. I knew the crisis would come. It did, in this wise. It was May, the thermometer ranging toward ninety, and I resolved to take the class to bathe in the Wabash, much to their delight. I told them, in advance, that by the doctor's advice they were to remain in the water fifteen minutes only: that was the rule. When I called, "Time up!" they all came out, somewhat reluctantly however, except one tall fellow, named Ben, a good swimmer, who detained us ten minutes more, notwithstanding my order, several times repeated, to come on shore.

I said nothing about it till we returned to the school-room; then I asked the class, "Do you remember my saying to you that whatever I told you to do had to be done sooner or later?" They looked at Ben, and said, "Yes." Then I went on: "I am determined that if I take you to bathe again, you shall stay in fifteen minutes only. How do you think I had best manage that?" They looked at Ben again, and seemed puzzled, never, very surely, having been asked such a question before. "Has no one any plan?" I said.

At length a youngster suggested, "I guess you'd best thrash him, Mr. Owen."

"I don't wish to do that," I replied;

"I think it does boys harm. Besides, I never was whipped myself, I never whipped anybody, and I know it must be a very unpleasant thing to do. Can't some of you think of a better plan?"

One of the class suggested, "There's a closet in the garret, with a stout bolt to it. You might shut him up there till we get back."

"That's better than flogging; but is the closet dark?"

"It's dark as hell."

"You mustn't talk so, my child. You can't tell whether there is such a place as hell at all. You mean that the closet is quite dark, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you ought to say so. But I think Ben would not like to be shut up in the dark for nearly an hour."

"No; but then *we* don't like to be kept from bathing just for him."

Then one little fellow, with some hesitation, put in his word: "Please, Mr. Owen, would n't it do to leave him in the playground?"

"If I could be sure that he would stay there; but he might get out and go bathing, and remain in half an hour perhaps."

At this point, Ben, no longer able to restrain himself, — he had been getting more and more restless, turning first to one speaker, then to another, as we coolly discussed his case, — burst forth: "Mr. Owen, if you'll leave me in the playground when they go to bathe next time, I'll never stir from it. I won't. You'll see I won't."

"Well, Ben," said I, "I've never known you to tell a falsehood, and I'll take your word for it this time. But remember! If you lie to me once, I shall never be able to trust you again. We could n't believe known liars if we were to try."

So the next time we went bathing, I left Ben in the playground. When we returned he met me, with eager face, at the gate. "I've never left even for a minute; ask them if I have," pointing to some boys at play.

"Your word is enough. I believe you."

Thereafter Ben came out of the water promptly as soon as time was called; and when any of his comrades lingered, he was the first to chide them for disobeying orders.

Once or twice afterwards I had to take a somewhat similar stand (never against Ben), persisting each time until I was obeyed. Then bethinking me of my Hofwyl experience, I called in the aid of military drill, which the boys took to very kindly; and when three weeks had passed, I found that my pupils prided themselves in being — what, indeed, they were — the best disciplined and most orderly and law-abiding class in the school.

So I carried my point against a degrading relic of barbarism, then countenanced in England, alike in army, navy, and some of the most accredited seminaries. I had witnessed an example, the year before, in London, during a visit to the central school of Dr. Bell, the rival of Lancaster, patronized by the Anglican Church. A class were standing up, for arithmetic. "Seven times eight are fifty-six," said one boy. "*Is, not are,*" sternly cried the teacher, dealing the offender such a buffet on the ear that he staggered and finally dropped to the ground; then adding: "Get up! Now perhaps you'll remember that, another time." But whether it was the blow or the bit of doubtful grammar he was bidden to remember seemed not very clear.

I still recollect how my nature revolted against this outrage, — for such it appeared to me. "Father," said I, as we left the room, "I'm very sorry you gave any money to this school." He smiled, and apologized for the teacher, saying, "The man had probably been treated in the same manner when he was a child, and so knew no better." My father had, some time before, subscribed two thousand five hundred dollars in aid of the Bell system; offering to double that sum if Dr. Bell would open his schools to the

children of dissenters. But this the ex-chaplain, or his committee, had refused to do.

On the whole, my life in Harmony, for many months, was happy and satisfying. To this the free and simple relation there existing between youth and maidens much contributed. We called each other by our Christian names only, spoke and acted as brothers and sisters might; often strolled out by moonlight in groups, sometimes in single pairs; yet, withal, no scandal or other harm came of it, either then or later, unless we are to reckon as such a few improvident or unsuited matches, that turned out poorly, as hasty love-matches will. What might have happened to myself amid such familiar surroundings, if my heart had not been preoccupied, I cannot tell. I met almost daily handsome, interesting, warmhearted girls; bright, merry and unsophisticated; charming partners at ball or picnic: one especially, who afterwards married a son of Oliver Evans, the celebrated inventor and machinist, to whom, I believe, we owe the high-pressure engine. But this girl, many years since dead, and others both estimable and attractive, were to me, engrossed by recollections of Jessie, but as favorite sisters.

Naturally enough, under such circumstances, I was not haunted by doubts as to the success of the social experiment in which we were engaged. The inhabitants seemed to me friendly and well disposed. There was much originality of character, and there were some curious eccentricities; but nothing to match the Page of Nature, who had so startled Captain McDonald and myself at New York.

One example occurs to me, — an old man named Greenwood, father of Miles Greenwood, well known afterwards to the citizens of Cincinnati as chief of their Fire Department, and still later as owner of the largest foundry and machine-shop then in the West. We had, during the summer of 1826, several terrific thunder-storms

such as I had never before witnessed. The steeple of our church was shattered and one of our boarding-houses struck. It was during one of these storms, when the whole heavens seemed illuminated and the rain was falling in torrents, that I saw old Greenwood, thoroughly drenched, and carrying, upright as a soldier does his musket, a slender iron rod, ten or twelve feet long. He was walking in the middle of the street, passed with slow step the house in which I was, and, as I afterwards learned, paraded every street in the village in the same deliberate manner. Next day I met him and asked an explanation. "Ah well, my young friend," said he, "I'm very old; I'm not well; I suffer much; and I thought it might be a good chance to slip off and be laid quietly in the corner of the peach orchard."*

"You hoped to be struck by the lightning?"

"You see, I don't like to kill myself,— seems like taking matters out of God's hands. But I thought he might perhaps send me a spare bolt when I put myself in the way. If he had only seen fit to do it, I'd then have been at rest this very minute; all my pains gone; no more trouble to any one, and no more burden to myself."

"You don't know how useful you may be yet, Mr. Greenwood."

"Under the green grass would have been better; but it was n't to be, just yet."

In the educational department we had considerable talent, mixed with a good deal of eccentricity. We had a Frenchman, patronized by Mr. MacLure, a M. Phiquepal d'Arusmont, who became afterwards the husband of Frances Wright; a man well informed on many points, full of original ideas, some of practical value, but, withal, a wrong-headed genius, whose extravagance and wilfulness and inordinate self-conceit destroyed his usefulness. He had a small school, but it was a

* Where a temporary cemetery had been opened; the Germans having reserved their graveyard, and stipulated that no one should be buried there.

failure ; he gained neither the goodwill nor the respect of his pupils.

Another, of a very different stamp, was Professor Joseph Neef, from Pestalozzi's in Switzerland. Simple, straightforward, and cordial, a proficient in modern languages, a good musician, he had brought with him from Pestalozzi's institution at Iverdun an excellent mode of teaching. To his earlier life, as an officer under Napoleon, was due a blunt, off-hand manner and an abrupt style of speech, enforced, now and then, with an oath, — an awkward habit for a teacher, which I think he tried ineffectually to get rid of. One day, when I was within hearing, a boy in his class used profane language. "Youngster," said Neef to him, "you mustn't swear. It's silly, and it's vulgar, and it means nothing. Don't let me hear you do so again."

"But, Mr. Neef," said the boy, hesitating and looking half frightened, "if — if it's vulgar and wrong to swear, why —"

"Well, out with it ! Never stop when you want to say anything : that's another bad habit. You wished to know why —"

"Why you swear yourself, Mr. Neef?"

"Because I'm a d—d fool. Don't you be one, too."

With all his roughness, the good old man was a general favorite alike with children and adults. Those whose recollections of Harmony extend back thirty years preserve a genial remembrance of him walking about in the sun of July or August, in linen trousers and shirt, always bareheaded, sometimes barefooted, with a grandchild in his arms, and humming to his infant charge some martial air, in a wonderful bass voice, which, it was said, enabled him, in his younger days, when giving command to a body of troops, to be distinctly heard by ten thousand men.

We had, at this time, in the educational department, a good many persons of literary and scientific ability. But dissensions crept in among them,

and several, including Dr. Troost, finally left the place. Mr. Lesueur, however, remained many years, and Thomas Say settled in Harmony, where he spent his time in preparing his beautifully illustrated work on American Entomology, dying there in 1834.

I think my father must have been as well pleased with the condition of things at New Harmony, on his arrival there, as I myself was. At all events, some three weeks afterwards, he disclosed to me his intention to propose to the Harmonites that they should at once form themselves into a Community of Equality, based on the principle of common property. This took me by surprise, knowing, as I did, that when the preliminary society had been established, nine months before, he had recommended that this novitiate should continue two or three years, before adventuring the next and final step.

It was an experiment attended with great hazard. Until now the executive committee had estimated the value of each person's services, and given all persons employed respectively credit for the amount, to be drawn out by them in produce or store goods. But under the new constitution, all members, according to their ages, not according to the actual value of their services, were to be "furnished, as near as can be, with similar food, clothing, and education ; and, as soon as practicable, to live in similar houses, and in all respects to be accommodated alike." Also the real estate of the association was to be "held in perpetual trust forever for the use of the Community" ; persons leaving the society to forfeit all interest in the original land, but to have claim for "a just proportion of the value of any real estate acquired during their membership." The power of making laws was vested in the Assembly, which consisted of all the resident adult members of the Community. There was an Executive Council, having superintendence and empowered to "carry into effect all general regulations" ; but the Council

was "subject at all times to any directions expressed by a majority of the Assembly and communicated by the clerk of the Assembly to the secretary of the Council."* After the first formation of the Community, the assent of a majority of the Assembly was necessary to admit a member.

Liberty, equality, and fraternity, in downright earnest! It found favor with that heterogeneous collection of radicals, enthusiastic devotees to principle, honest latitudinarians, and lazy theorists, with a sprinkling of unprincipled sharpers thrown in.

A committee of seven (my brother William and myself included), elected at a town-meeting held January 26, 1826, were authorized to frame and report a constitution. They reported on February 1; and, after a few days' debate, the constitution, somewhat amended, was adopted on February 5. Every member of the preliminary society who signed the constitution within three days was, with his family, admitted into the Community. All but a few, who soon after left the place, subscribed; and then the books were closed.

I made no opposition to all this. I had too much of my father's all-believing disposition to anticipate results which any shrewd, cool-headed business man might have predicted.

How rapidly they came upon us! Any one who still owns a file of the weekly paper then published in New Harmony may readily trace them.

Two weeks after the formation of the Community we find: "On the 19th instant" (February) "a resolution was adopted by the Assembly directing the Executive Council to request the aid of Mr. Owen for one year in conducting the concerns of the Community in conformity with the principles of the constitution."† Three weeks later, in an editorial, we read: "General satisfaction and individual contentment have taken

the place of suspense and uncertainty. *Under the sole direction of Mr. Owen*, the most gratifying anticipations of the future may be safely indulged."*

It was four years after the declaration, in Paris, in 1848, of a Republic, before France settled down under the leadership of one man; but, at Harmony, five weeks sufficed to bring about a somewhat similar result. The difference was, however, that Louis Napoleon, false to his oath, and resorting to a *coup d'état*, upset the Republic, while my father conscientiously adhered to the instructions given by the Assembly to conform to the principles of the constitution. This very adherence, beyond doubt, caused his failure.

For a time, however, things improved under his management. Under date March 22, an editorial tells us: "While we have been discussing abstract ideas, we have neglected practical means. Our energies have been wasted in useless efforts. . . . But by the indefatigable attention of Mr. Owen, order and system have been introduced into every branch of business. Our streets no longer exhibit groups of idle talkers; each is busily engaged in the occupation he has chosen. Our public meetings, instead of being the arena of contending orators, are now places of business,"‡ etc.

• This is a useful lifting of the curtain, disclosing what the immediate effects of a premature step had been. Two months later appear symptoms of doubt. My father, reviewing the proceedings of the Community, May 10, says: "The great experiment in New Harmony is still going on, to ascertain whether a large, heterogeneous mass of persons, collected by chance, can be amalgamated into one community."‡ Up to that time, it would seem, he had delayed to make any conveyance of the land.

When three months more had

* For a copy of the constitution, see New Harmony Gazette, Vol. I.

† New Harmony Gazette of February 22, 1826, p. 175.

* New Harmony Gazette of March 8, 1826, p. 190.

† New Harmony Gazette, Vol. I. p. 207.

‡ Same volume, p. 263.

passed, my father, addressing the Assembly, said, in reply to a question as to having all things, land included, in common, "I shall be ready to form such a community whenever you are prepared for it. . . . But progress must be made in community education before all parties can be prepared for a community of common property."* He then proposed, and the Assembly adopted, a resolution that they meet three evenings in the week for community education.

These meetings continued, with gradually lessening numbers, for a month or two. Then comes an editorial admission that "a general system of trading speculation prevails"; together with "a want of confidence in the good intentions of each other."†

Finally, little more than a year after the Community experiment commenced, came official acknowledgment of its failure. The editorial containing it, though without signature, was written by my brother William and myself, as editors, on our own responsibility; but it was submitted by us, for revision as to the facts, to my father. We said: "Our opinion is that Robert Owen ascribed too little influence to the early anti-social circumstances that had surrounded many of the quickly collected inhabitants of New Harmony before their arrival there; and too much to those circumstances which his experience might enable them to create around themselves in future. . . . We are too inexperienced to hazard a judgment on the prudence and management of those who directed its execution; and the only opinion we can express with confidence is of the perseverance with which Robert Owen pursued it at great pecuniary loss to himself. One form of government was first adopted, and when that appeared unsuitable another was tried; until it appeared that the members were too various in their feelings and too dissimilar in their

habits to govern themselves harmoniously as one community. . . . New Harmony, therefore, is not now a community."*

Thenceforth, of course, the inhabitants had either to support themselves or to leave the town. But my father offered land on the Harmony estate to those who desired to try smaller community experiments, on an agricultural basis. Several were formed, some by honest, industrious workers, to whom land was leased at very low rates; while other leases were obtained by unprincipled speculators who cared not a whit for co-operative principles, but sought private gain by the operation. All finally failed as social experiments. To the workers who had acted in good faith my father ultimately sold, at a low price, the lands they occupied. By the speculators he lost in the end a large amount of personal property, of which, under false pretences, they had obtained control.

My present opinion is that, in stating the causes which led to the failure of my father's plans of social reform at New Harmony, my brother and I omitted the chief error. I do not believe that any industrial experiment can succeed which proposes equal remuneration to all men, the diligent and the dilatory, the skilled artisan and the common laborer, the genius and the drudge. I speak of the present age; what may happen in the distant future it is impossible to foresee and imprudent to predict. What may be safely predicted is, that a plan which remunerates all alike will, in the present condition of society, ultimately eliminate from a co-operative association the skilled, efficient, and industrious members, leaving an ineffective and sluggish residue, in whose hands the experiment will fail, both socially and pecuniarily.

The English associations which are now succeeding were organized under a special act of Parliament, as joint stock companies (limited); all heads of families and single adults within

* New Harmony Gazette of August 30, 1826, Vol. I. p. 391.

† New Harmony Gazette of November 8, Vol. II. p. 46.

* New Harmony Gazette, Vol. II, p. 206.

each being at once the stockholders who furnish the necessary capital, and if it be a store, the customers, or, if it be a manufacturing or agricultural establishment, the workers who give that capital its value. A small executive board, its members being themselves experienced workers, and having moderate fixed salaries, is elected by the association, and superintends all operations. These superintendents are required to visit, at stated hours throughout the day, each department of industry, and to register, on books kept for that purpose, the exact hour and duration of these visits. Each artisan or other laborer is paid wages at the rate which his services would command in the outside world; and is entitled, at the end of each year, when the profits are declared, to a dividend on his stock, in addition.

There are other important details, for example, arrangements in the nature of benefit societies in case of sickness; but they would be out of place here. This slight sketch may suffice to show, in a general way, how the workman, if he can once lay up in a savings' bank or elsewhere a small capital, may obtain the entire value of his labor; may secure permanent employment which only misconduct can forfeit; and, besides, have fair wages regularly paid, and his just proportion of profits, deducting only the necessary expense of a judicious and economical management.

Robert Owen distinguished the great principle; but, like so many other devisers, missed the working details of his scheme. If these, when stated, seem to lie so near the surface that common sagacity ought to have detected them, let us bear in mind how wise men stumbled over Columbus's simple puzzle; failing to balance an egg on one end till a touch from the great navigator's hand solved the petty mystery.

I have little doubt that the English co-operators are gradually furnishing a practical solution of the most important of industrial mysteries, — the great

problem how increased powers to produce shall not only procure increased comforts to the producer, but, at the same time, elevate him, day by day, in the moral scale, until he becomes, as the years go on, a self-respecting, upright, intelligent man.

That these civilizing influences should result from the principle of association for mutual benefit is according to the due order of human progress. Animals are self-dependent and individually isolated, and so are liable to grave injury from slight cause, and are daily in peril from stronger and fiercer brutes.* Savage man is but a step in advance of this; and scarcely more secure, than he is the laborer of modern days, when segregated from his class, and fighting the life battle, single-handed, against capital and competition. Divided, he falls lower and lower in the social scale. United only, — but it must be judiciously united, † — can he succeed in attaining security and comfort. Nor need he surrender wholesome liberty in associating for common good: the English co-operative workman is far more free, as well as more safe, than his isolated neighbors.

Such considerations may palliate, in my father's case, the charge of rash confidence, and what may seem reckless self-sacrifice, in carrying out his favorite plans. He expended in the purchase of the Harmony property, real and personal, in paying the debts of the Community during the year of its existence, and in meeting his ultimate losses the next year by swindlers, upwards of two hundred thousand dollars.

* The effect upon animals of what has been called "natural selection," says Wallace, "depends mainly on their self-dependence and individual isolation. A slight injury, a temporary illness, leaves the individual powerless against its enemies." — *Work on Natural Selection* already quoted, p. 311.

† What is the effect on a laboring father of a family, with two dollars and a half a week to support them, of "slight injury or temporary illness"? Is he not at the mercy of his enemies, — abject penury, starvation?

‡ Trades unions are often but disguised tyrannies; examples of an excellent principle, miserably perverted.

Had his plans succeeded, he would, beyond question, have conveyed the whole of his Indiana property in trust forever, without value received, or any compensation other than the satisfaction of success, to support co-operative associations there. Thus, as his property did not then reach quarter of a million, he was willing to give up more than four fifths of what he was worth to this great experiment.

The remainder, not exceeding forty thousand dollars, might have sufficed for a competence, had he been content to live quietly upon it. But it soon melted away in a hundred expenditures for experiments, publications, and the like, connected with social and industrial reform. He seems to have felt it to be a point of honor, so long as he had means left, to avert reproach from the cause of co-operation by paying debts left standing at the close of unsuccessful experiments, whenever these had been conducted in good faith.*

One result of all this seems to me now so little like what usually happens in this world, that, if it provoke incredulity, I think the sceptics may be readily excused. It relates to my brother William and myself, exemplifying the effect of early habits and impressions. Soon after our return from Hofwyl, my father had made us partners in the New Lanark mills, conveying to each of us one share of fifty thousand dollars. We bought whatever we wanted; and, as it happened, our profits amply sufficed for our wants. Yet I cannot call to mind that I ever examined my part-

nership account, or posted myself as to the balance.

When my father agreed to devote four fifths of the property that would naturally have come to us, as his heirs, to the cause of reform, neither William nor I, to the best of my recollection, expressed or even felt regret that it was about to pass away from us. Several years after the purchase of Harmony, when we learned from my father that his funds were running low, we both volunteered to transfer to him, unconditionally, our New Lanark shares. He accepted the offer as frankly as it was made; but he conveyed to us jointly land on the Harmony estate worth about thirty thousand dollars. Engrossed with the sanguine hopes of youth and the vague dreams of enthusiasm, I believe that I scarcely bestowed a second thought on the pecuniary independence for life which I was thus relinquishing. If any one had lauded my disinterestedness, it would have been unmerited praise; it was simply indifference, not self-sacrifice. Nor do I remember ever pining after the luxuries of Braxfield, or wishing myself back again in the Old World.

My father's intention in bringing us up thus unconcerned about money and careless as to its acquisition was kind and commendable; it was far better than to have taught us that riches are the main chance in life, and that all things else should be postponed to money-getting; but I am of opinion now that it was a grave mistake, nevertheless. I think a father ought to say to his sons, as I have said to mine: "Money is a power for good as well as for evil. It is an element of personal independence. Do not grasp after it; yet seek to acquire it fairly, honorably, without doing hard things, especially without grinding others. Do not enter public life until you shall have set apart what suffices for a reputable living, and invested your savings with reference to absolute safety rather than to high rate of interest. Thus, on solid ground yourself, you can the

* In the year 1832 (for example), there was established in London, by workmen friendly to co-operation, a Bazaar, or "Labor Exchange." At first my father was requested to act as manager, which he did without salary, merely stipulating that no expense or risk should devolve upon him; but, after a time, the parties concerned thought they could manage better themselves, and my father withdrew. When, at a later period (says one of his biographers), the business was wound up, "there was a deficiency of upwards of twelve thousand dollars; and when it was represented to Mr. Owen that it was through confidence in him that many persons had been led to make deposits, whose distress or even ruin would ensue if the loss were not made up, he assumed and paid the whole." *Life of Robert Owen*, Philadelphia, 1866, pp. 223, 224.

more effectively lend a hand to the cause of reform ; and if you are elected a legislator, or to other civil service, you can act out your convictions, without fear that loss of office will reduce you to poverty."

My father took a less practical, if more Scriptural, view of things, virtually telling us : " Seek first the good of human kind, and all other things shall be added unto you." He protected us, however, to a great extent, from suffering while following such advice. For, at a later period, he conveyed to his sons, then citizens of the United States, the New Harmony property, his only surviving daughter being already provided for. All he required of us in return was to execute a deed of trust, of some thirty thousand dollars' worth of land, burdened with an annuity to him, during his life, of fifteen hundred a year ; after that a life interest to his daughters-in-law, and the fee to their children. The above annuity was his sole dependence for support during many years of his life. We, with the means he put into our hands, might have readily accumulated an assured independence by the time we reached middle age, had we known (which we did not) how to manage and improve Western property, and had we steadily followed up the pursuit of a competency, as we ought to have done. There is more power in knowledge than in gold, no matter how large the pile.

In looking back upon myself as I was in those days, I have often wondered how far my after-life might have been affected by the judicious advice of some cool-headed, dispassionate friend, one who, while sharing many of my aspirations, would have brought the chastening experience of a long life to mould and give wise direction to them : what, for example, the result would have been if the Robert Dale Owen of seventy could have become the counsellor of the Robert Dale Owen of twenty-five ; talking over that eager youth's ideas of reform with him ; dissecting his views of life here and his doubts of life hereafter ; correcting his

crudities and calling in question his hasty conclusions.

I found no such mentor, but met, instead, with a friend some ten years my senior, possessing various noble qualities, but with ideas on many subjects, social and religious, even more immature and extravagant than my own. This new acquaintance mainly shaped, for several years, the course and tenor of my life.

Frances Wright was a cultivated Englishwoman of good family, who, though left an orphan at an early age, had received a careful and finished education, was thoroughly versed in the literature of the day, well informed on all general subjects, and spoke French and Italian fluently. She had travelled and resided for years in Europe, was an intimate friend of General Lafayette, had made the acquaintance of many leading reformers, Hungarian, Polish, and others, and was a thorough republican ; indeed, an advocate of universal suffrage, without regard to color or sex, — a creed that was much more rare forty years ago than it is to-day. Refined in her manner and language, she was a radical alike in politics, morals, and religion.

She had a strong, logical mind, a courageous independence of thought, and a zealous wish to benefit her fellow-creatures ; but the mind had not been submitted to early discipline, the courage was not tempered with prudence, the philanthropy had little of common-sense to give it practical form and efficiency. Her enthusiasm, eager but fitful, lacked the guiding check of sound judgment. Her abilities as an author and a lecturer were of a high order ; but an inordinate estimate of her own mental powers and an obstinate adherence to opinions once adopted detracted seriously from the influence which her talents and eloquence might have exerted. A redeeming point was, that to carry out her convictions she was ready to make great sacrifices, personal and pecuniary. She and a younger sister, a lady alike amiable and estimable, had always lived and journeyed together,

were independent in their circumstances, and were devotedly attached to each other.

She had various personal advantages,—a tall, commanding figure; somewhat slender and graceful, though the shoulders were a little bit too high; a face the outline of which in profile, though delicately chiselled, was masculine rather than feminine, like that of an Antinous, or perhaps more nearly typifying a Mercury; the forehead broad, but not high; the short, chestnut hair curling naturally all over a classic head; the large, blue eyes not soft, but clear and earnest. When I first met her, at Harmony, in the summer of 1826, some of the peculiarities of character above set forth had not developed themselves. She was then known, in England and here, only as the author of a small work entitled *A Few Days in Athens*, published and favorably received in London; and of a volume of travels in the United States, in which she spoke in laudatory tone of our institutions and of our people. She condemned, indeed, in strong terms—as enlightened foreigners were wont to do—that terrible offence against human liberty (tolerated, alas! by our Constitution) which the greatest war of modern times has since blotted out.

But she did more than to condemn the crime of slavery: she sought, albeit with utterly inadequate means and knowledge, to act as pioneer in an attempt to show how it might be gradually suppressed. She had already purchased a large tract of unimproved farming land, situated in West Tennessee, about fourteen miles back of Memphis, on both sides of a small stream called by the Indians *Nē-sho-bāh*, or Wolf River; and she had bought and removed to that place nine negro slaves. Her confident hope was, to prove that these people could, in a few years, by their own labor, work out their liberty; and, with a strange ignorance alike of Southern character and of the force of lifelong habits, and of the sway of selfish

motive among the rich and idle, she was credulous enough to expect that the better intentioned among the planters of the South would gradually follow her example.

Miss Wright's vigorous character, rare cultivation, and hopeful enthusiasm gradually gave her great influence over me; and I recollect her telling me, one day when I had expressed, in the *New Harmony Gazette*, with more than usual fearlessness, some radical opinions which she shared, that I was one of the few persons she had ever met with whom she felt that, in her reformatory efforts, she could act in unison. Thus we became intimate friends, and in the sequel coeditors.

Friends; but never, throughout the years we spent together, anything more. I felt and acted toward her, at all times, just as I would toward a brave, spirited, elder comrade of my own sex. Affections already engaged and the difference of age may have had their weight; but, aside from this, while I saw much to admire in Frances Wright, I found nothing to love.

Whether I was ever Quixotic enough to believe that her experiment at Nashoba (so she named her plantation) would, to any appreciable extent, promote negro emancipation, I cannot now call to mind. I think that the feature in her plan which chiefly attracted me was her proposal there to collect, from among the cultivated classes of England and America, a few kindred spirits who should have their small, separate dwellings, contribute to a common fund enough for their support, and spend their time in "lettered leisure." I probably pictured to myself a woodland cottage, with honeysuckle-shaded porch, and with Jessie and myself as its inmates.

We learn of one of Homer's heroes, that the gods

"Granted half his prayer;

The rest the winds dispersed in empty air":

but I was less favored. No part of my Tennessee dream was to be realized.

Robert Dale Owen.

THE SUMMER'S JOURNEY OF A NATURALIST.

III. FROM THE POTOMAC TO THE JAMES.

THE Potomac is now chief among our American historical rivers. Though its waters were never reddened by any decisive battle, it is more closely connected with the great struggle, through all its many years, than any other landmark. Fortunately it is worthy of its place among great events. Few streams in our land compare with it in beauty. We came upon it on our journey from the northward with no study for effects, yet the views we got of it were very beautiful. Below Cumberland it has been reduced by many great branches. The Shenandoah is a considerable river, and the South Potomac is much larger than the stream which, following more nearly the line of the main river, has held its name. The valley in which it lies is by far the handsomest of the many which cut this mountain system. Away to the westward we could trace its course where the hills fell on its borders, and a few miles above us it opens out into a steeply walled plain through a grand gateway of cliffs. Our road led us through Cumberland, where a thriving and dirty city is swallowing up what seems to have been a pretty old town in those days when the National Road and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal gave it a sleepy prosperity. Hurrying through the town in a driving rain, we entered at once upon a dreary upland, where all the timber had been cut away to give sweep to the fire of the guns of the fortress which crowned a neighboring hill. We wandered on until the darkness made us glad to camp on a little by-way which ran under the canal and over a ford in the Potomac. All night we could hear the shouting of the boatmen and the thunder of the railway trains that ran by its side. The river here is only a summer stream, with quiet pools of

water — so warm, even in the morning, that our swim was debilitating — strung together by a rivulet only partly filling its broad bed, covered elsewhere with a random growth of plants. The banks, as far as we could see in the blue fog of the early morning, were bordered with noble trees; great sycamores were poised in hardy attitudes on the bank, some with vast roots as flying buttresses, and ancient branches with a strange, stony surface which made them seem like fragments of arches in some old ruin. Here and there a grape-vine had weighed down some younger tree, with its mass of foliage making a tent-shaped dome of green. There was a luxuriance in these tangled woods surpassing anything we had seen before.

Our road led us down the valley for several miles to the mouth of a stream called Patterson's Creek, where we crossed the Potomac. The scenery was lovely all the way, and at the ford became indeed enchanting. There was a beautiful gorge just below the crossing, where the river had cut through a high ridge, and the rock in its massive beds was seen forming the great arch of the mountain, with all the regularity of art. The river, widened by many little tributaries, lay before us in a wide, shallow pool, through which the ford ran. Over the river our short journey in Maryland was at an end, and we were on Virginia soil. The only thing noteworthy at first was the admirable road which led up the stream we were now to follow to its source. For a week we had been struggling with obstacles, so that the change was very welcome. Unlike the smaller valleys we had already traversed, this through which Patterson's Creek ran was very wide and level, giving a place for the road and broad meadows below the mountains on either side. The creek is a pretty river about fifty

feet wide, with water of marvellous clearness and very potable, though with a temperature of ninety degrees. The mountains have changed their form since we crossed the river: they are no longer all made on the same model as in Pennsylvania, but have a large share of individuality. The greater hills have often ragged crests, and are surrounded by clusters of foot-hills which give charming foregrounds. This is an unexplored land for the geologist, and amazingly rich in fossils. Near the ford the *débris* by the roadside abounded in crinoids; an hour's search gave over twenty exquisite fossil heads of these lilies of the ancient seas. We camped at night beside the stream, beneath a noble sycamore. One branch of this tree was the finest thing in its way I ever saw. Leaving the trunk near its base, it rose in a stately sweep full fifty feet from the earth, and then bent back until its fan of foliage swept the ground.

Our sabbath here was quite undisturbed. Ever since we crossed the Maryland line, the people have respected the privacy of our camp as much as they would a more substantial home. Those who are brought by chance near us move on with at most a short greeting. With better manners comes less thrift. The land is good along the stream, but the farms are poorly kept and show aimless, shiftless lives. War has done something to ruin the country, but want of teaching and too much whiskey have been far more destructive to the race. The new conditions are also marked by a change of language. *You was* and *we was gone done, done gone done,* and *gwine gone done*, familiar music to our ears, are perplexing to the most of our party. To add to the peculiarities of speech, we have here one singular use of a word; *reck-on* is usually in the South the equivalent of the Northern *guess* or *calculate*: but here it comes to be used as the expression *du tell*, as a pure exclamation. Surprise a native with any statement, he says, "I reckon," and may repeat it several times, as an Englishman does his "Dear me."

When we crossed the Potomac we left domestic thrift behind, and in its place we got the picturesque. The eye always gets a certain satisfaction from the log-cabin when it is well made, for it is a thoroughly "constructive" building. It is the only perfectly sound thing architecturally one is apt to see in this country. Many of these cabins are very well built, two separate "pens," as they are called, being joined under one roof, so as to make a broad open gallery between, the roof being carried far forward, so as to make a wide veranda. Life goes on with an openness quite Italian. These un-walled places are the living-rooms of the family. A swarm of children, the middle aged, and the old are generally clustered there, with yelping hounds, chickens, and other elements of rural life. We often see all the forms of household industry at once. On one broad veranda spinning-wheels, large and small, a loom, and a churn were all at work. Wagons are very rare. We travelled more than a day over the best road we have had in a thousand miles, without seeing one. The people are all on horseback. As we get farther up the valley, we begin to see more and more the effects of war. Often every other cabin will be empty, its tattered roof and open windows showing that it has long been a broken home. There is but one answer to the question we often asked as to the owner's fate,—Killed in the war. Sometimes one comes across a little settlement with half a dozen houses quite abandoned, even the paths to the doors thick-grown with the rapid undergrowth of the country. All this is very saddening, for these people, though rude and illiterate, have intense home ties; each of these tenantless houses marks a bitter sorrow,—some home made desolate by the death of its head, some family scattered in the world.

Every mile of southing carries us twenty feet or more higher above the sea. The air grows lighter and more exhilarating. We are now some twelve hundred feet in the air, with

much of the load of life off our shoulders. There is a pervading heat, but it is tempered by fresh breezes, and made delightful by a certain breathable quality. This is a region of great rainfall and evaporation, so the air has qualities not found farther to the northward. It is richer in color and perspective effects; the hills shade away in the distance, instead of having the hard, cold outline of the New Hampshire hills. The earth marks the increased rainfall more clearly than the air. There is a wealth of water only equalled in Switzerland. We are always in sight of it; sometimes the springs come out like great underground brooks, as they are; and they are always cold and pure, and full of trout to their sources. They have run for miles in the endless caverns which are hollowed beneath all these mountains.

The third day from the Potomac we descried the defile which divides the valley of Patterson's Creek from the south branch of the river. The view was one of the finest, if not the very best, of our whole journey. Back on our road the mountains were shut out by the nearer hills, but to the south there was an extended prospect; the valley of the Potomac was wide and greatly varied. Some few miles away began again the mountain system, but higher and more closely knit than we had seen before; for ten miles, in an east and west direction, it seemed a great wall rising two thousand feet above the river, and cut by the gorges of several streams. Farther to the south, rounded mountains and sharper peaks were heaped above each other, until they faded in the illimitable distance. There was a strength about the outlines of these mountains which made them finer elements of the landscape than the White Mountains or any of our Northern hills. A noble solitude wrapped the scene. Man has done little to make or mar: it is really an untouched wilderness.

At dusk we passed the little town of Petersburg, near the bank of the river. It was, take it altogether, the meanest

looking village of its size we had yet seen. There were no visible means of support for the thousand people it contained. They did not look well-fed, though well-built and stalwart. Everything had an ancient, out-of-the-world look which, in its way, was interesting. The houses were squalid cabins, but it was curious to see that almost all had an abundance of flowers planted in the small patches of land, or in tubs by the doors.

There are no bridges here, nor have ever been; so we struggled through the stream across a difficult ford. The river is about two hundred feet wide and three feet deep, — a swift stream of the purest water I have ever seen. The bottom is paved with great boulders, through which our unhappy teams had to wrestle as best they could. We camped just below the ford in another of those beautiful green borders to the streams which have of late given us such famous camping-grounds. Twenty times a day we come across places which so invite us by their beauty and fitness for a camp that it seems hard to pass them by, — wood, water, clear sward, and sheltering trees, with young growths to furnish tent-poles, and to be found anywhere on a little search.

By an accident at the ford we lost the alcohol from my can of snakes, and were obliged to go back to town to replace it with the vile whiskey of a bar-room, which was sure to kill, but was not remarkable for its preserving properties. It was curious to see the hungry-looking crowd of loafers eye the gallons of precious stuff vanishing among the snakes and fish. There were loud and deep protests against the profanation. The objections might have been more effective had the spectators not been somewhat dazed by the inconceivable character of the whole performance. "Three-dollar whiskey given to the *varmints*," as one expressed it, "enough to give them all a good time for a week, was enough to rile any man."

Our night's camp was in cool air beneath a sky of marvellous brilliancy. It was one of those nights when the

heavens deepen until one fancies one sees the stars in long perspective ; and already some new stars began to show along the southern sky. The next day we climbed over the divide which separates the waters of the Potomac from the James. The head-waters cross each other like the interlaced branches of two forest trees, so that it was hard to be sure where one system began and the other ended ; but the rambling rills soon gathered themselves into a beautiful river, which grew in a few miles to a scarcely fordable stream.

We camped for our Sunday rest in a grove beside the road, by the noblest spring we have yet drunk from ; it came up out of a little green plat at the foot of the mountain in a great basin of mossgrown rocks, from which it poured a little river. There were three other great springs on the same farm of two hundred acres. The owner of the land offered to catch us some trout in the native fashion. After dark a party, which must have represented all the people within three miles, appeared, furnished with pine torches and great hand-nets shaped like sugar-shovels. The men with these waded into the stream, and, working upward, drove the fish before them, while the people on the bank with their flaming torches helped to confuse the poor creatures. The motley crowd of men, women, and children, all aglow with the torchlight, the fishers wading and plunging in the stream, the stranded fish dancing on the grass made a wonderful piece of color in the thick night. The fish, though it seemed at first as if the stream should be swept of them, managed pretty generally to elude their pursuers. By the torchlight one could see them flashing, like shooting stars, through the water, hurrying up stream, or dashing with quick turns through their pursuers and into safety below. They seemed to understand that their safety lay down stream. The drove that went up the river moved hesitatingly, turning every now and then to reconnoitre the line of nets ; if they found a break in the line, they

charged it with wonderful quickness, and were out of sight in an instant. After a *drive* of an hour, during which half a mile of pool and rapid was searched, a hundred trout of good size were in the baskets ; those under size were allowed to escape through the large meshes of the nets, or were turned into the water as soon as caught.

In the morning we explored a cave which opened near our camp, one of the thousand which undermine this region. The only noticeable thing was the contrast between the purity of the air within and without the cave. Coming out after dark, the air, so pure to our senses before, seemed a reek of odors ; there was a rank, stifling smell of the vegetation, a sickening odor from the river, with a variety of unclassified sensations besides.

At the end of our day's journey we left the valley, and, climbing a thousand feet, found ourselves on a table-land fenced round with mountains and yielding the waters of the Warm, the Hot, and the Healing Springs. The Warm Springs were prettily situated, with some good buildings, but looking a good deal neglected. Fashion has rather passed away from it, though there seemed to be a hundred people, with the devoted faith which valetudinarians learn to feel in springs, trying to wash away a variety of ills. We are in a region where this sort of hostelry abounds. South of the Warm Springs, a few miles distant, lie the Hot and the Healing Springs, both more thronged than this. Just beyond, on our road to Milborough, we came upon the Bath Alum Springs, with waters of great name, which must be deserved if they could make men out of some of the wrecks we saw about the place. We feel so far removed from our kind that throngs of any description are repulsive, and the congregations of disordered bodies about these springs are the worst phases of the supercivilization we have been wandering away from. So we say our politest nay to the kindly invitations to tarry, and hurry on to our next camp. Near here we passed

by the mouth of a singular cave. Our road lay along the base of a cliff by which ran a beautiful river, another tributary of the James. The cliff was richly sculptured in the rude reliefs of decay, and, well mantled with foliage at its base, were many small, cavern-like recesses, and one deeper opening which evidently led far into the mountain. As we approached this the air became rapidly cooler, and, when near its mouth, we were in a rush of air which poured from it, seemingly as cold as a winter wind. The blast was so strong that it would float away a handkerchief for some distance, the air having a movement of at least six miles an hour. No one could tell us anything about the cave, except that it blew all summer and drew in its breath in the wintertime. The temperature of the air was that of the mean annual heat of this region, about sixty degrees, the outside air being about thirty degrees higher.

From this point we made a journey by railroad over to the White Sulphur Springs, in order to get a glimpse at the mountain sections and of the greatest of the Virginia watering-places. We found a well-arranged and picturesque caravansary; a central hall used for dining, and other public rooms, and a large number of cottages scattered around the borders of a great ellipse. The place was crowded to suffocation. It was said that there were three thousand people gathered for the "fancy ball" which was to take place that night. The dust beaten up by the carriages, the din of servants, the smell of food, with the hateful odor of crowded mankind, to which our savage senses were very sensitive, drove us away. We thought to stay several days, but in two hours we were on the train for our camp with its sweet simplicity.

We are out of the central region of the mountains when we descend into Rockbridge County. There are many isolated masses, some of majestic proportions, through which our road winds its way, but they are disconnected

ruins of the long ridges of the main system, points which have long since been won by the forces contending against the mountains. Our road falls upon a little river, the valley of which we follow nearly all the way to Lexington, — one of a hundred brooks we have followed from their source to their full-grown proportions, but one of the prettiest. For a fortnight we had not seen anything worthy to be called a farm; here decent culture begins to appear again. Negroes are still rare; so far they have been rarer in Virginia than in any other part of our journey. It is evident that slaves were few; and the signs of thrift lend a color to the statement that most of the people are descendants of Scotch emigrants of the last century. We camped just outside of Lexington, and in the morning visited the town, which has some attractions derived from its being the seat of two considerable schools, — the Washington College, now rejoicing in the more ambitious title of Washington and Lee University; and the less pretentious but more effective Virginia Military Institute. I have never seen in America a more charming prospect than was given us from the long hill which led in a beautiful slope into the vast, plane-like valley where, on a graceful elevation, the little city sat. The ridge we were on was the last of the outliers of the Alleghany chain. Before us, to the east, stretched the great trough twenty miles wide which divides the mountains of that chain from the parallel Blue Ridge. The surface of this region was well cultivated, and dotted over with little hamlets or large farm-houses. Far in the distance these gave way to thick forests, while along the horizon rose the majestic Blue Ridge broken into deep, gorge-like valleys and strong-lined peaks. There was a lovely haze over everything, — a dim color which did not shorten the range of eye, but only showed clearly the gradations of distance, without the sharp *silhouette* character of our more Northern landscapes. The air is far more humid

here than in most parts of the country, and the moisture gives us those rich air effects which are wanting without it. The village of Lexington was interesting, though rather squalid, from the throngs of negroes who have gathered about it. At times there were glimpses of the American lazzaroni life which the negroes afford. No one who has seen the negro in Northern conditions has an idea of the luxuriance of his tropical characters; it takes several months of hot weather every year to bring him to full bloom. It is a pity that the stern realities of life are to drive away this happy, careless people before they have had their pictures taken for coming time. Black persons will survive for centuries, but the "nigger" will be dead in ten years, slain by the schoolmaster.

The two schools are pleasantly disposed on the top of a ridge, with most enchanting views. Washington and Lee University was an unshapely, dingy old building. The students were away, but the place offended the sight by its dirty, unkept look. There was a little chapel in the grounds new enough to make the old building look the more forlorn. A boundary fence separated the grounds from those of the Military Institute, where the order of a well-kept garrison prevailed. There were half a dozen buildings in the grounds, well built, though with an aspiration after the castellate which was a little excessive; all the walls were marked by fire, — marked in a way to make one blush for the barbarism which characterized some of our acts in the last war. When this place was taken, without defence, by General Hunter, he ordered the buildings to be burned, with their library, laboratories, etc. Even the gas machinery was, by order, cut to pieces with axes, to make the destruction more complete.

It is not too much to say that this school is about the most satisfactory thing in the South, in the way of an educational institution. A good corps of teachers gives tuition to about two hundred students. The appliances for

teaching are good. The chemical laboratory would compare favorably with that of some of our best Northern schools. The library to replace that lost by fire is already reasonably good. There is the beginning of a museum of applied mechanics, with especial reference to mining industry. The machinery of the school seemed effective. However much one might doubt the propriety of keeping the mediæval machinery of a military school working at this time, one could not fail to feel a pleasure at the sight of the trim, clean, handsome boys who kept guard. The effect in fostering those traits which are most apt to be wanting in the Southern character — order, system, and mental alacrity — is undoubtedly good. The students are fed in a mess-hall, with kitchens worked on a military system, with all the best modern appliances for cooking by steam, bake-ovens, etc. The dinner we saw in preparation was excellent in quality, better in material than that of the average boarding-house at Cambridge, and much better cooked. The physical result of the salubrious conditions is marked in all the young men; a more manly set of boys I never saw. Among the teachers are Matthew F. Maury, author of the *Physical Geography of the Sea*, and Brooke, the inventor of the deep-sea sounding apparatus, which more than anything else has helped to make soundings at great depths possible.

Our road carried us by the Natural Bridge, once among the celebrated "wonders," of America, and now undeservedly forgotten. It remains the noblest arch in the world. Although only the fragment of the roof of a cavern which once existed here, it is a singularly regular object, and might well be the monument of a Titanic race.

We seem to have found a way into an *impasse*, for all the country agrees that there is no road out to the eastward towards Lynchburg, where our plans lead us. The old road has been abandoned since the canal was built, and the canal was swept away by a great inundation the year before. Our

only chance seemed to be to take to the tow-path of the canal, which was reported passable for a few miles, though hardly wide enough for our wheels. At times we feared we should not be able to work along the narrow crest and over the frail bridges, which were not made for wagons; but the beauty of the scene richly repaid the difficulties of the journey. The James comes from the Alleghanies, already a beautiful and majestic river. There is no water clearer. Where we came upon it, it is just beginning its assault upon the outworks of the Blue Ridge, the last obstacle between it and the sea. Finally, we emerged into a rich country, where a costly and well-built road led us by a climb of many hundred feet above the river, over the main line of the Blue Ridge, and into the lower country beyond. After a dreary camp in a barren, flood-swept river terrace, we marched towards the "No Business Mountains," as an outlier of the Blue Ridge is called. They were even lovelier than the main mountains, though they seem drawn like a wall across the valley. No wonder the natives think that they have no business here.

Once up the difficult slopes, the vast plain of Virginia and the array of mountains behind were in the range of eye. The eastern view had all the expansiveness of the sea, with the more charming variety which is given by tenanted earth. We lingered long upon these lovely mountains, and at length with yearning looked our last upon the blue, billowy hills behind us that had been for two months our home, and went down the hill towards Lynchburg. This was the last day of our wild journey, for there we sent our wagons and horses home through Norfolk by rail and sea, and came back to the ways of the world. One and all, we were grieved to end our vagabond life. Those things which were at first chafing had become the most familiar and unnoticed accidents. We had learned the simple joys of a careless, savage life. It needs no more than a year's training to bring

your Brummel down to the uses of the bone cave people. Our two months had served to take us as far on the road as the Arab. There is a fascination in the freedom of the life we had been leading. We had wandered as we listed. Each morning brought anew the sense of perfect freedom. During the day we hurried or loitered as it might profit, and at night some silent and shadowy wood stretched its arms towards us, tendering blessed rest.

Lynchburg was, in slaveholding times, the centre of the tobacco trade of the South; although the land about it was not the richest, there was a rich population all around composed of large slave and land holders. For nearly two centuries the planters had lived their simple life under their peculiar conditions; and here, better than anywhere else, the student who would inform himself concerning that singular condition of society should come. It is the boast of some of Mr. Darwin's followers; that man is exempt from the operations of selection; but we have here two conspicuous cases of that sort of action. The increase of population, both white and black, in Virginia, during its two centuries of history, has been exceedingly rapid. The descendants of the early settlers, slave and free, now living, probably amount to at least seven millions, while not more than one eighth of that number now live within the limits of Eastern Virginia. But the migration of the two races has been so carried on as to produce a sharp contrast in effect. The white families have very generally lost their younger and more energetic children, who have gone to found the vigorous communities of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, as well as to share the pioneer's work in nearly every other Western and Southern State. This drain of the best part of its white youth from the State has undoubtedly lowered the mental and physical tone of the people below the point it would have attained if no such drain had existed. With the negroes, however, the selection

operated in a different way: as they increased far more rapidly than the industry of the country could make use of their labor, they were constantly sent away to communities where the demand was great; and it was this rapid increase which led to the miserable traffic in men between Virginia and the South. In the exportation the planter naturally exercised a great deal of selection. The intelligent, handsome negro was valued about the house, and had endeared himself to the master; he would be kept, while the loutish, vicious fellow would be sold to the trader, who knew that his coarse grain would wear better in the cotton-fields of Mississippi than the finer, house-servant type. Emigration in this case was an elevating and purifying influence. In connection with each old family of whites, one or more families of negroes were almost always associated; of these, few were sold South, unless they fell into irreclaimably bad ways. Two centuries of education with the whites has developed this constantly selected stock into a race which, in physical condition and mental capacity, more nearly approaches the whites than so different a race has ever done before. The negroes about Lynchburg are the handsomest in the South. The admixture of white blood is not large, but it is enough to give an intelligent look to the stalwart men and women one sees on every side. Some of the women, with seven-eighths black blood, are quite fine looking. The intelligence of the people is surprising. Whenever I could do so, it was my custom to talk with the most intelligent negroes. On every plantation there is apt to be some one of the race remarkable for wit or sagacity. A friend, one of the best educated and most intelligent gentlemen in the State, took pride in showing me a negro woman whose family had been slaves with his ancestors for generations. When summoned and told that a stranger wished to talk with her about her people, she came with an easy simplicity of manner which showed the effect of long contact with the

higher race. I have never got as well-directed answers from any uneducated person. Our talk lasted about an hour, and ranged over the whole question of the condition and prospects of her race. The schools were not so well maintained as at first, the blacks having been disappointed in the immediate results of education. She thought that there was more money earned and more saved than in the first years of freedom. The great desire now was to get land and make farms. She had herself earned enough to make the first payment on a small farm, where she hoped to live and die, in sight of the "old house." Her people had just begun to learn to distrust the peripatetic swindlers who, with the close of the war, had flocked among them with infinitely varied schemes for getting their votes and their money. She saw no reason why the whites and blacks could not go along quietly together, each living as they pleased. In all my catechizing, she never wandered from the subject, never brought in her own personal affairs, except to give some natural illustration, and always knew when she had said enough. Any one who has tried to learn by questioning the illiterate knows how rare all this is.

In the Lynchburg country one begins to find the fine old homes and great plantations of Virginia. The stranger travelling by rail sees only by chance in his journey through the State one or two of these homes. The places are generally large; the old plantations had often many thousand acres within their boundaries. Even in the richest country it is generally a few miles from one old place to another. They are generally so bedded in foliage that one may pass quite near without seeing them. One of the handsomest country places I ever saw was miles from any road which could be traversed by ordinary vehicles. We went to it in a heavy wagon over by-ways that are impassable during the rainy season. It was a mile from the gateway to the house, through wide cornfields and forest, yet

in this secluded place was a home as elegant as most of the villas about New York or Boston, beautifully furnished, and with a fine library. The floors were of polished and waxed woods, the rooms spacious and high, and the furniture of the older English models before the invasion of French taste. Nor are these houses wanting in the choicer luxuries of life. The handsomest old silver in the country, the English models of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is to be found in them. At one place we found one of the finest graperies I have ever seen.

Even stronger than the love of domestic comfort, with a share of state, is the love of land. In this the Virginian has never lost the fancies of the mother-country. No country gentleman is satisfied with less than a thousand acres. It is likely that he has two or three thousand about him, and many thousand more on the mountains, from which he gets little profit, unless he can count the satisfaction of mere ownership as profitable. I fancy that, apart from slavery, we are nearer the tone of country life in England in the eighteenth century in Virginia than we can get now in the mother-country. The isolation of estates, which was destroyed in England by the quick communication, and the overwhelming influence of the capital, remains here with all its peculiar consequences on the people. Fox-hunting—not the degraded form of the sport which is found in Pennsylvania and to the northward, where the fox is shot on sight, but the riding to hounds—still has a firm hold in Virginia. It is an interesting question why all these English ways have lived here while they have died farther to the north. The love of land among the Massachusetts people has died out almost as completely as among the Jews; all the ways of life have turned into new channels; but here, notwithstanding slavery, the old England has remained almost unchanged. It is likely

that slavery, seemingly so different from anything in England, really supplied a tenant class, towards whom the landlord feeling could be exercised; and through the continuance of this conservative feature in society all the rest has been kept alive. Far too much has been made of the assumed difference between the Puritan origin of the Massachusetts clergy and the Cavalier descent of their brethren farther south. Something of difference certainly exists, but less than is commonly supposed. More is to be attributed to the rigidity given to society by the institution of slavery.

Our last day in Virginia was spent at the University of Charlottesville. This pet child of Jefferson is one of the most interesting schools in this country. There is no school in America built on so grand a plan as this, at least so far as its masonry is concerned. A huge building of classic architecture, with a pediment supported by Corinthian columns, with noble marble capitals and incongruous shafts of brick and stone, gives the offices of the school, its library, lecture-rooms, and principal hall. In the latter are some respectable bits of art, among others a fair copy of the School of Athens. The front of this building forms one end of a great quadrangle, the sides being bordered by long lines of brick buildings, part one story, giving dormitories for students, part two stories, for the dwellings of the teachers; the farther end of the quadrangle is open, looking over a beautiful lawn with a lovely vista of rolling country and distant blue mountains. The system of the school is good. It keeps a high standard for its degrees, and deserves in every way the warmest support of those who look to the education of the Southern people for the rehabilitation of that lovely but unhappy part of our country. It was pleasant to bid good by to Virginia sights in our last look at the stately buildings of this monument to her intelligence.

N. S. Shaler.

THE SHORE HOUSE..

WHILE Aunt Mary and I were living in Boston last spring, I found with my other letters one morning at breakfast a note from one of my friends, which was evidently written in a very excited state of mind:—

DEAR ELLY: I have a plan; I think it a most delightful plan, in which you and I are chief characters. Promise me you will say yes; if you do not, you will have to remember all your life that you broke a girl's heart. Come round soon as possible and lunch with me. I'm all alone, and it's a long story.

K.

I told Aunt Mary, Kate wished me to spend the morning with her, and went "round," very much interested. My latch-key opened the Lancasters' door, which was a great convenience, and I went to the parlor, where I heard Kate practising. I went up to her, and she turned her head and we kissed each other solemnly. You need not smile; we are not sentimental girls, Kate particularly is much averse to indiscriminate kissing. She has an unkind habit of shying, and sometimes I see a pained look when the circumstances are more than commonly aggravating.

"Sit down, my dear," said she, and took no further notice of me for at least half an hour, while she went on playing furiously. I knew her ways, and waited till she spoke:—

"Have you heard that my grand-aunt, Miss Katherine Brandon of Deephen, is dead?" She had departed this life the November previous.

"Don't be nonsensical, Kate!"

"My grand-aunt died very old," continued my friend, "and was the last of her family. There were two sisters and four or five brothers, one of whom had the honor of being my grandfather, and besides these, there were some who died young. Mamma is sole heir

to the Deephen estates, wharf, property, and all, and it is a great inconvenience to her. The house is very old, and my ancestors followed the sea and brought home the greater part of its furnishings. I have been there very little, for when I was a child Miss Katherine found no pleasure in the society of children, and when I was older she did not care to see strangers. I was busy with my lessons, and she grew more and more feeble. I have not been there for years. Mamma often went down. There are lovely woods not very far inland, and delightful rocks at the shore."

Kate told this a sentence at a time, with a few appropriate bars of music between, after the fashion of the man in *The Pacha of Many Tales*: "A thousand white elephants, richly caparisoned—ti tum tilly tilly ti tum ti—" And at this point she reached for a piece of music and played it carefully from beginning to end. After the triumphant closing chords: "Will ye step aboard, my dearest, for the high seas lie before us!" sang she exultantly, and sat down on the floor at my feet.

"Papa has just decided he must go to England in a month, and mamma is going too, which leaves me orphaned. Jack and Willy are to join a party to the Adirondacks in vacation. I have said no to every proposition mamma has made regarding the disposition of my summer, which naturally has had an exasperating effect. I told her yesterday I meant to stay in town, but this morning papa had a letter from the man who lives in the wing of the Shore House, and the most charming idea came into my head, and I said directly, 'I'm going down to Deephen to spend my summer.' 'What!' said mamma; 'O you absurd child! do you hear what she says, papa?' And he instantly said he should go by all means, and just to think of the vista of

rummages which lay before me! That settled it, and my plan came to me in a flash, and I chattered away at them, and asked mamma if she did n't think you would be the very person to go too, and she does; and I am to take Bridget and Maggie. Aunt Anna will have the other servants. The Dockums live in part of the house, so we will not be lonely, though I know you're not afraid of that. O Elinor! won't you go?"

Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster sailed the 20th of June, and I went to the Lancasters' house, and was there to welcome Kate when she came home from New York. We meant to go to Deephaven in a week, but were obliged to stay in town nearly three. Boston was nearly deserted of our friends at the last, and we used to take quiet walks in the cool of the evening after dinner up and down the street, or sit on the front steps in company with the servants left in charge of the other houses, who also sometimes walked up and down and looked at us wonderingly. We had much shopping to do, for there was the probability of our spending many days in the house; and as we were not to be very near any large town, and did not mean to come to Boston for weeks at least, there was a great deal to be thought of. We sent Bridget and Maggie and most of our boxes down in company with Mr. Dockum a day or two before, and found the house opened and set in order for us. Mrs. Lancaster, of course, disliked to have it go out of the family, but heartily deplored its belonging to her. It was much too far from the railway for a summer-house, and no one would have cared to buy it if she had wished to sell it. She had "looked after things" at the time of Miss Brandon's death, and since then the Dockums had been in charge, and everything had waited for something to turn up, in which capacity Kate and I were happy to act.

We left the railway twelve miles from Deephaven, and took passage in a stage-coach. There was only one pas-

senger beside ourselves. She was a very large, thin, weather-beaten woman, and looked so tired and lonesome and good-natured, that I could not help saying it was very dusty; and she was apparently delighted to answer that she should think everybody was sweeping, and she always felt after she had been in the cars an hour as if she had been taken to pieces and left in the different places. And this was the beginning of our friendship with Mrs. Beulah Kew.

After the conversation above mentioned we looked industriously out of the window into the pastures and pine woods. I had given up my seat to her. I do not mind riding backward, and, seeing that she did, offered my place, though it separated Kate and me, which just then seemed a great calamity. She looked as if I had done her the greatest favor of her life; and indeed, she was always the most grateful of women. I was often reminded of a remark which one of my friends once made about another: "If you give Bessie a half-sheet of paper, she behaves to you as if it were the most exquisite present she ever had!" Kate and I had some fruit remaining in our lunch-basket, and gave of our substance to Mrs. Kew. After the first mouthful, we looked at each other in dismay. "Lemons with orange's clothes on, are n't they?" said Mrs. Kew, as Kate threw hers out of the window, and I mine after it for company; and after this we began to be very friendly indeed. We both fancied the odd woman, there was something so honest and kindly about her.

"Are you going to Deephaven, dear?" said she to me; and then: "I wonder if you are going to stay long. All summer? Well, that's clever! I do hope you will come out to the Light to see me. Young folks most always like my place. Most likely your friends will bring you."

"Do you know the Shore House, the Brandon House?" asked Kate.

"Well as I know the meeting-house. There! I wonder I did n't know from the beginning; but I've been up coun-

try some weeks to see my mother, and she seemed so set to have me stop till strawberry-time, and would hardly let me come now. 'He' wrote me some of Mrs. Lancaster's folks were going to take the Shore House, but I had n't it in mind; and so you are the ones. It's a real sightly old place, the Brandon House. I used to go and see Miss Katherine before she failed so. She must have left a power of china-ware. She set a great deal by her things."

"Why was it called the Shore House, I wonder? You say, Kate, it's not so very close to the sea."

Mrs. Kew answered that she had heard that the family lived at first a few miles farther inland, and one of the sons kept the old house, so they called it that to distinguish them.

"That must have been coeval with the Newport mill," said Kate, "if this place is as old as mamma says. Do you live in Deephaven too?"

"I've been here the better part of my life. I was born up among the hills in Vermont, and I shall always be a real up-country woman if I live here a hundred years more. The sea does n't come natural to me, though there is n't a happier woman than I, 'long shore. It kind of worries me. When I was first married 'he' had a schooner and went to the Banks, and once he was off on a whaling voyage, and I hope I may never come to so long a three years as those were again, though I was up to mother's. Before I knew him he had been most everywhere. When he came home that time from whaling, he found I'd taken it so to heart that he said he'd never go off again, and he even sold his schooner, that is, his part, and now he keeps Deephaven Light, and we've lived there seventeen years come January. There isn't great pay, but then nobody tries to get it away from us."

"Do you really live in the light-house? I remember how I used to beg to be taken out there when I was a child, and how I used to watch for the light at night," said Kate, enthusiastically.

So began a friendship which we both still treasure, for Mrs. Kew was one of the most delightful things which happened to us in that delightful summer, and she used to do so much for our pleasure and was so good to us. The day before we were to come away, "he" — we never spoke of Mr. Kew to each other from this first day by any other name — came with his boat, and we rowed out the three miles to the lighthouse for the last time to say good by, very sorry girls indeed. Mrs. Kew said, with tears in her eyes, that she loved us as if we were her own children, and if any misfortunes should ever come to us, — which she asked the good Lord might never be, — there would always be a home and a warm heart for us if she were alive. She begged us not to forget her. Her affection touched us very much, though it seemed odd to think of her offering a home to Kate Lancaster, who seems the most fortunate of girls. Mrs. Kew was so different from other people and so Dickens-y sometimes. Her comparisons were most striking and amusing, and her comments upon the books she read — for she was a great reader — were very shrewd and always to the point. Kate and I often agreed, after our many interviews with her, that we had very few acquaintances half so entertaining. She was never out of temper, even when the oil was being "got in" across her kitchen floor. And she was such a wise woman! This stage-ride, which we expected to find tiresome, we enjoyed very much, and were glad to think, when the coach stopped, and "he" rushed to meet her with the happiest face, that we had one friend in Deephaven at all events.

I liked the house from the very first. It was sunset when we reached it. Bridget's and Maggie's presence made it seem familiar at once, and a group of Dockums gave us a hearty welcome. There was a delicious supper ready for the hungry girls, and Maggie had been unpacking for us; and the housekeeping began in most pleasant fashion. The sea air was very welcome after the

dusty day, and we walked down to the beach in the evening.

I do not know that the Brandon House is really very remarkable, but I never have been in one that interested me in the same way. Kate used to recount to select audiences at school some of her experiences with her Aunt Katherine, and it was popularly believed that she once carried down some indestructible picture-books when they were first in fashion, and the old lady basted them for her to hem round the edges at the rate of two a day. It may have been fabulous. It was impossible to imagine any children in the old place; everything was for grown people, even the stair-railing was too high to slide down on. The chairs looked as if they had been put at the furnishing of the house in their places, and there they meant to remain. The carpets were particularly interesting, and I remember Kate's pointing out to me one day a great square figure in one, and telling me she used to keep house there with her dolls for lack of a better play-house, and if one of them chanced to fall outside the boundary stripe, it was immediately put to bed with a cold. It is a house with great possibilities; it might easily be made very charming. There are four very large rooms on the lower floor, and six above, a wide hall in each story, and a fascinating garret over the whole, where were many mysterious old chests and boxes, in one of which we found Kate's grandmother's love-letters; and you may be sure the "vista of rummages" Mr. Lancaster mentioned was explored to its very end. The rooms all have elaborate cornices, and the lower hall is very fine, with an archway dividing it, and pannellings of all sorts, and a great door at each end, through which the lilacs in front and the old pensioner plum-trees in the garden are seen exchanging bows and gestures. Coming from the Lancasters' high city house, it did not seem as if we had to go up stairs at all there, for every step of the stairway was so broad and low, and you come half-way to a square landing with an

old straight-backed chair in each farther corner; and between them a large, round-topped window, with a cushioned seat, looking out on the garden and the village, the hills far inland, and the sunset beyond all. Then you turn and go up a few more steps to the upper hall, where we used to stay a great deal. There were more old chairs and a pair of remarkable sofas, on which we used to deposit the treasures collected in our wanderings. The wide window which looks out on the lilacs and the sea was a favorite seat of ours. Facing each other on either side of it are two old secretaries, and one of them we ascertained to be the hiding-place of secret drawers, in which may be found valuable records deposited by ourselves one very rainy day when we first explored it. We wrote, between us, a tragic "journal" on some yellow old letter-paper we found in the desk part. We put it in the most hidden drawer by itself, and flatter ourselves that it will be regarded with great interest some time or other. One of the front rooms, "the best chamber," we stood rather in dread of. It is very remarkable that there seems to be no ghost stories connected with any part of the house, particularly this. Kate and I are neither of us nervous; but there is certainly something dismal about the room. The huge, curtained bed and immense easy-chairs, windows, and everything, were draped in some old-fashioned kind of white cloth which always seemed to be waving and moving about of itself. The carpet was most singularly colored with dark reds and indescribable grays and browns, and the pattern, after a whole summer's study, could never be followed with one's eye. The paper was captured in a French prize somewhere some time in the last century, and part of the figure was shaggy, and therein little spiders found habitation, and went visiting their acquaintances across the shiny places. The color was an unearthly pink and a forbidding maroon with dim white spots, which gave it the appearance of having moulded. It made you

low spirited to look long in the mirror ; and the great lounge one could not have cheerful associations with, after hearing that Miss Brandon herself did not like it, having seen seven relatives, one after the other, lie there dead. There were fantastic china ornaments from Bible subjects on the mantel, and the only picture was one of the Maid of Orleans, tied with an unnecessarily strong rope to a very stout stake. The best parlor we also rarely used, because all the portraits which hung there had for some unaccountable reason taken a violent dislike to us, and followed us suspiciously with their eyes. The furniture was stately and very uncomfortable, and there was something about the room which suggested an invisible funeral.

The west parlor was our favorite room down stairs. It had a great fireplace framed in tiles which ingeniously and instructively represented the careers of the good and the bad man ; the starting-place of each being a very singular cradle in the centre at the top. The last two of the series were very high art : a great coffin stands in the foreground of each, and the virtuous man is being led off by two disagreeable-looking angels, while the wicked one is hastening from an indescribable but unpleasant assemblage of claws and horns and eyes which is rapidly advancing from the distance, open-mouthed, and bringing a chain with it.

There was a large cabinet holding all the small curiosities and knick-knacks there seemed to be no other place for, — odd china figures and cup and vases, unaccountable Chinese carvings and exquisite corals and sea-shells, minerals and Swiss wood-work, and articles of *vertu* from the South Seas. Underneath were stored away boxes of letters and old magazines ; for this was one of the houses where nothing seems to have been thrown away. In one parting we found a parcel of old manuscript sermons, the existence of which was a mystery, until Kate remembered there had been a gifted son of the house who

entered the ministry and soon died. The windows had each a pane of stained glass, and on the wide sills we used to put our immense bouquets of field flowers. There was one place which I liked and sat in more than any other. The chimney filled nearly the whole side of the room, all but this little corner, where there was just room for a very comfortable high-cushioned chair, and a narrow window where I always had a bunch of fresh green ferns in a tall champagne glass. I used to write there often, and always sat there when Kate sang and played. She sent for a tuner, and used successfully to coax the long-imprisoned music from the antiquated piano, and sing for her visitors by the hour. She almost always sang her oldest songs, for they seemed most in keeping with everything about us. I used to fancy that the portraits liked our being there. There was one young girl who seemed so solitary and forlorn among the rest in the room, who were all middle-aged. For their part they looked amiable, but rather unhappy, as if she had come in and interrupted their conversation. We both grew very fond of her, and it seemed, when we went in the last morning on purpose to take leave of her, as if she looked at us imploringly. She was soon afterward boxed up, and now enjoys society after her own heart in Kate's room in Boston.

There was the largest sofa I ever saw opposite the fireplace ; it must have been brought in in pieces, and built in the room. It was broad enough for Kate and me to lie on together, and very high and square ; but there was a pile of soft cushions at one end. We used to enjoy it greatly in September when the evenings were long and cool, and we had many candles, and a fire — and crickets too — on the hearth, and the dear dog lying on the rug. I remember one rainy night, just before Miss Tennant and Kitty Bruce went away ; we had a real drift-wood fire, and blew out the lights and told stories. Miss Margaret knows so many and tells them so well. Kate and I were unusu-

ally entertaining, for we became familiar with the family record of the town, and could recount marvellous adventures by land and sea, and ghost stories by the dozen. We had never either of us been in a society consisting of so many travelled people! Hardly a man but had been the most of his life at sea. Speaking of ghost stories, I must tell you that once in the summer two Cambridge girls who were spending a week with us unwisely enticed us into giving some thrilling recitals, which nearly frightened them out of their wits, and Kate and I were finally quite nervous too. We had all been on the sofa in the dark, singing and talking, and were sitting in great suspense after I had finished one of such particular horror that I declared it should be the last, when we heard footsteps on the hall stairs. There were lights in the dining-room which shone faintly through the half-closed door, and we saw something white and shapeless come slowly down, and clutched each other's gowns in agony. It was only Kate's dog which came in and laid his head in her lap and slept peacefully. We thought we could not sleep a wink after this, and I bravely went alone out to the light to see my watch, and, finding it was past twelve, we concluded to sit up all night and to go down to the shore at sunrise, it would be so much easier than getting up early some morning. We had been out rowing and taken a long walk the day before, and were obliged to dance and make other slight exertions to keep ourselves awake at one time. We lunched at two, and I never shall forget the sunrise that morning; but we were singularly quiet and abstracted that day, and indeed for several days after. Deephaven was "a land in which it seemed always afternoon," we breakfasted so late.

As Mrs. Kew had said, there was a power of china. Kate and I used to conclude that the lives of her grandmothers must have been spent in giving tea-parties. We counted ten sets of cups, beside quantities of stray ones; and some member of the family had

evidently devoted her time to making a collection of pitchers.

There was a little cabinet in Miss Brandon's own room, which we looked over one day. There was a little package of letters; ship letters mostly, tied with a very pale and tired-looking blue ribbon. They were alone in a drawer with a locket holding some brown hair, and some dry twigs and bits of leaf which had long ago been wild roses, such as still bloom among the Deephaven rocks. No one had ever spoken of her aunt's having had a love-affair, Kate said; and she had often heard her mother wonder why she never had cared to marry, for she had chances enough doubtless, being rich and handsome and finely educated. So there was a sailor lover after all, and perhaps he had been lost at sea and she faithfully kept the secret, never mourning outwardly. "And I always thought her the most matter-of-fact old lady," said Kate; "yet here's her romance after all." We put the letters outside on a chair to read, but afterwards carefully replaced them, without untying them. I'm glad we did. There were other letters which we did read, and which interested us very much, — letters from her girl friends written in the boarding-school vacations, and just after she finished school. Those in one of the smaller packages were very charming; it must have been such a bright, nice girl who wrote them! They were very few, and were tied with black ribbon, and marked on the outside in girlish writing: "My dearest friend, Dolly McAllister, died September 3, 1809, aged eighteen." The ribbon had evidently been untied and the letters read many times. One began: "My dear, delightful Kitten: I am quite overjoyed to find my father has business which will force him to go to Deephaven next week, and he kindly says if there be no more rain I may ride with him to see you. I will surely come, for if there is danger of spattering my gown, and he bids me stay at home, I shall go galloping after him and overtake him when it is too late to send me back. I have so much to tell you."

I wish I knew more about the visit. Poor Miss Katherine! it made us sad to look over these treasures of her girlhood. There were her compositions and exercise-books; some samplers and queer little keepsakes; withered flowers and some pebbles and other things of like value, which there was probably some pleasant association with. "Only think of her keeping them all her days," said I to Kate. "I am continually throwing some relic of the kind away, because I forget why I have it!"

There was a box in the lower part which Kate was glad to find, for she had heard her mother wonder if some such things were not in existence. It held a crucifix and a mass-book and some rosaries, and Kate told me Miss Katherine's youngest and favorite brother had become a Catholic while studying in Europe. It was a dreadful blow to the family; for in those days there could have been few deeper disgraces to the Brandon family than to have one of its sons go over to Popery. Only Miss Katherine treated him with kindness, and after a time he disappeared without telling even her where he was going, and was only heard from indirectly once or twice afterward. It was a great grief to her. "And mamma knows," said Kate, "that she always had a lingering hope of his return, for the very last time she saw Aunt Katherine she spoke of soon going to be with all the rest, and said, 'Though your Uncle Henry, dear,'—and stopped and smiled sadly; 'you'll think me a very foolish old woman, but I never quite gave up thinking he might come home.'"

There were several other fine old houses in Deephaven, but only one was lived in by members of its original family. The others had not been kept in good repair, and some were entirely deserted. The Carew House we used to know very well. There were two old ladies and their brother, who had been Miss Brandon's most intimate friends and were also ours. The elder sister, Mrs. Dent, had outlived her husband

and children, and then given up her city home and come back to the old house. She must have been a very brilliant woman, and was not at all dull when we knew her. Miss Honora had lived years at her grandfather's in Newport, and been one of the gayest, happiest girls in the world. It was one of our greatest pleasures to hear their stories of old times, and we used to go to see them almost every day. They seemed so sorry to have us come away, for perhaps, though we chattered about next summer, it was the last evening we should ever be with them; and we all felt very sad, but were particularly cheerful notwithstanding. "Mr. Dick," as they called their brother, was a very kind and very quiet man. He had been a merchant in China once, and there were quantities of queer things everywhere in the house that he had brought and sent home; and this reminds me that one morning the sisters sent for us to stay all day with them, and showed us their own particular treasures of old brocades and satins and exquisite old laces, and told us where they had worn them. There were Indian shawls and scarfs which had been presents from their brother. He had been very rich for a time, and had lost most of his money, and then, finding he still had enough, came home to Deephaven. He had a fondness for reading and painting, which had not been lost sight of, and took to himself one of the upper rooms, where he spent most of his time. I never shall forget the first night we took tea with them; it impressed us very much, and yet nothing wonderful happened. Each had a most curious tea-poy, and tea was "handed round" by an old-fashioned servant, and then we sat talking in the twilight, they telling us of the time Miss Brandon and they themselves were young. After a while the elder sister said, "My dears, we always have prayers at nine." The servants came in, and she took a great Bible and read solemnly with her dear feeble old voice, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations"; and then we knelt, and the brother read

prayers. We told each other, as we went home in the moonlight down the quiet street, how much we had enjoyed the evening; for somehow, the house and the people had nothing to do with the present, and I never have heard that Psalm since without its bringing back that summer night at the old house in Deephaven, the quaint room, and Kate and I feeling so young and worldly, the shaded light of the candles, the old book, and the voices which said amen.

Mrs. Kew did the honors of the lighthouse thoroughly, on our first visit; but I think we rarely went to see her that we did not make some entertaining discovery. Mr. Kew's nephew, a guileless youth of forty, lived with them, and the two men were of a mechanical turn and had invented numerous aids to housekeeping, — appendages to the stove, and fixtures on the walls for everything that could be hung up; catches in the floor to hold the doors open, and ingenious apparatus to close them; but above all, a system of barring and bolting for the wide "fore door," which would have disconcerted an energetic battering-ram. After all this work being expended, Mrs. Kew informed us that it was usually wide open all night in summer weather. On the back of this very door I discovered one day a row of marks, and asked their significance. It seemed that Mrs. Kew had attempted one summer to keep count of the number of people who inquired concerning the depredations of the neighbors' chickens. Mrs. Kew's bedroom was partly devoted to the fine arts. There was a large collection of likenesses of her relatives and friends on the wall, which was interesting in the extreme. Mrs. Kew was always much pleased to tell their names, and her remarks about any feature not exactly perfect were very searching and critical. "That's my oldest brother's wife, Clorintly Adams that was. She's well featured, if it were not for her nose, and that looks as if it had been thrown at her, and she was n't particular about having it on firm, in hopes of getting a

better one. She sets by her looks though."

There were often sailing parties that came there from up and down the coast. One day Kate and I were spending the afternoon at the Light; had been fishing and were sitting in the doorway listening to the experience of Mrs. Kew's the winter she kept school at the Four Corners; saw a boatful coming, and all lost our tempers. Mrs. Kew had a lame ankle, and Kate offered to go up with them. There were some girls and young men who stood on the rocks awhile, and then came to us, with much better manners than the people who usually came, and asked if they could see the lighthouse, and Kate led the way. She was dressed that day in a costume we both frequently wore, of a gray serge skirt and striped cambric sailor jacket, a broad hat, and her boots rather the worse for wear. The celebrated Lancaster complexion was rather darkened by the sun. Mrs. Kew expressed a wish to know what questions they would ask her, and I followed after a few minutes. They seemed to have finished asking about the lantern, and to have become personal.

"Don't you get tired staying here?"

"Never!" said Kate, energetically.

"Is that your sister down stairs?"

"No, I have no sister."

"I should think you would wish she was. Aren't you ever lonesome?"

"Everybody is, sometimes," said Kate.

"But it's such a lonesome place!" said one of the girls; "I should think you would get work away. I live in Boston. Why, it's so awful quiet; nothing but the water, and the wind, when it blows; and I think either of them is worse than nothing. And only this little bit of a rocky place! I should want to go to walk."

I heard Kate pleasantly refuse the offer of pay for her services, and then they began to come down the stairs. I opened the door of a store-closet, and stood inside. Kate stayed behind to close the doors and leave everything all right, and the girl who had talked

the most waited too, and when they were on the stairs just above me, and the others out of hearing, she said, "You're real good to show us the things. I guess you'll think I'm silly, but I do like you ever so much! I wish you would come to Boston. I'm in a real nice store,—H——'s, on Winter Street; and they will want new saleswomen in October. Perhaps you could be at my counter. I'd teach you, and you could board with me. I've got a real comfortable room, and I suppose I might have more things, for I get good pay; but I like to send money home to mother. I'm at my aunt's now, but I am going back next Monday, and if you will tell me what your name is, I'll find out for certain about the place, and write you. My name's Mary Wendell."

I knew by Kate's voice that this had rather touched her. "You are a very kind girl, indeed," said she; "but I cannot go and work with you. I should like to know more about you. I live in Boston too; my friend and I are staying over in Deeplaven for the summer only." And she held out her hand to the girl, whose face had changed from its first expression of earnest good-humor to a very startled one; and when she saw the inside of Kate's hand, and her rings, which had been turned round, she was really frightened.

"O, will you please excuse me?" said she, blushing; "I ought to have known better; but you showed us round so willing, and I never thought of your not living here. I did n't mean to be rude."

"Of course you did not, and you were not. I am very glad you said it, and glad you like me," said Kate; and just then the party called the girl, and she hurried away, and I joined Kate. "Then you heard it all," said she. "I think it was so nice! She was such an honest little thing! I mean to look for her when I get home."

Kate is such a fine girl! though not any better or more clever than many others, perhaps. We are both nearly twenty-two, and can look back calmly with unprejudiced eyes at the absurd-

ities of our youth. When she was fifteen or sixteen, she was devoted to parties, and that sort of thing, and her friends blamed Mrs. Lancaster for letting her "come out" so young; but that wise woman was not so far wrong, as it turned out. "I used to be sorry about it," said Kate to me once; "but I have got over it. I was a foolish child, in caring so much for things that were not worth caring for; but if I had been kept at home till I was nineteen or twenty, I should have been just in the midst of it now, and I know my time is worth more than it was then. Now, you see, I have been all through those things, and I like parties and dancing and to be well dressed; but they are not the one thought and ambition of my life, and I care most for better things. I can understand and enjoy what I read and study, and I like thoroughly many things for which, if I had followed the usual routine of young ladies, and had not been married, I should wait till I was twenty-five or six, and the younger set of girls grew up, and I was quite out of fashion, and then make believe I was interested in, and be longing for the old days, all the same. I don't think we need mind growing older, Elly. I cannot see that we have lost much that we need mourn over, and we are gaining a great many things." I know so many noble things she has done quietly, and of her good influence over many of her friends! She is so fresh, and good, and true, and enjoys life so heartily! so child-like, without being childish! and not in the least perfect; but when she makes mistakes, she is sorrier and more ready to hopefully try again than any girl I know.

I could tell you scores of stories about our summer,—our days in the woods, our drives and rides and walks, and, best of all, our moonlight sails. We never went on the water alone, but business is not Deeplaven's chief characteristic, and we always found some one to take care of us. Dear old Tom Kew we liked better than any one, and he told surprising sea stories and ghost

stories, like a story-book sailor. We used to go out to the Light early in the afternoon, when it was not too hot, and sometimes fish off the rocks, nearly always being rewarded with excellent specimens of that undesirable fish, the sculpin; or Mrs. Kew would relate with great satisfaction some of her Vermont experiences. Then we would have an unreasonably good supper, and after that climb the ladder stairs to the lantern, to see the lamps lighted, and sit there awhile watching the ships and the sunset. Twice from the light-house we saw a yacht squadron out at sea, like a flock of grand, white birds. Then we would come down, and row away in the twilight far out from land, where, with our faces turned from the Light, it seemed as if we were alone, and the sea shoreless; and as the darkness closed round us softly, Kate and I would draw nearer to each other. Perhaps it would be moonrise, for we always tried to be on the water then. When it was late, we would take the oars again and go slowly in, under the stars, sometimes talking and singing and laughing, but oftenest silent.

We became, in the course of time, learned in all manner of 'long-shore lore, and even profitably employed ourselves, one October morning, in going clam-digging with old Ben Horn, a most fascinating ancient mariner. We both grew so well and brown and strong! and one day I caught sight of a label on my dress, and found Kate had pulled it from an envelope and fastened it on me: "Return to Dr. Cullis's Consumptives' Home, if not called for within ten days."

We soon had callers from the village, and, when we came away, there was hardly a person whom we did not know, from the "minister" down. He, like all our best Deephaven friends, was old. I wonder at his staying there all his life, for he was an excellent scholar, and his sermons always good and often eloquent. We used to occupy the old Brandon pew, with great dignity. I wish I could tell you of half the queer people we knew. Deephaven seemed

like one of the quiet little English seaside towns, more than anything else. It was not in the least American. There was no bustle, no manufactories, nobody seemed in the least hurry. The only foreigners were a few stranded sailors. It used to be a place of note, rich and busy, as the forsaken warehouses showed, and also the houses where the Brandons and Carews, the Mannings and Chantreys, lived. There were scarcely any new buildings, and the men near the shore go outward in boats, and inland in fish-wagons, and sometimes mackerel and halibut fishing in schooners, for the city markets. Back from the village they are farmers, and we knew very few of them, but we were friends with all the fishing people, even old Donnell, who lived an apparently desolate life by himself in a hut, and was reputed to have been a blood-thirsty pirate in his youth, and was consequently greatly feared by all the children, and for misdemeanors in his latter days avoided generally. Kate talked with him awhile one day down by the fish-house, and made him come up with her for a bandage for his hand, which she saw he had hurt; and the next morning he brought us a "new" lobster apiece,—fishermen mean a thing is only not salted, when they say it is "fresh." We happened to be near the door and received him ourselves, and gave him a great piece of tobacco, and the means of drinking our health. "Bless your pretty hearts!" said he, "may ye be happy and live long, and get good husbands, and if they ain't good to you, may they die from you!"

There were the Vibberts, who occupied apartments in one of the old warehouses. The mother and all the five children were seriously cross-eyed, and we rarely called upon them on that account! Madam Vibbert was of Dutch descent, and they all talked a bewildering lingo in consequence. You could not go a dozen yards without seeing one of the dirty children, and something was always happening to them. One day, the baby would get scalded, and the next one would get

adrift in a leaky boat, or fall off a high rock and be taken up for dead. They were continually disappearing for days together and the anxious mother would make a tour of the village in quest of them, resting long and lunching often in the kitchens. The young Vibberts were very considerate about putting their parents to the expense of a funeral; and when you heard of some harrowing accident, the victim was always at your door next morning for something to eat, for you never saw one of them who had had any breakfast for a fortnight. Kate overheard a child say it was her birthday once, and we requested her and another small, light-haired girl in red calico to leave their games in the sand, and took them up to the principal grocery to give them a great faring of candy and peanuts. They must have said something about it, for Lucinda Vibbert, for one, had six birthdays that summer.

Mrs. Kew spent two or three days with us once, when there was a "conference." We also took two ministers and their wives, and entertained them to the best of our ability. Bridget gave us astonishing dinners, "For," said she, "Miss Elinor, I saw them coming up the road, and they looking that worn and hungry after the meeting that my heart sunk for them." Kate and I talked theology and books with the clergymen, and talked about housekeeping and the fashions, and got "receipts" from Bridget for the wives, and went faithfully to "meeting." They seemed to have a good time with us, and were very pleasant people.

I think we liked Deeaphaven better every week. Aunt Mary visited us in October, and Kitty Bruce and darling Miss Tennant in August, and Nelly Cameron and some beloved "Newporters," and—here I am giving you a new proof of my possessing the gift of continuance—Miss Tennant was more charming than ever, and you may be sure we kept her as long as we could, and were inconsolable at her departure. There is a cool and shady

place known to us in the Deeaphaven rocks close to the water, where we used to stay a great deal. I never can forget our evenings at the shore. The moon, early in August, was very fine, and when we did not go out rowing, we climbed the highest rocks, and watched the water. One night the tide was coming in, and the day before had been stormy, and it was very grand. I always think of Miss Margaret and Kate at twilight, just as I do of some one else at sunset. English violets are Kate, and another friend is often with me in the shape of a tea-rose. Perhaps it's because we have frequently eaten them together! I am inexhaustible on the subject of similitudes, though all are not quite so sentimental as these; for I distinctly remember a candlestick at the Shore House which was not used all that summer save by some guest, because it looked so precisely like some one we disliked. We stayed till November, and then I went home with Kate for a time. My father came home, and the hope I had of his being ordered to or near Boston was scattered to the four winds. It was a sorrow, for Boston seems more like home than any of my numerous abiding-places; for the Denis family are wanderers upon the face of the earth.

I cannot help thinking what a capital foundation the Brandon House would be for a story. I have no material wherewith to concoct an account of a love-affair, but I might have been making your hair stand on end all this time with some legend, and Miss Honora Carew's reminiscences would be charming if I could only tell them as she does. Perhaps unwisely, I wished to tell about Kate Lancaster and myself, and you would not have believed it if I said we saw a ghost or had some remarkable experience with every-day people. Is it not most probable that the two girls kept house and knew the pleasant people and were very happy indeed, and that nothing in particular happened?

S. O. Jewett.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

DIMITRI Roudine, which Messrs. Holt and Williams have reprinted from the excellent version published in *Every Saturday*, is mainly the study of one man's character, but a character so complex that there is little to ask of the author in the way of a story. In fact Dimitri Roudine is himself sufficient plot; and the reader is occupied from the moment of his introduction with the skilful development of his various traits, to the exclusion of the other incidents and interests. The other persons of the fiction are of a kind which the reader of Turgénieff's stories may begin to classify in some degree, or at least find in a certain measure familiar. The women are, as usual, very well portrayed, especially the young girl Natalie, whose ignorant trust, courage, love, and adoration for Roudine, changing to doubt and scorn, — whose whole maidenly being, — are expressed in a few scenes and phrases. Her mother, Daria Michaëlovna, is also exceedingly well done. She is of an entirely different type, a woman of mind, as she supposes, with advanced ideas, but really full of the pride of caste, worldly, and slight of intellect, though not wanting in selfish shrewdness or a strong will. The reader ought to note with what delicacy, and yet with what force, Turgénieff indicates, in Alexandra Paulovna, a sweet, placid, self-contained maturity, alike different from the wild fragrance of Natalie's young girlhood and the artificial perfume of Daria's well-preserved middle life; though he could hardly fail to do this, for nothing is more observable in Turgénieff than his success in characterizing the different epochs of womanhood. Volinzoff's conscious intellectual inferiority to Natalie, and his simple, manly love for her are

nearly all there is of him; Pigasoff, who speculated in office when younger and who in provincial retirement is a brutal censor of the follies of human nature, is rather a study than an actor in the drama which develops Roudine; and Leschnieff, who promises something in himself, and does really prove of firm and generous stuff, is after all hardly more than a relief and explanation of the principal person. It is he who expresses the first doubt of Roudine after that philosopher has made his appearance at Daria Michaëlovna's, crushing Pigasoff, bewildering and charming Natalie, mystifying Alexandra, and provoking Volinzoff. Leschnieff knew him in his student days, when filial love, friendship, and all real things were lost in his habit of eloquent phrasing; when Roudine was cruelly ungrateful and mean in fact, that he might be magnanimous in the abstract; and the shadow of this dark recollection Leschnieff casts upon Roudine's new friends. He does not wish him to marry Natalie, who, he sees, is fascinated with him; but after Roudine's miserable weakness ends their love and all the others despise him, then Leschnieff does justice to his elevation of ideas and purposes. "He may have genius; I won't deny it; but the trouble is he has no character. . . . He is full of enthusiasm; and you can believe a phlegmatic man like me when I say that it is a most precious quality, especially in a time like the present. We are unendurably cold-blooded, indifferent, and apathetic. . . . Once when I was talking of Roudine I accused him of coldness. I was both just and unjust. His coldness is in his blood, — he's not to blame for it, — not in his head. I was wrong in calling him an actor; he is no swindle, no cheat; he does not live on other people like a

* *Dimitri Roudine*. A Novel. By IVAN TURGÉNIEFF. New York: Holt and Williams. 1873.

Old Kensington. By MISS THACKERAY. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Songs of the Russian People, as illustrative of Slavonic Mythology and Russian Social Life. By W. R. S. RALSTON, M. A. London: Ellis and Green. 1872.

Old New England Traits. Edited by GEORGE LUNT. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1873.

The Knightly Heart, and other Poems. By JAMES F. COLMAN. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1873.

Report on the International Penitentiary Congress of London (1872). By E. C. WINES, D. D., LL. D. Washington: Government Printing Office.

La Question Pénitentiaire. Par E. ROBIN. Paris: J. Bouhouri.

Prisons and Reformatories at Home and Abroad; being the Transactions of the International Penitentiary Congress (1872). Edited by EDWIN PEARS, LL. B. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Love in the Nineteenth Century. A Fragment. By HARRIET W. PRESTON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

parasite, but like a child. Yes, he may die in loneliness and misery, but shall we throw stones at him on that account? He will never accomplish anything because he lacks energy and a strong will; but who can say that he has never done, or never will do, any good? That his words have never sown good seed in some young heart, to which nature has not denied the force to carry out what it has conceived?"

It is touchingly related in an epilogue how, after several years, Roudine and Leschnieff came together by chance in the same inn. Leschnieff asks his old comrade to dine with him, and the two elderly men meet and talk each other in the student fashion. Roudine tells of his successive failures since they last met:—

"Yes, brother," he began, "I can now cry with Kolzoff, 'Where hast thou brought me, my youth? I have no longer where to lay my head!' . . . And was I really good for nothing, and was there nothing for me to do in this world? I have often asked myself this question, and, in spite of all my attempts to set myself lower in my own esteem, I can't help feeling that I have certain abilities which don't fall to the lot of every one. Why must this force remain powerless? Then, too, dost thou remember when we travelled abroad together, how self-confident and blind I was? . . . It is true, I did not know definitely what I wanted, I revelled in the sound of my own voice, I chased vain phantoms. But now, on the contrary, I can say aloud to the whole world what it is I want; I have nothing to hide; I am, in the fullest sense of the word, a well-meaning man; I have become humble, I am willing to adapt myself to circumstances, I have limited my wishes, I don't strive for any remote object, I confine myself to doing even the slightest service; and yet I do not succeed in anything. What is the reason of this persistent failure? Why can't I live and work like others? I no sooner get a definite position, I no sooner establish myself somewhere, than fate casts me pitilessly out again. . . . I begin to fear my fate. . . . Why is this? Explain this puzzle!"

"Puzzle!" repeated Leschnieff. "It is true, thou hast always been a puzzle to me. Even in our youth, when I saw thee acting ill and speaking well in turn, and that time after time, even then I could not understand thee clearly; that was the reason I ceased to love thee. . . . Thou hast so

much fire, so earnest a longing for the ideal.' . . .

"Words, nothing but words. Where are the deeds?" interrupted Roudine.

"Yes; but a good word is a deed too."

"Roudine looked at Leschnieff without speaking, and shook his head."

We almost forget, in following this tender yet keen analysis of a pathetic character, that there is really something of a story in the book. Roudine imagines that he loves Natalie, and he wins her brave, inexperienced heart; but when their love is prematurely discovered to her mother, and Natalie comes to him ready to fly with him, to be his at any cost, he is paralyzed at the thought of Daria's opposition. "We must submit," he says. The scene that follows, with Natalie's amazement, wounded faith, and rising contempt, and Roudine's shame and anguish, is terrible,—the one intensely dramatic passage in the book, and a masterpiece of literary art which we commend to all students and lovers of that art.

We are not quite sure whether we like or dislike the carefulness with which Roudine's whole character is kept from us, so that we pass from admiration to despicable before we come finally to half-respectful compassion; and yet is this not the way it would be in life? Perhaps, also, if we fully understood him at first, his relations to the others would not so much interest us. But do we wholly understand him at last? This may be doubted, though in the mean time we are taught a merciful distrust of our own judgments, and we take Leschnieff's forgiving and remorseful attitude towards him. It may be safely surmised that this was the chief effect that Turgeneff desired to produce in us; certainly he treats the story involved in the portrayal of Roudine's character with almost contemptuous indifference, letting three epilogues limp in after the first rambling narrative has spent itself, and seeming to care for these only as they further reveal the hero's traits. But for all this looseness of construction, it is a very great novel,—as much greater than the novel of incident as Hamlet is greater than Richard III. It is of the kind of novel which can alone keep the art of fiction from being the weariness and derision of mature readers; and if it is most deeply melancholy, it is also as lenient and thoughtful as a just man's experience of men.

— We think Miss Thackeray places herself at a disadvantage in general by adopting too largely the traditional devices of English novel-writing. Old Kensington shows less of the consequent defects, perhaps, than some of the author's earlier work. But from what we have seen of those little stories by her in which old fairy tales reappear in the prettiest and simplest imaginable real-life episodes, we venture to say that she will effect something more complete, more striking throughout, when she applies the method there used to her longer and more ambitious narratives. In these shorter efforts, such as *Beauty and the Beast*, and *Cinderella*, she holds herself, as novelist, more strictly outside of the action, and leaves to the latter, consequently, a more spontaneous growth and being. The English and American public of novel readers have, it would seem, a vague, unwarrantable impression that the novel is but a careless, easy-going kind of composition, in which certain principles of dramatic writing may often with advantage be set aside, and seldom need to be regarded. It is thus that the entrance of the novelist in person upon the scene (that is, where one of the characters is not supposed to relate the whole) is a matter of course. Certain men of genius have triumphed in this method, but it seems open to question whether their best achievements were ever greatly assisted by the particular feature alluded to. "To bring his arm-chair down to the proscenium and chat with us," as George Eliot describes it, was the weakest point in Fielding's crude mouldings of the novel; but his more accomplished successors have chosen to imitate the fault, sometimes directly, indirectly sometimes, and George Eliot as well as the rest. The result of this gossiping about characters between writer and reader is that the former accomplishes too much of the mere study in the presence of the spectator. This material should be employed, out of sight, in the decoction of a rich vitality for the nourishment of the fictitious individuals, and its function should be hidden from the common eye. Incorporated in their crude state with the body of the story, they ultimately entrap the author, and leave him, as the novel develops, in the attitude of one who is committed to an opinion he cannot conceal; he comes to take sides with the so-called good people against the so-called bad. To the artist, however, who must ever feel to the quick how much good there

is in the bad, how much bad in the good; human individualities are but forces to be poised one with another, in noble and harmonious design. But Miss Thackeray's system has too often put all this out of her sight, and led her to slight the evidently strong bent which she has for a more impersonal association of herself with her characters. Her genius is, nevertheless, so pure and earnest that she achieves many episodic successes; and the defects of the book seem regrettable more as showing that her method has fettered her. It is a good instinct which has led her to present George Vanborough to us in an almost wholly objective manner, while the remaining persons, possessing natures of less exquisite intricacy, have been allowed to suffer by too much comment and abstract remark from the writer. In the characterization of children, Miss Thackeray seldom makes the least misstep, either in conception or execution.

The story holds sufficiently well together, having a little trap of underplot in the last part; but the conclusion rather lacks in compression and vigor. Old Kensington, however, is in almost every way a maturer production than *The Village on the Cliff*. For one of its chief external charms, it is full of little innocences of expression, as "go-to-bed lights" for late lights in upper windows, and "happy jumbles of old bricks and sunset," applied to certain dreamy hours in Kensington. One must sincerely value the æsthetic, old-china luxuriousness with which the author everywhere lingers over fragments of picturesqueness such as we meet in any, even the weariest way of life. She imparts to these something rich and strange by the gentle fervor of her distinctly feminine enthusiasm.

— The merits of the very interesting volume entitled *Songs of the Russian People* are of various kinds; it is not only a valuable contribution to the slowly collecting material of folk-lore, which needs for its full comprehension a knowledge of the history as well as of the mythology of the people, but it will also be found to throw a very considerable light upon the manners of the Russians, in such a way, for instance, as will serve to make a great deal in the writings of Turgénieff clearer than it would otherwise have been. That the Slavonic race is one member of the Indo-European family is, of course, well known. Confirmation of this is found in the names of the deities of the old Slavonians, as, for example,

"Svarog, apparently the Slavonic counterpart of the Vedic Varuna, and the Hellenic Ouranos. His name is deduced by Russian philologists from a root corresponding to the Sanskrit *Sur*, to shine, and is composed by some of them with the Vedic *Svar*, and the later word *Svarga*, heaven." Fin, Ogon, is the same as the Vedic Agni; Perun, the Thunderer, is identified with the Vedic Parjanya. Now, only traces of the early religions exist among the Russian people; that they do is in no way remarkable, when one recalls the wholesale way in which the people was converted to a formal Christianity. Every reader of Turgénieff's novels will recall the frequent allusions to the popular superstitions of the country people, which are recounted at great length in the volume before us. Many examples are given us of the songs of the people, of which the following is, perhaps, as favorable a specimen as any. It is sung by women and girls. "In the original, each alternate line is composed of the exclamation, *Akh! moy Bozhin'ka!* followed by a repetition of the last words of the preceding line:—

"Ah! on the hill a pine-tree stands!
 Ah, dear Lord! a pine-tree stands;
 Under the pine a soldier lies,
 Ah, dear Lord! a soldier lies;
 On the soldier a black steed stands,
 With its right hoof tearing up the ground,
 Water it seeks for its soldier lord.
 'Water, my steed, thou wilt not find;
 From the ground the soldier will never rise.
 Gallop, my steed, by bank and brae,
 By bank and brae, gallop on to my home.
 There will come to meet thee a gray-haired dame,—
 That gray-haired dame is my mother dear.
 There will come to greet thee a lady fair,—
 That lady fair is my youthful wife;
 To greet thee will little lordlings come,—
 Those little lordlings my children are.
 They will join in caressing thee, my steed,
 They will join in questioning thee, my steed.
 Say not, my steed, that I bleeding lie,
 But tell them I serve in my troop, dark steed,
 In my troop I serve, my step I gain.'
 His death gains the soldier beneath the pine,
 His death, dear Lord! beneath the pine."

Of course the reader must make every allowance for the boldness of the translation and the loss of the rhythm, but, in spite of everything, the underlying beauty is evident.

—Mr. Lunt's *Old New England Traits* is a book of Newburyport reminiscences, as rambling as you like, and not of great substance at last. But the picture of life in that ancient seaport, if dim, is pleasing, and we have found ourselves reading the volume to the end, with a pretty constant in-

tention of not going beyond any next page to that we had just turned. The anecdotes are often not very good, and the characters not very striking; and yet it is true that the book is entertaining. Perhaps this is owing mostly to the charm of the recent past, which has been so totally obliterated by

"The railway and the steamship and the thoughts that shake mankind,"

and which, however inadequately, does reappear in *Old New England Traits*. We are almost as near to the Roman chariot, in association, as we are to the Yankee stage-coach, which comes lumbering back here; and the time of the good Consul Plancus seems no further than that of the wealthy and respectable citizens who took part in politics and electioneered among the voters at the polls in Newburyport. Those were the winters when they had memorable snow-storms; when they carried foot-stoves and hand-stoves to church, and the church was otherwise unwarmed, save by the heats which escaped from the doctrines of the good old Calvinistic sermons; when there were open wood-fires, and cider-bibbing and ghost-story telling round them. Two or three of these ghost-stories, which Mr. Lunt tells again, are as good as any going; and it seems reasonable to believe that the small boy who haunts the Newburyport school-house in these days is the lineal descendant of that spectre in a pea-jacket who walked nightly in a certain street of the same town in earlier times, and defeated every attempt to capture or suppress him, inasmuch that he continued to walk there in the face and eyes of all spectators as long as he liked, and at last simply ceased by limitation, as it were. This was a very admirable ghost, and Mr. Lunt recollects when his native town was not wanting in witches, either. Old superstitions of other kinds he records, and, on the daylight side his work, some curious facts regarding the political and social state. The Newburyporters were opposed to the War of 1812, and thought of mobbing an American general who once passed through their town, while they rather fraternized with some British sailors brought prisoners among them. "Politics ran very high, almost to the entire suspension of social relations between the differing parties,—the Federalists, who opposed the war and were accused of unpatriotic sympathy with the enemy; and the Republicans, often stigmatized as Jacobins, who were charged with

the principles and designs which had given impulse to the great French Revolution."

In fact, Newburyport suffered severely from the war, and the general poverty of the country caused a large emigration to "The Ohio," then the far West, — a sad contrast to the great and stately prosperity of the old town in the time when a certain rich merchant on a journey could lodge in his own house every night.

"We heard plentiful stories, in our youth, of a higher style of living in colonial days; of coaches kept by the upper class of citizens; of their slaves, whom we knew in their emancipated condition as gardeners and waiters in general; of the cocked hats, the gold-embroidered garments, the laced ruffles of the gentlemen, and the highly ornamented, but rather stiff garniture in which the ladies with their powdered heads saw fit to array themselves, as they now present themselves to us on the living canvas of Copley. It was in the handsome residence of Mr. Dalton, long after his decease, that I saw hangings of gilded morocco leather on the walls of the principal room, — a substitute for the wall-paper in common use, and which I have never seen or heard of in any other instance, in the United States.

"Our collector of the customs was peculiarly one of this class of gentlemen of the old school. He was a person of very warm temperament and of remarkable characteristics; an ardent Democrat, who, upon the accession of President Jefferson, had succeeded Colonel W——, the first collector of the port, appointed by Washington, under whom he had served with distinction in the Revolutionary War. Though 'aristocratic' enough in his own personal character and demeanor, he was not naturally in much favor with the grandees of the old Federal town; but they stood in awe of him, nevertheless; for he had been very rich, and in his less prosperous days was still a person of the most impulsive and resolute spirit. His appearance in public was very marked. His person was manly and his countenance singularly striking. He dressed in black, his small-clothes terminating in white cotton stockings down to his gouty foot. On his white head, decorated with a queue, was his three-cornered hat. He seemed to take a pride in walking up the principal business street of the town, at the time of high 'Change,' and, paying attention to no one, to utter his not always very conciliatory thoughts aloud, in

regard to his contemporaries and matters in general, as he threw out sideways the gouty foot aforesaid, on his way to the one o'clock dinner, which was the fashion of the time."

These passages give a general idea of the style of Mr. Lunt's book which, however, is often tiresomely diffuse and cumbersome. For example, so good a little story as the following could not well be more tediously told: —

"Not far from us lived a worthy widow, with a family of children, and on one occasion she was heard to mingle rather curiously an office of devotion with a somewhat severe threat of domestic discipline. It was a day in summer, and the windows being open, a passer-by heard her objurgation. It seems the family had assembled at the dinner-table, and her oldest son began by making premature demonstrations toward the provisions, when his mother emphatically addressed him: 'You Bob Barker, if you stick your fork into that meat before I've asked a blessing I'll be the death of ye!'"

If it has been Mr. Lunt's intention to catch the garrulous and desultory manner of the elderly story-teller, he has succeeded to admiration in places; and his failure in other places results in an agreeable simplicity, for which we are equally grateful. At any rate, we have to thank him for a thoroughly amiable book, which the reader will do himself a pleasure to loiter over.

— We hope that the readers of our May number liked as well as we did *The Goal of Spring*, a poem which Mr. Colman reprints in his volume under the title of *The Festival of the Leaves*. It has a pensive, meditative cast akin to the verse of an earlier poetic time than our own, to which, however, it is allied by its rich picturesqueness, and a certain spendthrift sumptuousness of phrase. By this we mean no ill of it; for the language is really as much more highly colored as the race is wealthier than it was in the last century. We think its autumn landscapes very good, even among those painted by our most famous poets, and the lines have a noble and stately movement. Here also is a particularly charming and felicitous image: —

"The birch on yonder mound —
With leafless, ivory branches glimmering bare,
Its yellow treasures heaped upon the ground —
Seemeth Godiva fair;
Standing — white-limbed and naked as at birth,
With all her golden raiment slid to earth."

Then, for a finer touch and a more delicate tone, this we like very much indeed : —

" Beneath the mossy ledge
Which overhangs a bowl of amber-brown,
I watch the streamlet brimming o'er the edge,
And farther down,
Hear its impatient accents and discern
Its eager strugglings, tangled in the fern."

" And I lie reclined
Against some trunk the husbandman has felled,
Old, legendary poems fill my mind,
And Parables of Eld :
I wander with Orlando through the wood ;
Or muse with Jacques in his solitude."

The next best poem — if indeed it is not the best — in the book is the ballad, *Nancy's Brook*, which is told with a fearless, veritable simplicity worthy of Wordsworth himself, and with a genuine feeling which well befits the moving story. On the whole, we know nothing better of its kind, and we do not see why it should not keep Mr. Colman's name alive among people who love gentle, natural, unlabored poetry of a very touching sort. We cannot hope anything so daring of *The Knightly Heart*, a long romance in Spenserian verse. It is well enough intentioned and it has some good passages ; but the story creeps languidly through it, worded down by infinite phrases. The other poems are none of them as good as *The Festival of the Leaves*, or *Nancy's Brook*. They are verses of occasion, in part, and in part elegiac and didactic poems, — each with some minor grace, and none quite satisfactory.

— We have three octavos relating to prisons and reformatories, of which the titles have been given, but the two first named are a commentary on the third, with additional matter and more recent and complete statements of fact on some points ; or, to be more precise, the Report of Dr. Wines, made to President Grant last February, and by him submitted to Congress, is based upon the volume of Mr. Pears, but includes also much that Dr. Wines himself saw and learned ; while an Appendix gives the Transactions of the American Penitentiary Congress held, under invitation from the National Prison Association, in Baltimore, last January. The book of M. Robin, in like manner, is based upon the conferences of the London Congress, but adds much that is new concerning the prisons and the discharged prisoners of France, — the author being secretary of a Prisoners' Aid Society in Paris, — and also cites freely from reports and works published before

the London Congress met. The volume edited by Mr. Pears is the official publication of that Congress, and contains in its eight hundred pages the fullest report of what was said and done there. But for practical use in this country we find the abridged Report of Dr. Wines, who originated the London Congress, better than the more detailed statements of the official volume ; while the French clearness and love of analysis and generalization give a value to M. Robin's book that is scarcely lessened by some minor inaccuracies. The three books, taken together, will enlighten a patient reader more completely as to the condition of prisons and prison discipline, all over the world, than has ever been possible before. The Report of Dr. Wines, in particular, is a model of research, condensation, insight, and comprehensiveness, and by far the best of the many good works he has published on this subject since he first gave his undivided attention to it, ten years ago. If he errs at all, it is in excess of consideration for his fellow-workers in the cause of prison reform ; ascribing to them merits which they would not claim, and which belong quite often to himself rather than to them. Nor can he always make his dissenting judgment, which is commonly correct, so pointed as it might be, nor criticise so severely as they deserve certain defects in our prisons. This is an amiable fault, and is by no means owing to any want of perception ; for no man has more completely mastered the prison question, both in principles and in particulars, than Dr. Wines ; nor has any person now living, so far as we know, visited so many prisons, in all parts of America and Europe, or made himself so conversant with the authorities and statistics concerning them. It is, therefore, important to notice what judgment he has formed respecting the most recent and famous of all methods for the reformation of convicts. We mean that known commonly as the "Irish system," but now beginning to be called the "Crofton system," in honor of Sir Walter Crofton, who introduced it in the Irish convict prisons nearly twenty years ago. After a visit to those prisons in 1871 and 1872, Dr. Wines says in this volume : "For a decade of years I had been a diligent student of the system, devouring everything I could get hold of on the subject. As far as books could teach it, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that I knew it by heart. I had

echoed and re-echoed the opinion of Count Cavour, that the fundamental principle of this system, — progressive classification based on merit, a progressive withdrawal of restraint and enlargement of privilege, as they should be earned and warranted by the prisoner's conduct, a gradual and almost imperceptible melting of prison life into the freedom of ordinary society through a probationary stage of natural training, — that this principle, applied in some form, whatever the system adopted may be, is "the only efficacious means of discountenancing vice and checking crime, by encouraging, through agencies purely philanthropic, the reform of the criminal, without, however, holding from him his just punishment." And now I solemnly declare that the impressions received from published descriptions of the system have been, in the main (I will not say without some modifications and abatements), confirmed by personal inspection and study." And of its most characteristic feature, the intermediate prison at Lusk, near Dublin, Dr. Wines adds : "Truly, Lusk is a magnificent triumph of reason and humanity over coercion and brute force, — a splendid and irrefragable testimony to the soundness of the penitentiary system which the genius of Sir Walter Crofton has given to the world."

The three volumes under notice, however, give the reader an opportunity to form his own opinion, from facts reported and arguments advanced by scores of intelligent persons, as to the character of crime and criminals ; the means used for their punishment, instruction, and improvement ; the cost of supporting them in confinement ; the practicability of their reformation ; the best way to prevent the formation of a permanent criminal class ; and all the other elements of that complex problem which crime in modern communities sets before us. This problem is not a fascinating one, but it is of the utmost importance, and daily becoming more threatening and significant. It should be studied by all as their opportunities permit, and the experience of past times and other countries should all be made available for its solution. The people of the United States owe much to Dr. Wines, not only for what he has himself written and done to improve criminal law, and the administration of justice, before and after conviction, but for the opportunity and stimulus given, through his labors, to other persons engaged in the same work. His purpose is to continue what he

has thus begun, to hold meetings or "congresses" of the National Prison Association, of which he is the secretary, every year in one of the chief cities of the United States, and to convene another international congress in some European city — perhaps Geneva — in 1875. Among those of our countrymen who are united with him in his labors, we are glad to see the name of Mr. Horatio Seymour, who was General Grant's competitor for the Presidency in 1868. He is now president of the National Prison Association, and his speech at the Baltimore meeting strikes us as better and more useful than any political address or state paper he ever wrote, indeed, one of the best speeches made by any public man in America during the past year. The volume of Dr. Wines is printed at the expense of Congress, and in what may be called Congressional type, — a very bad type, too. The edition is small (only two thousand copies), and it will soon become a rare book, unless some future Congress or some enterprising publisher should reprint it. We find mention in it of the republication of another rare work on the same subject, — Edward Livingston's *Criminal Jurisprudence*, embracing his famous Louisiana code. The task undertaken by Livingston, and continued by Lieber, Dwight, Howe, and their contemporaries, could scarcely be in better hands than those of Dr. Wines, Messrs. Brockway, Brace, and other active members of the new Prison Association.

— The name of Miss Preston's book is very unjust to a book which is so full of good sense, self-possession, taste, and all things that are far from a bid for the reader's curiosity or wonder. It is really a story of love in our epoch, and the title probably represents the author's despair of a name that should more accurately indicate its character ; and as such we may forgive it. At any rate, there is little else in the volume that demands charity. It is a story and it is not a story. It is a story because it interests you in the account of a young Boston newspaper man, who falls in love with a young girl, teacher of music, and living in voluntary poverty and exile in a freshwater college-town. They have been playmates in childhood ; they meet at a summer resort in the mountains, they correspond all winter, and they marry next spring, and go to living in Boston in the style which the bride's gay and rich young lady cousin describes with a lively Boston-womanly wittiness : "I see that æsthetic-

economical parlor in my mind's eye now. I know the kind, and detest it. There will be an ironing-cloth on the floor, and wrapping-paper on the walls. There will be plain book-shelves, and dull gray casts, and dismal carbon photographs pinned about, unframed, and not a speck of strong, cordial color anywhere. The chairs will be of solid wood, and deadlly angular. There will be 'sincere' brackets upon the walls, with Canton preserve-pots and pancake pitchers upon them. Five of your wedding gifts will be *plaques* of Palissy, covered with creeping reptiles; and these will stand in a row on your mantel, along with a pair of stout candlesticks of blue earthenware. Your grandmother's case of drawers, which is anything but 'sincere,' since it is liable at any time to topple over, will occupy one recess, and your great-uncle's tall clock another. Or those of some other person's grandmother and great-uncle, for these last are commodities one sometimes has to borrow here. The place will be a mixture of farm-kitchen and model school-room."

There is nothing more of the story, but much more of the study, which is touched throughout with the same bright spirit, and which without labor brings the two people very clearly before us. Their talk at the country-house is crisp and good, and if a thought too clever, not too clever for art nor for very possible life. Their letters, of which the book is chiefly made up, range over a great many questions, — dwelling notably on the French and German war, and principally on matters of belief and unbelief. Miss Clara courageously and efficiently defends the French against her lover's Prussians; and she does what she can to combat his scepticism. This is a somewhat more difficult matter; for, if we

understand Miss Clara aright, she likes believing, rather than believes, and, at most, wants the question left open, and not brutally Huxleyized, as one may say. She does not meet all her lover's doubts nor solve all his problems, but she makes him willing to be persuaded and anxious to be married; — which is, at least, something. We do not suppose that Miss Preston intended her heroine to represent in this matter more than a pure and naturally devout influence; for there is a fine consciousness of Miss Clara's limitations everywhere, and a critical reserve of the sentimental forces which gives us true feeling throughout, and makes the franker expressions all the more touching.

The story of the *Hendersons*, which the lover relates in one of his letters, is keenly affecting; and how true of how many people is that account of the young wife's dying out of their life of gentle, kindly, dutious, refined unfaith with only a vague hope of immortality, and leaving her husband to utter despair and doubt, — who shall say? The whole episode is given with a sort of resentful sorrow, as if in indignation that men should be scienced out of what can alone sustain and console them under supreme trial; and it is the wholesome use of Miss Preston's book, in all its precepts, to cast doubt upon doubt. We have scarcely indicated its literary value, and a perception of its charm must be left to readers with warm hearts as well as cool heads. It gives a phase of American spiritual and intellectual rather than social life; but it is true enough to this also to have no need of shrinking from locality, and saying Trimountain instead of Boston. It is this reluctance alone which allies it to the ordinary American fiction.

ART.

THE exhibition held by the Boston Art Club at the close of the season brought together some two hundred pictures again, a good proportion of which were foreign and antique. Among the works of native artists, three pictures by Kensett and two by Inness, painted at different periods, furnished a basis for certain comparative ob-

servations not without interest. We have never chanced to see anything so genuine from Kensett's hands as the little view near the Thames, England, painted many years ago. It shows a trustful earnestness from which the artist afterward wholly receded in accomplishing those plausible effects of tone by means of which especially

he became known. Here we have simply a line of stunted willows, and the white under-sides of their leaves, and a shallow brook flowing beneath their boughs, with flat meadows at the left. It is not strong, but its sunny gray-greenness, just subdued by mist, is rendered with a fair degree of faithfulness. In the second piece, we see how the painter had already begun to make compromises. He leaves his rocks flat, his sea dead, for the sake of a harmony scarcely deserving this sacrifice. But an influence was at work upon Kensett which, it is to be feared, lurks in the way of many American painters. The lack of proper academical training, prevailing for many years, has left the public without standards to which they may refer new work. The demand for ripeness and completeness is, at the same time, unstinted, and the temptation is for the painter to strain at pleasing effects, before he has the requisite strength in drawing for achieving meritorious results. These conditions are in process of alteration; but it is nevertheless wise to receive, now and then, some such unconscious warning as we find in these relics of Kensett. The third example is an autumnal scene. Through a softly-tinted wood breaks and oozes a hazy Indian-summer brightness, lighting in particular a shimmering birch-tree on the left; while on the right a conventional brook debouches into the foreground. Taken for itself, apart from ideal standards, it is very pretty, and the entire combination of colors harmonious. But the tree-boughs are, in this instance, *too much* drawn, rather than lacking in form; there is a studious angularity and confusion about them that is meretricious. All the modulations of color, too, are suited to an arbitrary standard of taste. It is decidedly decorative in its effect, and we might also persuade ourselves that it is like enough to nature, did we not know that it has but little more claim to even such faint praise than an India shawl. It borders on the Sonntag manner, in fact; and we conceive that nothing more peremptorily derogatory could be said. There is an inverse proportion between the modifications of style observable in Kensett and those of Inness. Of the latter painter we have a landscape dated 1861,—a lake among hills, with white spire and low-roofed farm-house on the left, illumined by changing lights from the broken clouds of the sky. It is excellent in parts, but soiled with con-

ventional reds and browns in the foliage, that remind one of Fuller in the more excessive of his imbrowning moods. It affords us a contrast which repays, however, when we examine the small canvas of eight years later. Here, a soft white light blooms from the centre-background upon a park-like piece of scenery, with a delicious distance on the right; its clustering trees daintily persuaded into a rosy haze; and a cool glimpse of dark water on the left, over which broad violet shadows and dim green shrubbery, together with high elm-boughs wrought out in slender grace. Inness himself has brokenly reflected the examples of other masters more than once; but he preserves his strong individuality through all, and constantly surprises by his advances and alterations. At present, he shows in his painting something of Jules Breton, a touch of the hard old Italian landscape-art, and occasionally something akin to what may be found in the landscapes of Walker in London; and yet it is difficult to say when these traces of other men are the result of direct influence, and when merely resemblances arising from similar but independent tendencies.

Mr. F. D. Williams made several contributions to the exhibition; but in only one of these has he achieved a real success, to our thinking; and this is a massive rock, with a sombre group of trees beside it, and a white, glistening sea thrown directly above it in perspective. In his *New England Brook* and *A Ride in the Woods*, he gives evidence of a growing conventionality. A peculiar theory of rendering foliage, glimpses of which we have caught in previous productions, asserts itself in these with undesirable prominence; the branches and trunks of the trees are let into thick masses of green body-color which have absolutely a low relief approaching that of lacquer-work.

The difference between Lambinet's recent landscape of two years since and that painted in 1866 is noteworthy. There is deep knowledge and nice play of skill in the latter, which represents a simple piece of farm country, supported by a white sky that the eye reaches only after passing over several miles of meadow, all present upon that receding surface of painted grass; but, beside the later work, it is as if dust had been scattered over everything. The picture, dated 1871, refers, in the simplest and most direct manner, to the unaffected greens and the

speechless blue of an almost cloudless day by the river-side. Comparing the two, we say to ourselves, This is a study, the other a picture. Nevertheless, it is this strong sunny chord that the master, in his maturity, insists upon striking most frequently. Must this inimitable freshness, then, be always lost in calculating the relations of a finished picture? Lambinet's practice we take to be the proof of possible exceptions; but Daubigny by no means satisfies us, in the piece which here represents him, as to his ability to make a thoroughly reposeful picture, without first straining his elements through a fold or two of temperate conventionality.

M. Ziem also enters the lists of this controversy (and what contemporary young landscapist does not?) with a large canvas on which is spread, speaking literally, a feast of color; but its digestibility must be a matter of some question. A pale green expanse of grass occupies the foreground, through which flows a quiet streamlet into the harbor, behind a dark company of trees running directly across the scene. On the meadow stands a little white temple, and around it are figures made up of blue, red, crimson, bright yellow. The dim gray goldenness of the leaves above them seems to grow more ardent in color as they rise against the clear but not too intense blue of the sky. A strip of blue sea glimmers through the trees, and faint salmon-colored houses rise beyond it on the left side, passing off toward that corner. A soft and velvety Jacques, made up of dark, knotted trees on the left, with a moist light breaking from the sky behind, deep dove-colored clouds on the right, and sheep in the foreground, presented a sufficiently strong contrast to Ziem. But perhaps the most valuable of the foreign paintings was a small sketch by Couture, a sort of Holy Family group in Henry the Eighth costume. If one can reconcile one's self to a portentous tumor in the child's cheek, inflicted by too hasty a dash of the brush, much still delight may, we think, be found in the dim, rich harmony subsisting between the white puff of cloud and gray-green trees at the back, and the abundant brownness of the foreground tree at the left, under which are seen the shimmering lavender mother, the babe in dingy white, a woman kneeling, in drowsy yellow, with a red pouch at her side, and the red-jacketed man between them, standing slightly behind.

Mr. Babcock is represented by a picture

called *The Pet*,—a woman feeding a rabbit; and by a *Boy with Canaries*. In the first we find a decidedly morbid blue sky at the upper left-hand corner; and the greenish yellow of the woman's turban coming directly against this, as also the dull olive of her dress and the red scarf wound around her, together with the green of the leaves the rabbit is eating, are all wanting in sobriety and healthy accord. A branch of red and bronze leaves hangs over the woman, and a boy stands at the side, with red hair, and red shadows in his face. Somehow this does not all fall into a satisfactory unity, but looks as if each part had been worked out under some special hyperæsthesia of the artist's eye. The other is much more pleasing, though by no means a fair instance of Mr. Babcock, who, though fond of treading dangerous ground, derives from the dangers overcome, when he does succeed, additional force. A not ungraceful boy, in this case, with face of a faint, dusty red, and feminine contour, holds a nest of very small and callow canaries, a larger one, which he is about to kiss, being perched upon his hand.

We should have mentioned before this a little scene on Tremont Street, in winter, by Mr. F. H. Smith. The darkening of the snow into blue under late twilight, the solemn lingering of that serene orange tint in the west, and the gaunt forms of trees in the Granary Burial-ground are all well given; but there is a suspicion of too liberal a conventionalism in the varnished brown bestowed in such good measure upon some of the buildings. The independence of this effort to make something acceptable out of modest and easily accessible materials is, however, praiseworthy.

Besides the pictures already noticed, several old Flemish and Italian works were to be seen. In the *Christ in the Manger* attributed to Ludovico Caracci, the child is a marvel of softness and light held still within the grasp of concise, clear drawing; though there is a superfluity of widespread fingers and strained eyes, and a general confusion of limbs, about the figures which complete the composition. A *Saint Barbara*, thought to be by Lucas van Leyden, has a grace and finish in the face, and draperies of the figure which seem almost worthy of one of the Van Eycks. In one hand she holds a peacock plume, with the other she turns the pages of a missal; her auburn hair is encased in a network of pearls; and the dress is dull red, with cu-

rious slashed and embroidered sleeves, and square-cut about the neck, where again are pearls in a fine chain. She has a flowing sash of gauze gilded in transverse bands.

In the outer room were a number of charcoal drawings by pupils of Mr. William

Hunt, which were interesting as specimens of novice-work under a system of tuition more decidedly French than that pursued in the schools of industrial drawing authorized by the State of Massachusetts.

MUSIC.

FRIDAY evening, May 9, the Wagner Society gave their last concert for the present season at St. James's Hall in London. The occasion was a peculiarly interesting one, if only from the fact that Dr. Hans v. Bülow led some of the numbers himself, Mr. Edward Dannreuther, the regular conductor of the society, having generously given up the *bâton* for the second half of the concert. The selections were taken entirely from the works of Richard Wagner, with the single exception of Beethoven's twenty-five variations and fugue on the theme of the finale of the *Eroica* Symphony, for piano-forte, played by Dr. v. Bülow. How especially these variations came to form part of the programme might be a not unnatural question, unless indeed it was to give the public a chance of hearing the great pianist in one of his pet specialties. The other selections in the programme were the Overture to *Der Fliegende Holländer*; the Procession Music and Elsa's Song to the Night Breeze from the second act of *Lohengrin*, and the introduction to the third act (ball-room music) of the same opera; Elisabeth's Prayer to the Virgin, from the third act of *Tannhäuser*, and the Overture to the same; Introduction and Finale to the third act of *Tristan und Isolde*; and the *Huldigungs-marsch*. Elsa's song and the prayer from *Tannhäuser* were sung by Madame Otto-Alvsleben, formerly of the Royal Opera at Dresden.

The object of the society is to create an interest in the works and art-theories of Richard Wagner, and to raise funds to help defray the expenses of the coming festival performance of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* at Bayreuth. That there was no great need of *creating* in London an interest in Wagner has been abundantly shown by the crowded audiences at each of the present society's concerts. The persistent,

violent denunciation of the composer by the late Mr. Chorley and some other critical writers had already done more than enough towards creating an interest, if nothing more, in Wagner's works; and those to whom Mr. Chorley's almost unbounded admiration for Meyerbeer and Gounod was familiar (not to speak of his flattering estimation of Sir Michael Costa's oratorios) may have had a suspicion that all this wholesale denunciation was, perhaps, after all to be taken as not entirely uncomplimentary to Wagner's genius. The great difficulty in hearing any of Wagner's music, that existed for many years in England, acted only as oil to the fire. Add to this the popularity of the *Tannhäuser* Overture,—almost the only work of the composer with which the English public were at all familiar,—and we have causes enough for a widely extended and lively interest in Wagner and all his doings. The musical success of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, when performed at her Majesty's some three years ago, served to give this interest rather a favorable than an unfavorable direction; and the quickly promulgated warning of the anti-Wagnerites that the "Dutchman" could not be considered as a fair example of the composer's style, and that even the composer himself looked upon the opera as an immature production of callow youth, only added to the desire to know Wagner as he really is. That the "Dutchman" was not a financial success was by no means surprising, for the opera is hardly calculated to make its fortune as a mere after-dinner keep-awake, and the most discriminating applause and hisses do not always come from the stalls. Finally, the Nibelungen Festival at Bayreuth having brought all Wagner excitement, either pro or con, wellnigh to the culminating point, the Wagner Society was formed in London, just as similar societies have been

formed in more of the principal cities in Europe; one of its prime objects being, as we have already said, to help in raising funds to meet the expenses of the festival. Another object, undoubtedly, was the furthering the artistic ends of the school of the "Future," and the practical exemplification, by public performances, of the musical ideas of Richard Wagner. Both of these objects are more praiseworthy. Whatever may be the opinion of many musicians concerning the genius of Richard Wagner, or the validity of his art-theories, there can be little doubt as to the important part the festival performance of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* will play in the history of musico-dramatic art. Whatever of mere personal vanity may be mixed up or seem to be mixed up in the motives which have led Wagner to bring himself before the world in this unusual manner, however much the Bayreuth Festival may seem to be a mere glorification of the projector's art-theories, heralded by a cry of *Adeste fideles*, to the tune of three hundred thousand thalers, it must be borne in mind that one of the projector's prime objects in these performances is, not to show the world how operas, or musical dramas if you will, should be written, but how they should be performed. It is an attempt to bring before the world certain improvements in musico-dramatic performances, in the mere details of the Thespian art,—which improvement can be applied as well to the performances of Gluck, Mozart, or Weber operas as to those of the projector's own composition,—an attempt, in fine, to sweep from the operatic stage a host of conventional absurdities, which the world has hitherto sluggishly regarded as inseparable from all musico-dramatic art. Such an attempt should excite the sympathy of all true art-lovers. How well the London Wagner Society have succeeded in the financial part of their undertaking we do not know; but to judge from the crowded audiences at their concerts, they cannot have been wholly unsuccessful. As to the society's other object—the artistic one—of bringing the English public to a better understanding and appreciation of Wagner's music, much more doubt may be felt. For our own part, we cannot but think that the means employed were utterly inadequate to the task. To appreciate the æsthetic value of Wagner's music from hearing the music alone requires the sagacity of an expert. We have already said something to this effect, when noticing Theodore

Thomas's performances of selections from Wagner operas; and the more we hear of such performances, the more firmly are we convinced of their inability to give the public an adequate idea of the composer's works. The temptation for any admirer of Wagner who may have a fine orchestra at his command, to indulge in such partial presentation of his music is necessarily great, almost irresistible; he probably knows the work, of which he gives the public this imperfect sketch, by heart; not only every note of it, but every line and word of it, has very likely seen it actually performed, and is familiar with every situation, with every dramatic intention. He has identified every musical phrase with some corresponding bit of dramatic action or poetic imagery, and when, afterwards, he hears the music alone, it calls up before his mind's eye the whole scene in all its original intensity: the music makes him *see* the drama. How hard, then, for him to realize that the music which, to him, means so much, may mean to others so little! Nay, that it may mean little to others, just in the exact ratio that it means much to him; for the dramatic quality in the music, its powers of definitely expressing or portraying certain emotions are often exactly in an inverse ratio to its purely musical perfection of form, and the self-dependent vitality of its structural development. Much may, indeed, be done by elaborate descriptions of the dramatic situations of which the music forms a part; and the Wagner Society have evidently spared no pains in making the public as much as possible acquainted with the *meaning* of the music. Neatly bound little pamphlets, containing an analysis of all the music performed, together with a thematic index of the principal phrases, are distributed among the audience at sixpence apiece. Not wholly worthless as a make-shift in lack of something better, but yet how far from helping the audience to *enjoy* the music! To *understand* Wagner's music is one thing, but to *feel* it as a vital and inseparable part of the drama is another; and we imagine that Wagner is the last man in the world to wish to have his compositions presented to the world as a theme for purely philosophical investigation. In short, Wagner's music, divorced from the drama, is worse than the "statue without its pedestal"; it is the vertebrate without a spinal column, a superstructure without a foundation, an effect with no discoverable cause. Even the instrumental

introductions to his dramas, his overtures, with the exception of those to *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*,* lose by far the greater part of their significance when separated from the dramas to which they belong.

Such compositions as the Overture to *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and the Introductions to *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Nibelungen* dramas are really nothing more than a preparation for the drama that is to follow, a sort of æsthetic appetizer, as it were, to prepare the mind for the appreciation of the rest. Performed by themselves in the concert-room, they are but a question without an answer, leaving the hearer in a state of most unsatisfied perplexity.

But in spite of the many serious and unavoidable imperfections of such performances, the Wagner Society concert was still most enjoyable, especially to any one who, like the leader, was thoroughly acquainted with the numbers performed.

The society's orchestra is excellent, and large enough to do full justice to any modern orchestral music. A great want of proper preparation, probably arising from the impossibility of having the requisite number of rehearsals, was in some passages plainly perceptible. Many mistakes in the performance were evidently due to typographical errors in the orchestral parts, which more thorough rehearsing might have discovered and corrected. In addition to this, we cannot but feel that Mr. Dannreuther is not as yet an accomplished orchestral conductor. His command over his orchestral forces was at times very small, and the audience could not feel that positive security in everything going right that is indispensable to the thorough enjoyment of music. The difference between his conducting and that of Dr. Von Bülow was as that between day and night. Although Von Bülow's acquaintance with the London orchestra must necessarily have been very slight, and the number of rehearsals very limited, his command over the orchestra was as perfect and easy as his command over the keyboard of the piano-forte. To fully appreciate how much is meant by this, one must bear in mind the immense difficulty of conducting Wagner's later music at all, where the *tempo* is continually changing, and where the or-

chestra have often no other indication of a change in *tempo* than the sudden movement of the conductor's *bâton*. The manner in which the extremely difficult and intricate movements from *Tristan und Isolde* were played was, under the circumstances, a positive triumph. Orchestra and conductor seemed animated by one great impulse, and the glorious Finale left an impression on all who heard it not soon to be effaced. The only thing to be regretted was, that with such an excellent artist as Madame Otto-Alvsleben at hand, the voice part in the Finale should not have been sung. With such an Isolde, nothing, or next to nothing, would have been wanting to the completeness of the performance. As it was, however, the orchestra did so well as to leave little to be desired; only the presence of Madame Alvsleben at the concert and her actually taking part in the programme made her silence in the most important number rather tantalizing, the more so as her rendering of the allotted selections from *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* was so fine as to make us want to hear her more. The Introduction was played with the ending added by Wagner for concert performance, and thus had a more satisfying effect than when played in Boston by Theodore Thomas's orchestra, and the large body of violins gave the strong passages with their rapid, ascending runs with intense effect.

As to Dr. Von Bülow's piano-forte playing, it is difficult to form any very definite opinion after hearing him only once or twice. We have never heard a player who apparently more completely forgot himself in playing than he, though there is this difference between him and Anton Rubinstein, that v. Bülow never for a moment seems to forget that he is playing to an audience. He makes the impression of standing as a conscious interpreter between the music and his hearers; the habit he has of looking at his audience in passages of especial beauty, as if to see whether they have fully caught his meaning, makes this the more striking. His playing of Chopin is really wonderful, and to our mind more satisfying than Rubinstein's, although a comparison between the two men is hardly fair, they presenting but few points of similarity. But Von Bülow's acknowledged *forte* is Beethoven, and it is about his playing of the great piano-forte sonatas that we find the greatest difficulty in forming any judgment, if such a word is to be used in talk-

* We leave the Overture to *Rienzi* entirely out of the question, as being written upon a wholly different plan from any of the composer's other works, and, in fact, in no way characteristic of his peculiar genius.

ing of a man like Von Bülow. We heard him play two of the later sonatas, and felt of astonishment and delight not a little, but yet not entire satisfaction. What the disturbing element was in his performance we are wholly unable to determine, but a certain something there was that prevented that perfect, spontaneous enjoyment of the music, that unbroken magnetic communication between composer and hearer, that we have felt while listening to some other players. Yet there was not a single point in the whole performance that we would have had changed, the relation of every part to the well-organized whole was perfect. Von Bülow's playing of Liszt's *Venezia e Napoli* was positively astounding in brilliancy, strength, and graceful poetic sentiment; in this style of music, now that Carl Tausig is dead, Von Bülow stands easily pre-eminent and without a rival.

BOURNABAT, NEAR SMYRNA, June 27, 1873.

How to say anything about music in these latitudes is a question that reminds one forcibly of the German proverb, *Wo Nichts ist, da hat der Kaiser sein Recht verloren*. Since I first saw the Mediterranean, very little that even pretended to be music has struck my ears. At Athens, the bullfrogs of the Ilissus might well have claimed the attention of the impartial critic, by their well-scanned rendering of the Aristophanic *βρεκεκέξ κωᾶξ κωᾶξ* in monotonous recitative, while the screech-owl undoubtedly deserved some praise for the admirable *pose de voix* and consequent purity of tone he displayed in his flute-like *tioop, tioop*. A poet with resurrectionist tendencies might have been inspired with a musico-dramatic article by the sight of the Theatre of Dionysius and the private box of ΤΟΥ ΣΤΡΑΤΗΓΟΥ ΚΗΡΗΚΟΣ, with the general's name still engraved on the seat. But being neither a poet nor an æsthetic ornithologist, I must content myself with describing what little music I have heard of mere vulgar, vibrating catgut and reeds.

So, leaving the Theatre of Dionysius, and turning towards the Ilissus, a little above the site of the Temple of Zeus, I stop before a poster that bears strong resemblance to a play-bill. Calling up to my aid what little Greek there is left in me, and conquering an instinctive tendency to give the principal parts of every verb, and inflect and compare every adjective as I slowly spell them out (for the type is none of the clearest), I become aware of the fact

that I am standing before the *Θέατρον δ' Ἀπὸλλων*, at which is to be given at that day and hour the *Τρωβάρωρε* by Βέρδης. After paying some forgotten, infinitesimal sum at the entrance, I am shown into a very pretty garden, not unlike the German beer-gardens, where some twenty rows of wooden benches are drawn up before a wooden stage that looks much like an overgrown Théâtre Guignol from the Champs Elysées. The orchestra, of some seventeen or eighteen musicians, is engaged in tuning vigorously and conscientiously, each man being called up in turn by the conductor to prove by actual *fortissimo* demonstration that his instrument is at the proper pitch. After considerable delay occasioned by the alto trombone's arriving late and the ensuing difficulty in collecting together several other members of the orchestra, who had gone in various directions to look after him, the conductor gravely opens his score, puts on a sort of smoking-cap, and taps his desk as a signal to begin. All those members of the orchestra whose mouths are not to be taken up by wind instruments fix their cigarettes firmly between their teeth (for every male being in Athens smokes on every possible occasion), and the impatient kickings and knockings of sticks among the long-suffering audience are hushed to respectful silence. So here we are in Athens, with the Temple of Zeus behind us, and Mount Hymettus visibly looming over our right shoulder, Pallas Athene's owl *tioop*-ing over our heads, and we preparing to listen to — Verdi's *Trovatore*! To any one with never so slight a bent for moralizing, the situation is a pregnant one. The scene is, however, much too gay and unaccustomed to throw one into a moralizing mood, even if the hazardous playing of the orchestra, and the sonorous raps upon his score by which the conductor marks the beginning of every bar did not force the attention to the business of the evening. The performance is by no means unenjoyable, and the singers throw themselves into their parts with wonderful energy. The *mise-en-scène* is most simple, and reflects great credit upon the imaginative faculty of the Athenian audience. The well-known types of unhappy tenor and soprano, bloodthirsty barytone and majestic bass are recognizable here quite as plainly as on more sumptuously appointed stages. The soprano shows the same self reliance or despair in the *cantilena* and *caballetta*, and the same craving for sympathy from

her confidant in the *tutti* interludes, that she is famous for elsewhere. In fact, I find that Italian opera, of the violent and cannibalistic type, is not more ridiculous when stripped of its stage finery than when dressed up in the most gorgeous London or Parisian manner. Nay, it is rather less so, for in this homely setting the opera has rather the air of a dramatized witch or fairy tale, and is not unenjoyable as such; whereas on the London and Paris stages, its pretensions to being a real drama are more evident, while the illusion is entirely lost. The truculent individual announced in the play bills as ὁ Κῆρυς τῆς Σελήνης, the "Companion of the Moon," and in whom I after some time recognize our old friend, *il Conte di Luna*, seems here rather like some fabulous ogre or evil-minded magician than the impossible mock-human being I have been accustomed to think him; and even the usually unaccountable Azucena does not seem here in so open rebellion against the laws of normal being as elsewhere. Neither does the music lose by the change. Its artistic vulgarity and coarseness are lost sight of in these primitive surroundings, and its real fire, impetuosity, and passion are all the more evident; for Verdi by no means lacks inspiration of a very genuine kind, and, however coarse and deformed his modes of expression may be, much of his music comes straight from the heart. Even the Anvil Chorus, dreariest of musical miscarriages, has here something of local coloring about it, almost charming for the time being; and, taken as a whole, the *Trovatore* impresses me this evening as something less monstrous and deformed than ever before. The audience, like all Southern audiences, is wildly enthusiastic and apathetically talkative by turns; now madly applauding a forced high note, now discussing its own private affairs, with perfect unconcern and in tones of voice proportionate to the loudness of the music, stopping every now and then to bestow ironical encouragement of hand-clapping upon some doleful member of the chorus, who has momentarily blossomed out into solo recitative, evidently to the huge delight of everybody upon the stage, including the favored individual himself, who enjoys the joke as much as anybody. Between the acts, the stage is made ready for the impending ballet interlude. After some renewed tuning, the orchestra precipitates itself upon a dance-tune, and the curtain flies up. As the ballet is something

intended mainly for the eyes, the audience, with human perverseness, suddenly fall into a death-like silence; not a whisper is heard. During the opera, they talk as much and as loudly as they please; during the ballet, they are hushed to perfect stillness. Two very small young women and one very large and not entirely young man make their appearance in the customary state of begauzed and bespangled undress, and go through their mystic evolutions. The dancing is of about the excellence we usually find in the *corps de ballet*. The large man, however, has certain acrobatic qualities which strike fire from the hearts of the audience; and a volley of applause, mingled with violent cries of "κάτω κάτω" (*anglicé* "Down in front"), from the rear benches, is the immediate effect. One of the interludes is a ballet pantomime, which might have rejoiced the soul of Vincent Crummles himself. Never was swain more tortuously tender in his pleadings than the large man, never was fair maiden more delighted by a pickled cabbage than the maiden of his choice, and never did slighted rival seek consolation in terpsichorean torture with more complete success than the second small young woman. The audience rise like one man, woman, and child, and literally scream with delight. The ballet music is very pretty, and, as all the orchestra know it by heart, it goes quite well; and in going home after the performance, I hear shrill treble and grumbling bass reminiscences of it from among the scattering crowd, invariably much out of tune.

During my five days' stay in Athens, the Italian opera was the only available amusement; the required visits to the ruins in the early morning go as a matter of course; the daytime was too hot for anything but sleep. The second evening I went to a rival operatic establishment over the way from the Apollo, which rejoices in the title of τὸ Θέρινον Θέατρον ἐν τῷ κήπῳ τῶν Ἰλλισσιῶν-Μουσῶν. The opera of the evening was Verdi's *Traviata*. The "grove of the Illissian Muses" is rather larger than the garden of the Apollo, and the theatre itself is better built and more highly finished, but the orchestra is, if possible, even poorer. The *Traviata* also, as a representation of elegant Parisian life, is hardly calculated to show to advantage with so limited a *mise-en-scène*. Some of the singers, however, especially the barytone, showed much better vocal training than at the

other theatre, and the little *prima donna*, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, evinced a dramatic talent I have very rarely seen surpassed. In the dying scene her whole make-up and acting was really superb,—thoroughly artistic and refined, and intensely powerful. The ballet in the interludes was much better than at the Apollo, the large man being replaced by a *première* of really great ability. One of the most noticeable features of the entertainment was the perpetual shower of little nosegays of wild flowers that was kept up by the audience throughout the performance. The bouquet-throwers did not seem to choose any particular moment in the opera, but threw their flowers at any odd time; sometimes in the middle of a song, at other times when nobody was apparently doing anything. In the ballet each ballerina had from three to seven and eight of these little bunches of flowers thrown at her feet after every tour. The next evening a mostly ridiculous but not entirely bad performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* took place at the same theatre. Lucrezia and Orsini held their own well, and the Duke's acting was capital, but his Grace had hard work to keep himself up to time in the music, and in his air in the first act, and especially in the famous *Guai se ti fugge un moto*, he often found himself separated from the orchestra and his fellow-singers by somewhat more than a bar. But the great event of our stay was a performance of *Linda di Chamounix* at the Apollo. The rôle of the heroine was taken by η κέρια Βαλμπούργα (Walpurga?) Μελλώνη, a most fascinating soubrette, with deliciously fresh and sympathetic voice and great powers of *espiglerie*. To judge from her personal appearance, blond hair, and manner, she must be a German; no Italian could ever assume such coquettish vivacity without losing much of the real sentiment of the rôle. The air, *Oluce di quest' anima*, and the duet, *A consolarmi affrettisi*, were given with immense effect, to which the personal charms of the fair cantatrice no doubt contributed. Bouquets again flew

thickly, many of them quite large. Every now and then, at the end of a song, a large bouquet with a live bird about the size of a pigeon attached to it would be thrown upon the stage, and once the lovely singer had to repeat an air with a bird fluttering in each hand. If the birds are edible, this must have been a solid compliment worth having. Mademoiselle Melloni one would think might make a reputation on some more distinguished stage, with that voice and manner of hers. In personal appearance she strongly resembles Madame Christine Nilsson-Rouzaud.

The only really *characteristic* music I have heard was at a celebration in a small Turkish family the other evening at this little town of Bournabat. The scene was worthy of Rembrandt. Imagine a small, irregularly-shaped court-yard, surrounded by high walls, a sort of iron cage filled with flaring olive-sticks upon the top of a tall pole in one corner, in dangerous proximity to a pile of olive-brush upon which several children are seated, with every appearance of going to be burned at the stake. Innumerable Turks seated in a circle along the walls and standing in the narrow passageway in every variety of national costume, with white-veiled women looking on from the windows. In the sort of arena formed by this motley audience is placed the orchestra, which consists of two big drums beaten with a simple club, and two oboes. The oboes play with surpassing shrillness some curious, florid melody, or melodies (for they play so out of time, and the resonance of the court is so great, that it is impossible to tell whether they are both trying to play the same thing), and the drums keep up a regular rhythmic banging. A man performs a slow-measured dance to these strains, to the admiration of the crowd, who now and then indulge in unearthly yells. When we consider that this has been kept up all day, and will be kept up all night into the bargain, our respect for Turkish lungs and perseverance grows to veneration.

W. F. A.